

Patience
A Daughter of
the Mayflower



Elizabeth H. Champney



Lorena M. Giangu
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PATIENCE.

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A DAUGHTER OF THE MAYFLOWER

BY

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

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MYSTERIES," ETC.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE reader of any historical romance has the right to ask, in the words of Browning:

“ Do you tell the story now in off-hand style
Straight from the book?

Or is there book at all,
And don’t you deal in poetry, make-believe.
And the white lies it sounds like ? ”

Sir Walter Scott may plead: “ A poor fellow like myself looks out for some subject in the boundless field of history—bedizens it with such coloring as his skill suggests, ornaments it with such romantic circumstances as may heighten the general effect, and thinks perhaps he has done some service to the public if he can present to them a lively fictitious picture for which the original anecdote only furnished a slight sketch.”

But it is an unworthy thing for a writer to tangle the ideas of young people in regard to what actually happened ; and the author wishes to confess at the outset that the adventures of

Patience and of Wrestling were only such as *might* have taken place.

The adventures of Love after he sailed away in search of Wrestling have nothing to do with this story, but may be related in another volume. Philippa Fawkes is a fictitious character, and the end of Father Greenway is not known, but many a Jesuit missionary suffered martyrdom as unflinchingly.

Life and events in England just before the emigration have been dwelt upon at length in order to show just what were the causes which led to the Pilgrim movement. It has been too much insisted that the early settlers of New England were ignorant and poverty-stricken fanatics; and it has been the author's aim to show that while the majority of the "Children of the *Mayflower*" were simple artisans, their leaders were men who had enjoyed the highest privileges. Of some it could be said, as of Miles Standish :

" He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire,
England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston
de Standish;
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock
argent
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon."

Their leader, Elder Brewster, had had an exceptional training in statesmanship, added to a university education; while the second emigration, which followed the Pilgrims so closely, and almost immediately blended with them, was fitted out and organized by Theophilus Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, and by Captain Thomas Dudley: the first a peer of England; and the second noble of nature, and possibly also of descent. Of this second movement the author of "*The Pilgrim Fathers of New England*" writes:

"The men who made it were not a mere band of traders bent simply on money-making. Some of them came from stately homes, and were possessed of wealth and social position, while others had occupied influential positions as ministers of the Church. Before the movement had spent itself, something like ninety university men, three-fourths of them from Cambridge, had emigrated to New England. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this fact in its bearing on the future of American life."

These refined men and women endured uncomplainingly the hardships of the wilderness. Some, like Lady Arabella Johnson, died heroically, uncanonized saints and martyrs.

Anne Dudley Bradstreet was brought up in Tattershall Castle ; and her husband, the tutor at Emmanuel College of Lord Rich, took her at her marriage to the estates of the Earl of Warwick, where he was intendant, as her father had been for the Earl of Lincoln. But with memories of the grandest castles of England in her mind, she could still sing merrily after a life of hardship in New England :

“What did I ask for but Thou gav’st?
What could I more require?
But thankfulness, e’en all my days,
I humbly this desire.”*

But while the early colonists of New England were not base-born boors, their chief glory, and the distinction which we must never lose sight of in estimating their claims to our reverence, was their devotion to liberty. It was for this that they renounced ease and safety ; and this great heritage we have received from them. Of them much of the wonderful eleventh chapter of Hebrews might have been written for, like Abraham, “They went out not knowing whither they went, and truly if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity

* “This,” says Simon Bradstreet, Jr., “was the last thing written in her book, by my dear and honored mother.”

to have returned . . . Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

William Brewster's friend Thomas Dudley emigrated to Salem, Massachusetts, before the good Elder of Plymouth was called home. It is very possible that they met, for there was friendship between the two colonies from the start, and on May 19, 1643, deputies of the four plantations, Massachusetts, New Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, assembled at Boston, "subscribed the Articles of Confederation, and thus created the first Federal Union on the American continent."

This was the year that Elder Brewster died. William Bradford tells how nobly and bravely he lived, how triumphantly and peacefully he passed to his reward :

"He lived by the blessing of God in health until very old age, and would labor with his hands in the fields as long as he was able. And when the church had no other minister, he taught twice every Sabbath, to the great contentment of the hearers. He was very stirring and moving of the affections, also very plain and distinct in what he taught. He always thought it were better for ministers to pray oftener, than be long and tedious, except upon

solemn and special occasions. . . . He was of a very cheerful spirit, very sociable and pleasant among his friends, tender-hearted and compassionate of such as were in misery, but especially of such as had been of good estate and rank and were fallen unto want and poverty either for goodness and religion's sake, or by the injury and oppression of others, of all men, he would say these deserved to be pitied most. And none did more offend and displease him than such as would haughtily and proudly carry and lift up themselves, being risen from nothing, and having little else in them to commend them but a few fine cloaths, or a little riches more than others."

"We spend our days as a tale that is told," and the tale of William Brewster's life is one of rare power and sweetness, while its end was peace.

"He was fourscore when he died in the midst of his friends, who wept over him, but whom he comforted while he could—and then as a man falling into a sound sleep, without any pangs or gaspings, sweetly departed this life unto a better."

PATIENCE.

CHAPTER I.

SHERWOOD FOREST.

What shall he have who kills the deer ?
He shall have the hoofs and the horns to wear.

—SHAKSPEARE.



EARLY in October in the year 1605 two boys were striding through Sherwood Forest near the meeting of the three counties of Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and Nottinghamshire, in the north of England. The air was crisp but not cold, the ground covered with a thick carpet of fallen leaves, through which the lads waded with delight in their rustling. The beeches, denuded of their foliage, gave long vistas, the interlacing tracery of their

See Note *a*, Appendix.

boughs making Gothic arches above the forest path. The oaks, clinging more tenaciously to their russet leaves, made splashes of maroon and dull, rich reds among the pointed evergreens. The coloring was as harmonious as the time-tempered tints of some glorious old tapestry, and as full of warm browns, golden yellows, and rich umbers as the canvas of a Dutch painter.

The boys could not have analyzed their delight in the mellow autumn coloring; perhaps they did not realize that any portion of their pleasure came from color, but they felt the beauty about them with the keen appreciation of sensitive but very different natures. They were twin brothers, but so unlike from their birth that their parents had given them quaint, contrasting names. Wrestling was strong and active, domineering in spirit, passionate and obstinate, but capable of deep affection and tireless devotion. Little of this better nature had shown itself as yet. His mother knew the boy's heart; but his father did not wholly understand him, and Wrestling's gentler and more studious brother Love was evidently his favorite. Strange to say, though Wrestling recognized this he did not resent it. He knew that Love was more gifted as a scholar, that he was handsomer, and sweeter-tempered than

himself. It was natural that others should care more for him. With all his passionate heart he adored his brother; and his dark cheek would glow with pleasure when others praised him, and his sturdy fists clench with indignation when any did him wrong. Much of Love's spare time was spent in reading, Wrestling's in athletic sports, but each day they took a long walk together through the forest on their way to and from their lessons; and Love would tell his brother the tales and repeat the poetry he had read; and Wrestling would take him on his back across the brooks, or scale the face of a precipice for the flowers he fancied.

Wrestling knew every bird that they started, and pointed out how the timid but devoted mother partridge would scuttle along in their path to lure them from her brood. He was so fleet of limb that he sometimes caught a hare in his hands, and he loved the red deer as William the Conqueror loved them.

"You know so much," Love would say, "about the wild creatures; but, as Dickon Moore said to me the other day, I could not tell a hawk from a handsaw."

"I will smite Dickon for that when I see him next," said Wrestling.

"Nay, brother, for Dickon was righter than he knew. That old saying of the vulgar should be 'an hawk from an *heronshaw*,' which bird the hawk so resembles that I fancy Dickon himself could not differ them."

"I hope thou toldst him so, and so got the better of him," said Wrestling. "Tell me now some more verses from the plays that Master Bradstreet lent thee. I'll warrant the man who writ them had lived in the woods and loved the birds and beasties."

"That he did, Wrestling; and he disdained not to put their language in his verse, for he says in one place :

"The lark that tirra lirra chants:
With hey ! with hey ! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts
While we lie tumbling in the hay!"

Wrestling clapped his hands, and repeated "Tirra lirra, tirra lirra!" with a more imitative intonation than his brother had done; then folding his arms, he tossed his head upward, exclaiming :

"Why should we *ever* go indoers? What fools men are to build houses!"

"It would be fine sport to live in the open for the summer, but what would you do in the winter season?" asked the more delicate boy.

“What Robin Hood and his merry men did in this very forest,” replied Wrestling—“sleep by a campfire, and when the nights grew too cold for that, couch us on skins in his cave as warm as cubs.”

“Have you found his habitation, that you speak so confidently?”

“Some sort of a cave have I found. I chased a fox to it, and went in with a torch. It might have been the hermitage of Friar Tuck, but that the entrance is too narrow for his round paunch. I will show it to you if you will promise not to tell. It were a good hiding in time of trouble.”

“It may be,” said Love, “that Queen Margaret was hidden there, or some priest in the time of Queen Bess. And it may be we shall have to hide there ourselves, if King James continues his persecutions.”

“I have thought so,” said Wrestling, “and I wish with all my heart that our father had followed Sir Walter Raleigh on his adventures and taken us all to the wilds of Virginia, where we might be living as free as the savages.”

“But poor Sir Walter lies now a prisoner at the Tower under sentence of death.”

“The more fool he for coming back to the trap; any fox would have known better. Our

wicked king hates him as he does all good men. They must either conform, or flee, or die; and, for my part, I prefer the middle course."

"There is still another alternative," said a voice from behind a thicket, which now parted, and a dark, foreign-looking man stood before them: "the deer and the fox run when they are hunted, but the boar turns and uses his tusks. It is the instinct of a brave animal and a brave man to slay rather than be slain."

Love looked at the stranger in some alarm, but Wrestling exclaimed boldly, "Who are you that speak so wildly, and what have you been doing in my cave?"

"Who I am concerns you not," replied the strange man. "I have indeed passed the night in yonder hole, but by what right you call it yours I know not."

"I discovered it," Wrestling replied boldly.

"The right of discovery is a good one," replied the stranger, "but others found it before you. It has been a hiding place for priests ever since our late queen, of hated memory, began to persecute them, and here many a refugee hath been nourished by good Catholics of the neighborhood, of whom, from the sentiments which I have just heard, you are doubtless one."

“I am no papist!” Wrestling replied hotly; but Love pulled at his sleeve, and he paused.

“Ah! then you have other grievance against our sovereign lord King James. It is not for me to inquire too closely what it may be. Suffice it that we are in the same case, and can injure or help each other as we will. I have heard enough to know that your father is a law-breaker, and a proscribed man, but he may be no rogue for all that, and I will keep his secret if you will aid me in my present business. You know doubtless that King James and his court hunt to-day in this forest. I have been told that they will drive the game in this direction, but it is past the time that they should have come. Have you seen aught of the chase as you came across the forest? I have a petition of importance that I would fain present to his Majesty.”

“Thou canst not be of these parts,” Wrestling answered, “or thou wouldst know that they hunted yesterday. Our village was all at the windows to get sight of the procession as it came forth from the forest at noon. It was a brave sight—the lords all in velvet and plumed hats, the ladies finer still, and the prancing horses the prettiest sight of all. Then there were the dogs yelping, and the servants bearing the

game on poles—venison enough to stock all the butteries in our village for the winter."

"I was sorry," broke in Love, "to see so many poor dead does, and didst thou mark one little fawn trotting after its dead mother? Even the rough grooms had pity for it, for they kept the dogs from it."

"I marked it not," said Wrestling. "Hunting is rare sport, and I would I were in some wild new country to hunt my fill, and to eat my fill too of juicy venison cutlets boiled over the campfire. But here is Hatfield Chase stripped in one day by the slaughter, I say not the hunting, of its game, for the beaters drove them into herds where they were shot down by such of the nobles as could hit a near mark, while the king killed only one of his dogs. The boys of this region are not allowed so much sport as to trap one of the thievish foxes that rob the henroosts. Nay, nor to course a hare, when the forest is so thick with them that they tumble over one another, and grow so bold that they eat all the cabbages from the stalks in their gardens, while their mothers grow white-faced for lack of nourishment, and the kitchen pot has been clean of meat broth all winter. What was done with the king's bag of game I know not. I only know that we have good

cause to remember the hunt at our house, for we fed the hunters: the court in the great hall, the huntsmen and servants on the lawn, the horses in the stables, and the dogs in the kennels. It cost my father a month's salary. They were like a pestilence, and they came like the pestilence without invitation, settling on us like the grasshoppers of Egypt."

The stranger muttered an oath, and drove his dagger into a harmless lizard that was slipping along the trunk of the tree.

"Be not vexed that thou hast lost thy opportunity," said Love consolingly. "A petition *was* delivered, perchance it was the one which thou hast at heart. It came from the country people, who asked the right to pasture their cattle in the waste lands, which are now kept for hunting. The king hath so many forests he might well have granted some, but he did not."

"And the petitioner? He was sent to prison doubtless for his pains?"

Love laughed merrily. "The king caressed the bearer of the petition, and ordered that he should receive a good dinner, which he did (again at my father's cost). It was Medor his best staghound. The device was Captain Dudley's, but the execution was my brother's. Captain Dudley is the steward to the Earl of

Lincoln, but he is kind to the tenants and the small farmers, and they asked him to draw up this petition, which he did, and he bade Wrestling fasten it to the collar of the king's favorite dog when the chase was over. Wrestling did it very cleverly, for he is not afraid of dogs, and the hound ran straight to the king and fawned upon him. That was at the finish in the forest, when they all met at Robin Hood's Oak, before they left the wood. Wrestling knew that the huntsmen would come that way, and waited there for them."

"Robin Hood's Oak!" repeated the stranger. "I was told the rendezvous would be near Robin Hood's *Hiding*, and so I came to this cave."

"The oak is in quite another part of the forest," said Wrestling. "It is the hollow tree in which the outlaw hung his venison. I can show you the hooks around which the live wood has grown, and there were bucks' antlers imbedded in the moss under one of the roots which had grown over it. Perhaps thou canst reckon how long it would take a root to grow like that. It was the sight of the forest, but I cannot show the antlers to thee, for the king had them dug up to carry away as a souvenir of his hunt."

“We must turn huntsmen,” growled the strange man, “if we would save our own skins, and perhaps we may also win the trophies of the chase.”

Wrestling did not notice the interruption. “The oak is a good one to hide in,” he continued. “I heard the king read the petition. ‘Good Medor,’ it began, ‘we beg you to speak to his Majesty, who hears you every day, and does not listen to us.’ How the king laughed! but he tore up the paper all the same. I think he had been drinking.”

“Certes it was a bad day for petitions,” said Love. “My father had one which he meant to present on bended knee, after the king had well dined, that there might be no constraint as to the preaching in the private chapel of our house, where he had been so loyally entertained. But the king came not near us, and my father’s request got no further than my Lord Burleigh, who waited at our house until the hunt was over, meeting it as it issued from the forest, and carrying the king off to one of the great houses of the Dukery. My father knew that Lord Burleigh was not favorable to our religion; but when that nobleman saw what pains my father had been at for the feeding of the huntsmen, he swore as he was leaving that if my father had

any boon to crave of his Majesty, he would present it with his own hands; and my father gave him the petition. But I trust him not. He is mean of stature, and, I doubt not, mean of soul. I held his horse while he stood at our gateway waiting for the king. He read the petition there, and his thin, foxy face lighted with evil glee as he handed it to one of his gentlemen. ‘It is as I suspected,’ I heard him say: ‘this region swarms with Puritans—Separatists. This petition comes in good time for the business we have in hand. Take it and give me full account of every member of this conventicle. They shall have answer beyond their hearts’ desire.’ I judged then that the paper would never reach the king, and I told my father what I had overheard; but he said there could no harm come from it to any but himself, for he alone had signed the petition.”

“And so the hunt is dissolved,” said the stranger. “Where went the king and his court after it was over?”

“The king came riding up in a jovial mood. ‘Good sport, good sport, Cecil,’ he said to my Lord Burleigh; ‘thou shouldst have been with us.’

“‘Your Majesty knows,’ said my Lord Burleigh, ‘I find no sport in hunting beasts.’

“‘House-cat,’ said the king, ‘thou lovest silken cushions better than a hard saddle.’

“‘I love not the name of cat, though your Majesty has more than one rat in cage which would not have been caught but for my claws.’

“And so they rode away laughing. I heard that they went to one of the great houses in the Dukery.”

“We call this region the Dukery,” Wrestling explained, “because six great dukes have their castles there. Some of the courtiers are still visiting with the Earl of Lincoln, who has a hunting lodge on his side of Sherwood Forest. We have just come from it, and Patience told us that she is going away to visit with one of the fine ladies. That is another boon for which we have to thank his Grace the king. He and his courtiers are not content to take the deer, but must rob us of our friends as well. Patience was all agog because, forsooth, she was going to see the Princess Elizabeth.”

“The princess! Tell me that tale again. What was the lady’s name, and who is this Patience?”

“I marked not the lady’s name,” said Love, “but Patience is Captain Dudley’s daughter, and the prettiest girl in all the county of Lincoln,

or in England for that matter. There is a Cambridge student, Mr. Simon Bradstreet, who is spending his vacation at her father's house, who is teaching Latin, and we go every day to read with him. He has brought other books with him from the university beside the Latin ones. Patience reads them, and we talk about them together in the arbor. They are play books and poesie; such as my father will not have in our house."

The stranger no longer paid attention to the boys. "The king hath gone away with Cecil, then it is to Theobald's, and I have missed my chance." Turning to Wrestling, he added: "I am not alone; my little daughter is with me. We heard in Yorkshire that the king was to hunt here to-day, and so we came last night and slept in this cave that we might not miss him. But we were misinformed as to time and place, and we have met with another misfortune. I hobbled my horse near by, but he is gone, and I have spent two good hours in search of him. Here is a purse of money; get me another horse and bring it here privately, and there shall no harm come to your father from what I have overheard."

"I can do better for thee than to buy a horse, for my father is master of the post at

Scrooby, and it is his office to let horses, to such travelers as be men of sort, to ride with the post to the next station. So if it is your pleasure to ride, either north or south, he can put you on your way, even if your concerns be not directly of the king's business."

"My business did indeed greatly concern the king," replied the stranger, "though his Majesty would not on that account hasten my journey. I will trust you to keep a close tongue in your head as to my affairs. Say naught of our conversation, which hath been somewhat too intimate on both sides, or where you found me. I will make my own explanation to your father. I would you could lead me to him without passing through the village."

"That can I very easily," replied Wrestling, "for our house is apart from the town, in a fair park which adjoins this forest, for it is the hunting palace of the Archbishops of York, which we lease of his Grace. We can go in by the postern gate, through the wall between the forest and the park, and, passing by the stables, none will see you save the hostlers and the post boys."

"'Tis a lucky chance," replied the stranger. "Come, Philippa."

The bushes parted again, and a girl of about

the same age as the boys came from the cave and joined her father. She was dressed in a riding habit of dark green. She was dark and handsome, like the man, but she had, like him, a wild look in her restless eyes, which scanned each of the boys' faces searchingly, and then evaded their frankly questioning gaze. She carried across her arm a pair of small saddle-bags, which her father took from her, muttering, "It is well I did not lose these with the horse," and, signing to Wrestling to lead the way, strode after him.

The girl followed, and Love brought up the rear, but the stranger and his guide walked so rapidly that the girl could not, or did not care to, keep pace with them, and a space soon intervened between the two couples. The path broadened as they approached the village, and Love walked by the side of his companion, clearing the way of fallen branches. She eyed him furtively, and at length spoke.

"I know we can trust you, not because, as my father said, we are in like case, but because your face is good. You would not do mischief to anyone."

"Less willingly of all to any in trouble," Love replied.

The girl straightened herself proudly. "We

are not common malefactors. We are persecuted because of our religion."

"So are we," said Love.

"And yet you are not Catholics?"

"No, we lean to the other side, and are for freedom in religion."

The girl looked at him sadly. "May the Blessed Virgin forgive you! You are, then, atheists?"

"God forbid!" Love replied quickly. "It is but freedom from the domination of prelacy that we ask. We are true Christians in our belief."

The girl shook her head. "Such quibbling is past my comprehension," she said. "One thing, however, I comprehend—we must be alike in faith, for we are persecuted by the same wicked power. What is your name? Mine is Philippa."

Love was better instructed in their differences. Popery was a greater error, in the judgment of the Puritans, than episcopacy, but he felt the comradeship of a common proscription, and he answered gravely: "I say not that thou art right because thou art persecuted, but they who persecute are always evildoers. My name is Love, and I am at thy service."

The girl smiled archly. She was old for her

years. “ ‘Tis a pretty offer—or is it your name in truth? I like Love in any case.”

Love did not know what to say in reply, and he was silent. They passed from the forest into the park, and Philippa saw with surprise a stately brick building extending around two courtyards, and itself surrounded by a moat, bridged in front by a flight of white marble steps, which led down to an avenue of noble oaks.

“ ‘Tis a grand house,” she said. “ Your father must be a man of consequence.”

“ We love our home,” the boy replied, ignoring the questioning reference to his father. “ It is the ancient hunting seat of Hatfield Chase, as they call this part of Sherwood Forest. Queen Margaret and King Henry VIII. have been guests here in time past, and Wolsey, who, though in disgrace, was still Archbishop of York, came here, as I have heard my father say, when trouble had humbled him, and lived simply as a good Christian should, visiting his poor parishioners in their cottages, distributing alms, and sympathizing in their sorrows.

They entered the house. Though containing thirty-nine rooms of ample proportions, it was severely furnished, but the simplicity of its appointment was evidently rather the result of an

ascetic taste than poverty of means. The master received the strangers in the great hall, ceiled and wainscoted with carved oak, and hospitably pressed them to dine with his numerous household while waiting the arrival of the post.

William Brewster had held an office of trust in the foreign diplomatic service under Queen Elizabeth and at her court, but at present he was leading the quiet life of a country gentleman, and performing the duties of master of the post for the neighboring town of Serooby. A master of the post at this time was quite another sort of official from the postmaster of our own.

He kept a stable and horses, with several couriers, whose business it was to forward to the next station all packets sent by the king or his officers along the highroad to Scotland. It was before the time of post offices, as we know them, of railroads, or even of coaching; but travelers on horseback could accompany the post-rider and have the benefit of his guidance, sending the horses which they hired at one station back from any other by other postboys. The roads were so blind that a guide was a desideratum to a traveler not perfectly acquainted with the way. It was safer, too, to travel in company, for highwaymen who scrupu-

pled not to attack solitary travelers, hesitated to commit an outrage on the royal messenger, who would certainly be avenged by the law, and who carried two good blunderbusses in his holsters. The courier, though admonished to "ride haste post haste," and not to turn aside from his way or stay in delivering the royal packet, was allowed also to carry private letters, which were left at the regular post stations, and this was the origin of the post office and postal service.

William Brewster inscribed the name of John Johnson, which the stranger gave him, in the post record ; but as his mind was full of weighty matters, which preoccupied him even while he scrupulously performed his official duties, he made no inquiry into the traveler's business or as to the manner of his coming. At table the talk was of Holland, where both host and guest had traveled ; the latter, though he did not confess it, as a soldier in the service of Spain, and Brewster, as he avowed, only a spectator of the hostilities, but a sympathizer with the Dutch.

After dinner Wrestling passed into his father's office before the others, and saw a strange man standing before his desk examining his papers.

“What do you mean,” the boy shouted, “by meddling with my father’s private papers?”

“Hold your tongue!” the man exclaimed, his face ugly in its anger—“hold your tongue, or it will be worse for you!”

“I will not!” Wrestling cried loudly, as his father and his guest entered the room. “This man has been reading your letters,” and he pointed to the papers lying on the desk.

“I have touched nothing,” said the man, with a great show of indignation. “I expected a letter and was merely looking to see if it had arrived. By the mass! Fawkes, where did you come from?”

He had caught sight of the traveler from the forest who had introduced himself as Johnson, and their surprise was evidently mutual. They stepped aside and spoke to each other in low tones.

“It is well you missed him,” Wrestling heard the newcomer say; “the time is not ripe. Catesby expects you at my house in London,” and the stranger slipped out of the room. Love caught sight of him as he left the house, and ran in exclaiming: “That was the man with whom Cecil was speaking yesterday! What did he here?”

“Naught of ill,” replied William Brewster,

who had looked over his papers, and did not at that time notice that anything had been abstracted; while Mr. Johnson assured his host that Love must be mistaken, for he knew the man well, and that he was a Mr. Percy of London, and no friend or servant of Cecil's.

The postman from the north country arrived shortly after, jaded with his long ride. He delivered his packet into Brewster's hands, and led his horse around to the stable. Here an unexpected annoyance was discovered. The hostler brought a horse for the courier and one for the traveler, with a pillion behind for his daughter, but the fresh postman whose duty it was to replace the one who had just arrived could not be found.

Wrestling reported the fact to his father, and begged to be allowed to ride in his stead.

"Thou art a good rider, and I would sooner trust thee than any other," said William Brewster. "Take, then, this packet and deliver it at the next post, defending it with thy life."

Wrestling sprang to the saddle with alacrity, examining the priming of the pistols a little vaingloriously, as his brother more courteously made a step of his clasped hands and lifted the young girl to her seat behind her father.

Turning, Love took the stirrup cup filled

with foaming ale from his sister's hands, and lifted it to the travelers, while Wrestling, blowing a mighty blast on the postman's horn which hung beside the holsters, struck spur to his horse and started down the avenue on a gallop. The stranger held in his horse until he had drained the tankard, while the maid, leaning toward Love, whispered, "I wish you were going with us instead of your brother."

"Where are you going?" Love asked, but at that instant the traveler thrust the tankard into his hand, and struck the horse a blow with his riding whip which sent him lumbering after the amateur postboy, who was already far down the avenue.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIGURES IN THE BACKGROUND.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, but before my dreamy eye
Wave these mingled shapes and figures like a faded tapestry.

—LONGFELLOW.



O one would have guessed as Love ran merrily around to the stables with the hostler, Dickon Moore, that the boy would have enjoyed the errand on which his brother had gone. Wrestling seized every opportunity for adventure which came in his way; and Love, who never pushed himself forward, was regarded as having no taste for experiences requiring courage or physical endurance.

He never, however, tired of reading and of hearing tales of such adventures, and this was the attraction for him at the stables, for Dickon

Moore had served in the Netherlands under Leicester. His helmet and cuirass hung in the harness room, and indeed he called them his harness. There were dints of Spanish spears on his breastplate, and the bridge of his nose had been broken by the staff of the spear that had shivered on his stout armor, while the same unfortunate nose had been further disfigured by many potations of strong Holland ale and stronger gin, though his weakness had been conquered since his employment by William Brewster.

John Johnstou, alias Fawkes, on taking his horse had said :

“You have been in Holland, my man, and your record is written where he who runs may read.”

Dickon’s face grew a shade redder, as he answered, “It is written that he who reads may run.” He grumbled this reply over to himself now, adding, “Where have I seen that man before? Gadsooks! but he did run! He is the Spanish soldier who broke my nose, and whose broken spear I wrested from his hand. He missed my stroke and dashed by me, but not before his face was stamped on my memory. If my Sergeant Miles Standish were here, he would have recognized him too, for he was at

my side. Now what is he doing here, I wonder?"

"Tell me about the war in Holland, Dickon," Love begged.

"You should ask your father for that," the hostler replied, "for I saw only long marches and short provender, with no knowledge of what it was all about; but the master was in the councils of the generals, and of the queen; his was the hand that moved the pawns, and he could really understand the game. Cogs nouns! I'll warrant he'd like well to be at it again. When a man has had a taste of real fighting, this spiritual warfare against Satan in one's soul is but a poor substitute. I would rather march up to a fort than into chapel any day, and I like the beating of the drums better than singing psalms, though some of them are not so bad," and he began to sing, in a harsh and unmusical voice:

"Within their mouth doe thou their teeth break out,
O God most strong,
Doe thou, Jehovah, the great teeth break of the lions
young."

When Dickon sang Love always fled, and he now returned to the house.

The master of the post, to whose sons and

home we have been introduced, had cause to be preoccupied and to carry on his light duties in a mechanical manner, for there weighed upon him at this time "the care of all the churches." He was the acknowledged head of the Separatist movement in this part of England, the one man of ability and means upon whom the devoted band of simple sufferers for conscience' sake leaned, and to whom they looked with what little hope they had for issue from their perplexities.

He was their elder, who saw, often at his own expense, that their pulpits were supplied with conscientious and fearless ministers of the Word. Each Sabbath there was preaching in the chapel of the archepiscopal palace, that chapel where Wolsey had said mass, and many another prelate read the service which was to William Brewster and his charge no better than the ceremonies of the Romish Church. He did this, he knew, at the peril of his life, for the edict framed against Nonconformists by Elizabeth still stood in the reign of James I,* and the king was even more insistent than Elizabeth had been on stamping out every form of religion except that of the Established Church. There were at this time three prominent sects in England, and we will re-

* See Note *b*, Appendix.

member them more easily if we group them as the three P's—Protestants, Papists, and Puritans.

The Established Church of England had been made Protestant during the reign of Henry VIII., but fully half of the English people had not changed their faith with the Reformation, and were still Roman Catholics—or, as the Protestants called them, Papists. The Puritans were seceders from the Established Church: doubly Protestants in protesting against the forms and abuses of the Protestants; and these three sects, while each contained many noble and true Christians, were at enmity among themselves. As usual, the sect in power made the mistake of striving to exterminate the others, whose zeal only burned the brighter in persecution. Another capital P, Plotting, was a marked characteristic of the time. The Papists had recourse to plots against the Protestants, and the Protestants replied with counterplots against Papists and Puritans alike. Only the Puritans seem at this time to have walked guilelessly, showing none of the wisdom of serpents in their proceedings. Especially was this the case of the Separatists, who were Puritans of the very strictest sect, and for the most part were poor and obscure

people, giving their enemies nothing to envy or to fear. But they were too conscientious to conceal their views, and as they became more numerous their meetings attracted attention. Their ministers were forbidden to preach, and fines and imprisonment were visited upon them. William Brewster, while absolutely without fear for himself, had determined to protect this infant church, and his consternation was great that evening on looking through the church record-book to find that the confession of faith, with the signatures of all the members, had been recently torn out.

The discovery was accompanied by such a cry of dismay that Love, who lay curled up on the settle before the fire, sprang to his father's side. They had been alone together since the boy had come in from the stables, for Mistress Brewster and the girls had gone out to pass the evening with friends, and William Brewster, who was in an unusually communicative mood, had talked long and confidentially with his favorite son. He had told him the story of his own eventful life, for the floodgates of memory were opened by Love's question:

“Father, when you were a boy, which did you love most—out-of-door sports, like Wrestling; or books, like me?”

The father drew his son close to him, as they sat on the high-backed settle and watched the leaping flame, and, stroking his fair hair, said affectionately: "I think I was like you both, or rather that my sons have inherited two different natures which I recognize in myself; but thy nature, Love, is my better one; thy tastes the ones I can approve and would willingly foster. I was born in this dear home, and loved to fish in the Idle, and roam the forest. I loved to play at cricket, and to ride hard and far, as Wrestling does, and I grew up strong of frame and fit to endure hardship as a good soldier; but I ever loved books, too. It was my dearest ambition to go to Cambridge; and some of the happiest moments of my life have been spent in the university, some of my dearest friendships made there."

"It is my ambition, too, father, and Master Bradstreet says that in another year I shall be ready to enter. Will you send me, father?"

Brewster's expression grew grave. "I cannot tell, my son," he replied, "what a year may bring forth. Yet let not this dampen your efforts. Study as though all were settled, and perchance, when the time comes, God will show us an open door."

“What did you do after you left the university, father?”

“I had studied law, had come home with my degree, and was waiting for some opening for the practice of my profession, when a chance, nay a providential, meeting with that high-minded and incorruptible man, the noblest statesman of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, William Davison, changed the entire current of my life. Until I knew Davison I had never thought of life outside of England, of mingling with the great men of my time,—the men who make history,—still less of taking a hand at making it myself.” Brewster looked up at a piece of Flemish tapestry which hung above the carved wainscot. It depicted lords and ladies walking on a balustraded terrace, while in the distance armored knights were scouring the plain. “That tapestry,” he said, “has always seemed to me a picture of those stirring days of camp and court, now quite in the background. If you are interested I would like to tell you of the scenes through which I have passed, of the men I have known, and especially of Davison.”

“Tell me about him, father.”

“He had been sent to the Low Countries, as English Resident Agent at Antwerp, to watch

the progress of the war with Spain, but had been recalled by the queen to undertake a delicate diplomatic mission to Scotland. This was nothing less than to prevent King James from contracting a French alliance. He was on his way back, having been successful in his mission, when he stopped here over night. I remember his sitting on this very form and telling us of his meeting with Fénelon, who had been sent by the French king to arrange the marriage. In spite of their antagonistic position, they met in a friendly manner and discussed religious matters. I was keenly interested in this, for at Cambridge, in our debating club, I had imbibed very radical ideas, and I agreed exactly with Davison, who was a Separatist, and had been elder of the Puritan Church in Antwerp. My heart was won, and when he asked me if I would go back to the Netherlands with him as his confidential secretary I was delighted beyond bounds. It was, indeed, a wonderful opportunity for a young man. Besides the novelty of travel in a foreign land, of adventures in a country where war was in progress,—naturally fascinating to young blood,—I had the privilege of being schooled in diplomacy at a very exciting and important time, when great issues were at stake, not only

between the Netherlands and England, but involving all Europe as well. We met great men of Holland, of France, and of Spain. It was a game of skillful fencing between us, for the battles in the council chamber were even more important than those in the field. I could not have had a better teacher than Davison. Astute, daring, quick to understand and to act, he trod a tortuous way with the strictest integrity, and taught me that the wisest statesmanship is compatible with perfect honor. Queen Elizabeth had promised the Netherlanders four thousand troops to serve for a year, with the towns of Sluys and Ostend as security that she should be repaid. Davison did much on this trip to England to induce her to succor the Dutch more vigorously, and the queen consented to send over five thousand troops, to serve until the end of the war, if Flushing on the Scheldt and Brill on the Meuse were given her in addition to the two other cities. Prince Maurice, who had succeeded his father, the Prince of Orange, owned the revenues of Flushing, but his mother, the daughter of Coligny, urged him to the sacrifice, and he accepted Elizabeth's terms. Davison was appointed governor of Flushing, and here we resided for the next year. My chief intrusted me with the

keys of the hostage cities, and I slept with them every night under my pillow. Hither came the English troops, with the Duke of Leicester at their head. He was a man fond of magnificence, of inordinate ambition, but not to be trusted. His face had grown crafty and hard, and had lost the beauty of his youth, when, it was said, the queen loved him, and was on the point of marrying him. He cared more for spending money on his personal banquets and display than for the comfort of his soldiers, and there was great suffering among them. I saw Prince Maurice frequently,—an able general and a noble young man,—but he had little comfort from his English allies, for Leicester seemed to have no stomach for fighting, though the States-General, to stimulate his interest, offered him the government of the Low Countries. Sir Philip Sidney, however, burned for exploits of valor, and, with Prince Maurice, captured Axel. Zutphen was held by Spaniards under Parma, and Sidney had word that a train of provisions was on its way to the city, and, with five hundred volunteers, endeavored to cut it off; but the train was defended by four thousand Spanish veterans, and it was in this action that Sidney received his death-wound. That was a loss to the world, as well as to England. He

was a Christian knight, as well as a right gallant gentleman, and the best-loved man in England."

Brewster was silent for a moment, but Love recalled him from his reverie. "And what happened next?" he asked.

"Leicester accepted the position of Governor. It was too great a prize for his greed and vanity to refuse, though the Queen had especially warned him not to do this. Perhaps he thought that he had lost his influence over her in any case, and that as an independent prince he could dare to break with her, or perhaps he counted too much on that influence. The Queen was very angry. She had carried on her negotiations in a two-faced way, keeping up a correspondence with Philip of Spain, ready if it seemed politic to make an alliance with him and betray the Dutch. She was not to have her plans balked by Leicester, whom she rated so soundly that at first he dared not appear before her, but begged Davison to go and make his peace. So we returned to England in 1586; and Leicester, on resigning the honor proffered, was apparently received again into favor. The Queen retained Davison at her court as Secretary of the Privy Council, a great advance in his fortunes. He was con-

stantly in attendance on the Queen, conducting her official correspondence."

"You mean you conducted it, father; for if Mr. Davison was the Queen's secretary, you were his, so you really wrote the Queen's letters for her, did you not?"

"Only the manual part, my son. It was Davison who had the task of making the whims of that selfish and double-faced woman comport with honor and sound policy."

"And you were at court all this time, father, and knew the great people, and dressed bravely, did you not?"

"I never cared for finery, but my master insisted that it was for his credit that I should go handsomely attired. Because I had no trinkets of my own, he made me wear his great seal ring and a magnificent gold chain which the Government of the Netherlands had given him in acknowledgment of his services."

"I have heard my mother say," said Love, "how handsome you looked when she first saw you as you were walking at Mr. Davison's side by the Long Water at Hampton Court, with that chain flowing over your short velvet cloak."

"That was but foppery," said William Brewster gently. "I soon found out that

velvet and gold may cover aching and, what is far worse, wicked hearts. My courtier days soon came to an end.

“Davison was made one of the members of the commission for the trial of Mary Queen of Scots, and Elizabeth basely endeavored to transfer to him the odium which she incurred for ordering the execution of her rival, degrading him from office for faithfully carrying out her orders, under the pretense that he had gone beyond them, and causing him to be imprisoned in the Tower. I used every honorable means for his release. He had one other true friend, the hot-headed but warm-hearted Earl of Essex, who dared to remonstrate with the Queen, and after two years the Earl obtained his release. Essex attempted still more. The office of Secretary of State had become vacant, and he urged the Queen to bestow it upon Davison. But the Lord High Treasurer, the great William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, wished it for his son Robert, and after five years of indecision Elizabeth conferred the office upon that young man. If he had more closely resembled the great statesman his father, none could have reproached the Queen, but Robert Cecil has only cunning where William had wisdom; and whereas the great Lord Burleigh recognized

honesty as the best policy, the little lord is for policy whether honesty be a part of it or no.

“So there was my dear master cast off after all his great services, and left with broken fortunes in his declining years! He very bravely set to practicing law in London; and I came back to this dear old home, to take up my father’s duties, to comfort my mother in her widowhood, which came soon after, and to find in my wife and my children such solace and happiness as court life cannot bestow.

“It seemed to me at first, with the fall of my master, that my own life was blighted, but it has been borne in upon me that God doth not suffer his designs to be frustrated, and that he has other plans for me and mine than mere worldly ambition. I have had remarkable opportunities, a schooling in law, in diplomacy, in government. I have influential friends in high places. Why have these advantages been given me? Evidently not for myself, but for the service of God’s Church. I have consecrated all that I have and am to the protection of this great flock of simple and helpless children of God—yea, and come what may to me, I will protect them to the uttermost!”

Love’s hand stole into his father’s. “And Wrestling and I will stand by you, father, even

if we have to give up home and country and life itself. Why have you never let us sign our names to the church compact ? We are not men, but we soon will be, and we have men's hearts now. Read me the articles of our faith. They are the same, are they not, as those of the Established Church, save that government lies in the church itself, and obedience is not recognized as due to bishops appointed by the King ? ”

“ Even so, my son, and that good Archbishop Edwin Sandys acknowledged to me that there was no heresy in such a theory of government, and that our faith was in all points Christian, even to our simpler fashion of worshiping without ritual or candles upon the altar. Here is the compact. Listen while I read it to you.”

William Brewster opened the record of the Scrooby Church, and it was at this moment that he discovered that the page containing the names of the members, written in their own hand, had been torn out.

He doubted not that it had been stolen by the stranger whom he had seen at his desk. If so, written evidence was now in the hands of Cecil sufficient to hang or imprison every one whose name had been signed to this confession of faith. He felt now that he had made a great mistake in asking any concession from the

King. The Puritan divines generally had met his Majesty at the Hampton Court Conference without being able to secure toleration ; and he realized that if the King or Cecil had given him any consideration whatever it must have been to connect him with his unfortunate patron Davison, whom James would remember as endeavoring to oppose his marriage, and Cecil as a rival for the office which he now held. Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, was not the man to forget or forgive a grudge. Essex had been his early friend, the suitor of his sister, but Essex had called attention to his crooked back and wry neck, and had dared to support Davison ; and Cecil coldly pursued him to his death. Dwarfish and misshapen, he had suffered many affronts on account of his misfortune. Queen Elizabeth called him her "little elf." James had many names for him ; his favorite was "little beagle," a hunting dog of exquisite scent and untiring perseverance, sure to kill the hare against which it was set, though often so small that it could be put in a man's glove. The Earl of Salisbury had compassed Sir Walter Raleigh's sentence, though in doing so he had involved also Lord Cobham, his own brother-in-law. He seemed without natural affection, and it was said of

him that he never had a friend. He lived his life alone; for him it was "a game played for high stakes, and men and women were but pieces to be whipped off the board with every successful move." He was a master of ruse. A contemporary writer says "he spent infinite on spyery"—that is to say, organized a wonderful detective agency for his own private information. He could tell at any moment what ships there were in any port of Spain, their equipment and destination. He had spies at the Papal court, and agents in the different European capitals, who intercepted letters and copied important state papers. He suborned false brethren among the Jesuits, and boasted that he kept track of their plots from their inception. He employed experts called "decipherers," who were in reality clever forgers of any handwriting, who carried on feigned correspondence, thus leading his dupes to confide secrets or to act under the supposed authorization of prominent men. Sometimes a correspondence was forged on both sides. Whenever written evidence against those whose ruin he desired could not be stolen or obtained by torture, it was forged. Able, unscrupulous, and without pity, he was the embodiment of statecraft unrestrained by conscience. The

King was a puppet in his hands; Robert Cecil was the Richelieu of England, the power behind the throne, without which James could not have reigned. Cecil had corresponded with James while he was King of Scotland only; and before Elizabeth had named her successor, Cecil had promised him the throne in return for the Premiership. James had compromised himself in his letters; and in spite of the insults with which he ostentatiously loaded Cecil, he knew that he had sold himself to him, and dared not carry his pleasantries too far. James was an arrant coward, and though no mean scholar was inordinately conceited. He was straitened in purse when he came to the crown, and did not scruple to sell titles to increase his revenue. He sold one hundred patents of baronetcy for one thousand pounds each, and the price of an earldom was currently reported at ten thousand pounds. Elizabeth had created only seven new peers. James added forty-five to the list. He made Cecil Earl of Salisbury, and gave him the office of Lord High Treasurer, a position which it was said was "worth only a few thousand pounds to him who would go to heaven, twice as much to him who was willing to go to purgatory, and no one knows how

much to him who would adventure to a worse place." But Cecil cared for power more than for money, and he did not rob the state of gold. To take human life when innocent, to imprison for life, to torture physically and mentally, to blacken reputation, all this was daily business for which he had no twinges of conscience, while he was proud of his financial honor. Im- placable in his revenge and inordinate in his ambition, he forgave no one who dared to resist his power.

This was the man with whom William Brewster had to do ; and with a full recognition of the character and resources of his opponent, he now defied him. "Do thy worst, Cecil," he said in Love's hearing. "Thou art neither more wicked nor more powerful than thy master, Satan, and we have never feared him though we know him for our enemy."

It is well for us to understand not only the character of the Puritans, but the issues for which they gave up every hope of worldly success and even life itself.

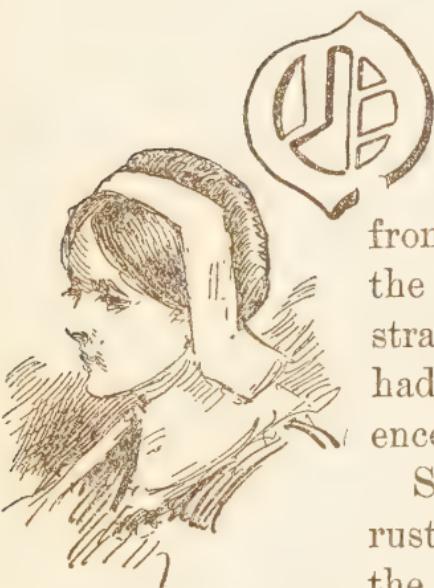
Were they merely questions of church government, episcopacy or congregationalism, such as Christians now differ over without quarreling, saying affectionately, "In essentials, unity ; is non-essentials, liberty" ?

These were the technical points in dispute, but underneath were principles of far more vital importance, liberty of conscience and political liberty—the latter principle not formulated, hardly dreamed of yet; but, as Cecil and even James saw, sure to follow from that first daring proposition *the right of opposition to tyranny*.

CHAPTER III.

PATIENCE.

“O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen’s field above.
The lion heart in battle,
The woman’s heart in love.”



N the morning of the same day on which Love and Wrestling Brewster had returned from their lessons through the forest and had met the stranger, Patience had also had a remarkable experience.

She was sitting in the rustic arbor, at the gap in the wall between the forest and the garden of the hunting lodge of the Earl of Lincoln. It was called a lodge, but it was in reality a roomy brick mansion, built in the Elizabethan style, with stables at the side, a paved court in front, and a garden at the rear.

It was not nearly so large a house as the one leased by the Brewsters, but it was more comfortably appointed, though it was occupied by the Earl and his family only in the hunting season.

The Dudleys had a pleasant suite of rooms on the lower floor, facing the garden, which was laid out in the formal fashion called a *parterre à broderie*, like a gay patchwork quilt dropped down between the buildings and the forest, its flower-beds of vivid color divided by long green lines of box edging. It was in the arbor that Master Simon Bradstreet, the young student who had been spending his vacation in the vicinity, gave lessons to the Dudley children and the Brewster boys. Patience loved to read here, and though it was early in the morning and Master Bradstreet could not be expected for over an hour, she had settled herself to finish a book of poems which he had lent her.

She had learned to scan Latin verse, and loved the rhythmical flow of poetry; and to enjoy it to the full, she was reading aloud. Absorbed in the cadence and in the matter of the poems, Spenser's Elegies on Sir Philip Sidney, she did not notice the light footfall of a lady, one of the guests of the hunting party, who was pacing restlessly up and down the graveled

walks of the garden, as though she were trying to escape from her own thoughts. The lady was past middle age, but remarkably handsome, and her beauty was set off by very careful and rich dressing. There were diamonds at her throat, and ropes of pearls fell over her stiff brocade bodice. She bore herself with the carriage of a queen, but her expression was not a happy one. Noticing at last that the arbor was occupied, she approached, and as she realized that the girl was reading, stole along on tiptoe listening to the poem.

Patience read on :

“A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.—
To hear him speak and sweetly smile
You were in Paradise the while.

“Stella, a nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heavenly bliss,
The highest in his fancy stood
And she could well demerit this.
Sweet saints, it is no sin nor blame
To love a man of virtuous name.”

Patience started at this point, for she had distinctly heard a sob. Looking up quickly, she saw the beautiful woman leaning against one of the posts of the summer-house and

staring at her with a strange, hungry expression.

“Child, child!” exclaimed the lady, with another convulsive sob, though her eyes were dry; “who told you to read that poem where I would hear you?”

“No one, madam; I thought that I was all alone.”

“True, you could not have known that I would come. No one could have known. You have a musical voice, to which it is pleasant to listen. Read on, if there is anything more about Sidney and his unhappy Stella.”

Patience, wondering, read at a venture:

“Her he did love, her he alone did honour;
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all upon her.

“To her he vowed the service of his days,
On her he spent the riches of his wit.
For her made hymns of most immortal praise,
Of only her he sang, he thought, he writ.

“Knowledge her light hath lost, Valor hath slain her knight.
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world’s delight.”

Patience ceased reading, but the lady made no comment. She was weeping silently.

“Did you know him, madam?” Patience asked. The lady bowed. “Love’s father knew

him too—he was his hero, and he is never tired of telling us how noble he was at Zutphen, when, although he had received his death-wound and was in an agony of thirst, he would not accept the water brought him, but handed it to a man more terribly wounded than himself, saying, ‘Thy necessity is greater than mine.’”

“Who is this man, that knew Sidney?”

“Mr. Brewster, who dwells at the Manor House. He was with him when he died in Holland.”

The lady rose. “I must see this Mr. Brewster,” she said; “and I thank you, child, for your reading. Your voice has a magic that I wish I might often summon. What is your name? The Earl of Lincoln has no daughter of your age.”

“Nay, madam; I am only Patience, daughter to the Earl’s steward, Captain Dudley.”

The lady sighed and walked a few paces toward the house; then she turned impulsively, and coming back placed a silvet pounce box in the girl’s hand.

“Is this for me?” Patience asked in wonder.

“It is; and if thou wouldest know who gives it to thee, look at the name upon the lid.”

Patience read “Stella.”

“Art thou *his* Stella?” Patience asked.

“His and thine. To the world I am only Penelope, Lady Rich. Only you and a few personal friends know what love I have possessed and lost. No, I never really lost it. We were betrothed when hardly more than children. He always called me Stella. It was his fancy, and our secret. Then my parents' ambition parted us, married me to Lord Rich; and though I never saw Sidney again, I saw his poems. They were published and brought him fame, and they were all addressed to Stella.

“I am a lonely, loveless woman, for my sons are at the university and my husband in London. Will you come and visit me, and read to me when I am restless, and old memories and physical pain chase sleep from my eyes and make night agony? In return, I will be your friend. It shall not be an altogether unequal compact. I will remember that you are young; and you shall see some pleasant days.

“The Queen and the princes are at Kenilworth, where they will remain until the King goes back to London; and there we are to rehearse the masque which will be given at Christmas time at Whitehall. Sir Fulke Greville has been making great additions and restorations at Warwick Castle in the neighbor-

hood, and had thrown it open for the entertainment of the court. You shall go with me. There will be frolickings and junketings and a tilting at the Barriers in which my sons take part."

The lady had spoken so rapidly that Patience could not answer, but no girl of her age could have heard of such pleasures without coveting them. She had seen the gay cavalcade as it swept back from the hunt, and one young man had paused at the gate to clasp the hand of her teacher, Simon Bradstreet. They had spoken of Cambridge together, and then he had vanished like a shining vision.

It seemed to Patience that Sir Philip Sidney must have looked so when he dashed forward to Zutphen. "Who is he?" she gasped.

"That is Robert Lord Rich," Bradstreet replied. "I was his tutor at Emmanuel College, Cambridge. We passed many pleasant but unprofitable hours together."

"Why were they unprofitable?" Patience had asked.

"I could never persuade him to study," Bradstreet replied; "but he was more winsome than I, for I never could resist him; and he took me with him on many a wild escapade and foolish prank."

Patience now led Lady Rich to her father, who was presently won over by their united persuasions, and it was agreed that his daughter should accompany her new friend to Warwick Castle. Patience flew again to the arbor, where Master Bradstreet had begun to hear the boys' lessons, and rapturously announced the news. Wrestling's face clouded, and he savagely kicked the bench on which he was sitting. Love's lips quivered, but he strove bravely to smile. Both were too much moved to speak. "You seem much pleased to leave us," said the tutor.

Patience pouted. "If you like me, I should think you would be glad that I am going to have a nice time. I am going to see the Princess Elizabeth, for she is at Kenilworth, near Warwick Castle, and there are to be beautiful tiltings and a play in which Lord Robert will act; and you would rather have me stay in this poky, lonely forest! I don't call that friendship."

"No, Patience, it is only selfishness," Love replied; "and we are really very glad at heart that you are going to have so much enjoyment. But please don't forget us in the midst of it all. When will you come back?"

Wrestling kicked his seat again, as the sul-

lenly swung his legs. "You can stay as long as you like, for all me. It is like a girl to care for stupid people just because they wear fine clothes. I would not be paid to sit in their drawing rooms and smirk and bow. You will be tired of your bargain, and be glad to get back to the forest, I'll warrant."

"I shall come back," Patience replied more thoughtfully. "I do love the forest, with all its little wild creatures; but you know we would leave the lodge soon, in any case. I shall come back next summer, just the same Patience. It is you who must not forget me." Wrestling turned his back upon her, for though she was speaking as kindly as he could have wished, it was not to him, but to his brother.

This was why on that afternoon he had ridden away so eagerly with the stranger and with Philippa. The boy was in a desperate mood, when he felt the need of some wild adventure to take him out of himself. The ride had proved uneventful and disappointing. He returned the next day as silent and gloomy, and for the first time treated his brother with coolness.

The horse belonging to the stranger had trotted into the park that night; and as it provoked considerable wonder and conjecture in

the household, Love had told his father all that he knew about it. William Brewster looked very grave.

“ You should have told me this before we gave the man harborage and helped him on his way,” he said. “ I fear he is a fugitive from justice, and that we shall hear more from this matter.”

Love repeated the girl’s assertion that they were fugitives for conscience’ sake.

“ They are not of our own communion,” replied his father. “ I liked not the man’s looks or his conversation over much. They are doubtless Papists. I will hold his horse for the present, until I know what I should do with it. It is strange that he left no directions concerning the beast.”

Wrestling on being questioned was close-mouthed, and afterward finding Love alone reproached him for having betrayed the confidence of their guests.

“ Well we knew that they were fugitives,” he said, “ but we were in honor bound to keep their secret. I could tell you more of them, but I dare not, for I see that you are not to be trusted.”

Love was deeply grieved by his brother’s reproach, and the more because he could not

decide in his own mind just which way his duty had lain.

The next day was the Sabbath, and it held in store the pleasure of seeing Patience, possibly for the last time for many months. She would come with her father to the Puritan meeting, which would be held at William Brewster's house; and both boys looked forward to the occasion with eagerness. The lessons had come to an abrupt close, for Simon Bradstreet's vacation was over, and he was going back to the university with Lord Rich. Love had ridden over on the stranger's piebald horse and had seen Patience. Her first glee in going had evaporated, and there were tears in her eyes as she thought of leaving home.

Though by far the majority of the congregation which met at William Brewster's house on the Sabbath were poor and unlearned people, occasionally one of the gentry dropped in, curious to know what the doctrine was which was creating so much debate.

The sons of the Archbishop of York knew very well what meetings were held in Wolsey's chapel, but Edwin Sandys while in exile during the persecutions of Bloody Queen Mary had imbibed Calvinistic principles, and had returned to England on the accession of Queen Elizabeth

a Puritan at heart ; and his sons protected the Puritans publicly. Especially was this true of the son that bore his father's name, Sir Edwin Sandys, who had been knighted by King James on his accession, and was now a member of Parliament, holding a leading position in the House of Commons. He was the warm personal friend of William Brewster ; and his friendship was to count still more for the Pilgrims in their darkest hour.

The youngest son of the Archbishop, George Sandys, scholar and poet, was the friend of the Earl of Lincoln, and sometimes came to his hunting lodge to read his translations of Ovid to Dudley and Bradstreet. He would frequently play at capping verses with Patience, who was very clever at rhyming. He was not much older than the Brewster boys, and he took a great fancy to Love, with whom he would often walk home across the forest ; and more than once he listened to the Puritan preachers, curious as to what this new heresy might be.

It was curiosity too which had first attracted Captain Dudley, who was a scholarly and thoughtful man. He had held unfavorable opinions of the Separatists, as these Puritans were sometimes called, until he had heard the preach-

ing of John Robinson at Brewster's house ; and he used to like to tell of an experience which he once had with a fanatical member of the sect. "We fell in with one another," he told William Brewster, "as we were traveling in company, and I became interested in his views. Putting up for the night at an inn, we shared the same bedchamber. After we retired my comrade told me confidentially that he had often believed himself to be the Lord Christ, and he was certain at least that he was the King of Jerusalem, as he had been so assured by a direct communication from the Almighty. Whereupon I immediately rang and requested to be put in another room, for I had no warrant but my bedfellow, being on such intimate terms with the Ruler of all things, might receive command while I slept to have me executed then and there. You can imagine," Captain Dudley said in conclusion, "that I was prepared when I came here to listen to frantic ideas, but I can assure you that in no other sect have I heard aught so reasonable." He came regularly after this, and brought with him the young Cambridge student Simon Bradstreet.

On this particular Sunday William Brewster was surprised, on the entrance of Captain Dudley and his family, to see that they were accom-

panied by a lady closely veiled and by a richly dressed young courtier. Brewster advanced to meet them, and Dudley introduced Lady Penelope Rich and her son Lord Robert.

“I am a student of Emmanuel College,” said the latter. “I heard there that you also are a university man. The undergraduates follow the career of the alumni with interest. I am eager to know what these new notions may be.”

Brewster scanned his face keenly. “If you come as an earnest seeker after truth,” he said, “I bid you welcome. If your errand is one of malice you are still welcome, for what we most desire is that our enemies should give us hearing.”

He had his suspicions in regard to this young man in velvet, whose levity of manner (throwing kisses to some pretty Puritan girls who passed) was combined with a hauteur which disregarded his host’s extended hand.

The young nobleman doffed his plumed hat as he entered, apparently from force of habit, for he grimaced behind it in a boyish fashion, even after the service began. But he did not deserve William Brewster’s suspicions, for though at this period Robert Rich was light-headed and jovial, there was no harm beyond that of youthful thoughtlessness in his mirth; and the volatile

young man became in later years the able Earl of Warwick and a protector of the Puritans. He sat now making eyes at pretty Patience Dudley, who had taken in every detail of his rich cavalier's costume, from the lace frills to the diamond buttons and the silk stockings, with undisguised wonder and admiration.

Patience felt the amusement and mock gallantry with which he returned the gaze, and her mouth quivered with mortification even while her face flamed. Lord Rich noticed the quivering of the pretty lips as her smile flickered out and hot tears of indignation stole from under her downcast lashes ; and he jogged his companion's elbow and whispered : “ Did you mark that flutter of color on yon pretty face ? By my faith ! Sir Philip Sidney must have had such a play in mind when he wrote, ‘ Her cheeks, blushing and a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred.’ ”

“ Stare not so earnestly,” replied Bradstreet, “ for the maid is smiling not at all ; and, trust me, she is not pleased, but offended, by your close scrutiny.”

Lord Rich turned away with an effort, and fixed his attention on the preacher, in whose appearance he was distinctly disappointed.

Like Captain Dudley, Lord Rich had had his preconceived notions of Puritanism, which, in the mind of the young courtier, was only a stricter and more fanatical Presbyterianism grotesquely caricatured by ignorant or hypocritical boors. He had heard something of the preaching of John Knox from those who had heard his powerful utterances before the Lords of the Congregation, and in his later years, when an eyewitness reported that "he was so weak that he behoved to lean upon the pulpit at his first entry, but ere he was done with his sermon he was so active and vigorous that he was *lyke to ding the pulpit in blads and flie out of it.*"

Lord Rich had come with the expectation of being amused by a ranting, fanatic preaching in a barn to a company of clowns. Instead of this, he found himself in a small but finely proportioned chapel, vaulted and carved with reverent care by the great cardinal, who believed that Art should be the handmaid of Religion. A double altar, or "superalles," of the time of Henry VIII. was pinnacled and niched for the figures of saints and apostles, but these had been removed as idolatrous. The inventory taken by Cromwell's officers gives us, among the appointments of this chapel remaining during the Commonwealth, not only one organ, but

a pair of them, and a fine clock “without plomettes” (hanging weights). This the children of the Separatists must have watched anxiously when the pastor, as was sometimes his wont, “spente a good part of ye day with great fervencie in his exhortation.” The “lectionary,” or book of selections from the Scriptures, which Wolsey had used, Brewster had removed to his library, and had replaced by a Genevan Bible.*

These were the surroundings in which Lord Rich found himself. The young preacher with the refined face, prepossessing manner, and cultivated delivery exasperated him, and he resigned himself grudgingly to be bored.

Little by little, to his surprise, he found himself interested. The original organizers of the Puritan Church in this section were not ignorant men, but young Cambridge graduates, prominent among whom were Richard Clyfton,

* So called because it had been translated by English divines who had fled to Geneva during the persecutions of Bloody Mary. This was the edition favored by Puritans, while the Bishops' Bible, prepared under the direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1568, was regarded by them with almost as much disfavor as the Bible of the Roman Catholics printed at Douay, though there was very little difference in their text. At this very time fifty-four scholars were at work upon the version commonly called King James' Bible, which was so superior to all former translations that it has ever since remained the standard.

William Brewster, John Smyth, and John Robinson—and Robinson was most gifted of them all. He was William Brewster's dearest friend; a gentle, lovable man, who hated schism, and would personally far rather have suffered wrong than have resisted, but who became convinced that the concessions demanded by the government could not be granted with a clean conscience.

The Earl of Morton said of John Knox when they laid him in his grave, "He never feared the face of man." John Robinson resembled the great reformer in at least one characteristic. He was utterly fearless. Very quietly, and in such simple terms as his unlearned audience could understand, he explained the principles at stake. Robert Rich had discussed the same questions among kindred spirits at Emmanuel College, but from a political point of view—questions of personal liberty and royal authority. Very ably Robinson proved that both must be preserved, and both subordinated to *Law*. The King's authority could not be held above Law, but Law must be above the King, and Liberty too must not be lawless, but must bow to that ultimate authority, and to the King so long as he was its true exponent. If the King usurped

the prerogative of Law, and, contrary to its dictates, tyrannized over the liberties of his subjects, it was their duty to obey the Law and renounce the King. Peaceable self-banishment was his solution of the problem with which they were confronted. He had become convinced of the futility of hope for better things in England, and he counseled emigration to some country permitting toleration in religion.

So far he had spoken calmly, as though reasoning the matter as man with man from a worldly standpoint, but now he mounted the pulpit and announced his text. "If they persecute you in one city flee ye into another." He carried his audience with him, rising to impassioned eloquence, and closed his discourse with the words of Christ (Mark x. 29-31): "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake, and the gospel's. But he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come, eternal life."

The congregation were passing quietly out, but Captain Dudley made his way to the minister and shook him warmly by the hand.

“ You are right,” he cried, “ and I admire both your principles and your common sense.”

“ Common sense above all things,” said Lord Rich, who had followed Dudley and had for the moment quite forgotten the pretty face that had caught his fancy. “ I fear I still do not understand your grievance, but you are the right stuff to make good settlers in a new country, where there are, as you have so well said, a hundredfold more lands for houses than in this crowded kingdom. I doubt not but that you would find good return for your investment. I would like to head a colony of you myself. I am going down to London to-morrow, and I will see Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, and ascertain what hope he has of deliverance, and whether he thinks of making another expedition in search of El Dorado.”

“ Oh,” cried Wrestling, “ take me with you: I care not how! I will be your servant and will do whatever you bid me, only let me see Sir Walter!”

“ Wrestling,” said his father sternly, “ hast thou forgotten my authority? Have I no voice in thy goings and comings?”

“ Nay, but father, suffer me to go. If thou knewest how Sir Walter has been my hero since I knew enough to understand the tales

thou hast told me of his brave adventures ! How I have acted them over in Sherwood Forest ! If I could feel but once his hand upon my head, something of his great spirit would pass into mine, and teach me to be courageous and to endure ! ”

William Brewster looked at his son in surprise, for he had never seen him so moved or heard him speak like this. “ Is it so, Wrestling ? ” he asked, “ I did not know that it was in thee to love anyone with such a passion of admiration.”

“ It is so, father,” Love replied, for his brother now hung his head, abashed by his own vehemence. “ When Wrestling loves it is always with his whole soul, and all our play since our youngest childhood has been to furnish forth ships and sail away with Sir Walter Raleigh. We have made colonies in the forest, where we have traded for squirrel skins and mined for gold, slept under the open and starved in caves, and have been slain by the savages and buried each other under the leaves, and always Wrestling was Sir Walter—or was rescued by him. I pray you, if this noble gentleman will suffer my brother to go with him, forbid him not, for I will do his tasks in his absence.”

Lord Rich looked at his companion questioningly. "How is it, Bradstreet," he asked; "can we take this boy with us? I would like to pleasure him if he has such a mighty desire to see the great explorer."

"It is easy enough, my lord," replied the other. "We can even take him to Cambridge with us, after your visit to London, if your lordship would like him for a page."

"That will I not consent to," interrupted William Brewster; "and I must hear more of you, sir, before I permit my son to bear you company even to London."

"As you please," Lord Rich replied nonchalantly. "Captain Dudley here can inform you more particularly as to what manner of man I am, and if you want further testimony I refer you to my host the Earl of Lincoln. I shall stop here to-morrow, and if you are willing that the lad should go with me for a fortnight, and will furnish him forth with a horse he may come with me, and I suppose can return with the post. If you consent not, there is no harm done; and so farewell, my little fellow; thou shalt see thy hero if I can compass it."

He sauntered out, quickening his footsteps as he realized that he had lost sight of the

pretty Puritan, and fancied that he might find her in the grounds outside.

Lady Rich, who had not hitherto spoken, but had watched the scene with an amused interest, threw her veil back from her beautiful face, which no man could resist, and said sweetly: "My son is as impulsive as his mother, but he is a good-hearted youth, Mr. Brewster, and not addicted to the vices of the day, as Mr. Bradstreet, who knows him well, can assure you. I would have a word apart with you touching one who was dear to me whom you knew in the Low Countries," and she walked with Brewster to a window recess, where they continued their conversation in a low tone, Wrestling hovering most impatiently at a distance.

"I knew your brother, the noble Earl of Essex, well," said Brewster. "He too was a man of most kindly impulses. He endangered his own favor with the Queen in pleading the cause of my friend and patron, Mr. William Davison."

"But you knew him in happier days, when he was in Holland with the Earl of Leicester, did you not?"

"Most intimately then, for Leicester and Sidney and he made Davison's house their

headquarters ; and their councils were not all of war or statecraft, but poesie had its share, and history and travel, and they found time to write as well as to talk in company. Here is a book which I took down at their dictation, and which your brother gave me after he caused it to be published."

William Brewster took from a shelf and laid in her hand a small volume, opening it to the title-page, which read :

“Three Months Observations of the Low Countries—with Profitable Instructions describing what Observations are to be taken by Travellers.

“By Robert Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Secretary Davison.”

Lady Rich stared fixedly at the page, but she saw only one name ; the other words swam all together.

“You were with him while he lay dying ?” she asked, pointing to the name of Sidney.

“All that long month of agony,” Brewster replied, “and it was the cheerfulest deathbed I have ever seen. He was the truest model of a Christian gentleman the world has known. He was the only one amongst us who could smile. He told me that his father taught him to begin the day by praying earnestly, and

then to throw himself as earnestly into merriment. He was merry even when he knew what the end must be, with a sweet merriment to keep our hearts up. At the last, when he was past speech, his chaplain asked him if he was able to raise his hand to do so if he still had joy in the Lord. With that he lifted not one hand, but waved both triumphantly and gayly high in the air, from whence they sank back and fell joined upon his heart, in the attitude of the carved effigies on the tombs of knights, and so remained clasped as in prayer; and looking in his face we saw that with that joyful testimony his soul had taken flight."

Lady Rich was silent for a moment, then, extending her hand, said: "With such a friend in common, we are not strangers. Suffer your son to go with mine; it may prove for his advancement in life."

Brewster shook his head. "I have given over all worldly ambition for my sons," he said sadly; "but I knew not that Wrestling had such a desire to see Sir Walter Raleigh. I too admired him, when under our late Queen he spake so boldly in Parliament against religious persecution. If only his great deeds had been undertaken and his trials endured for conscience' sake instead of in the hope of glory, no nobler charac-

ter could be found on the roll of martyrs. I saw him endure his trial, wherein he plead his own cause with dignity and was condemned contrary to all justice; and the memory of his high presence has been an inspiration to me. My son shall have that inspiration too; he will need it in the days that are before us. Tell Lord Rich that I accept his offer with gratitude; it may be the last pleasuring that the boy will ever have."

As soon as Wrestling understood that his point was gained, he hurried out of the house followed by Love. "I owe it all to thee," he said impetuously as they went down the steps together. "Father would never have given his consent if thou hadst not spoken for me; and thou saidst not that Sir Walter was thy hero too, and that thou wouldest have liked as well to go as I."

"Lord Rich did not ask me, and our father could surely not have spared us both. Thou wilt tell me all about it, and I shall enjoy it through thee."

"Thou art a right good fellow, Love, and I take back what I said about thy tattling. Philippa told me where she dwells in London, not that I might find her or write to her, but that thou mightest do so. It is thee she likes, not me;

but I was angry and would not pleasure thee by telling thee so. Not that I care for the baggage: thou canst have her, and I will have Patience; and I will take Philippa any message from thee, for I shall have to return her father's horse.

"The father's name is not Johnson, but Mr. Guido Fawkes, and they are visiting at Mr. Percy's house, next to the House of Parliament, though Philippa told me that they were soon to leave London. Ah! there is Lord Rich talking to Patience. We will tell them that my father has consented, and that I shall be ready to go with them on the morrow."

Love would have stayed his brother to explain that he had not consented to the barter of his share of Patience for Philippa, but Wrestling bounded away and announced his good fortune.

"And is Love coming too?" Patience asked.

"Nay," replied Lord Rich, "I cannot lead forth all the country-side: besides we bear you company but one day's journey, when our paths divide. My mother and her people pass to Warwick, while Master Bradstreet, this youth, and I go on to London, and after that to Cambridge."

It may be that Lord Rich expected to see

some regret in Patience's face that she was so soon to lose his society ; if so, he was disappointed. Captain Dudley approached, and she joined her father, waving her hand to her two old friends, "Till to-morrow, Wrestling ; good-by, Love" ; and each of the boys accepted her smile as particularly his own.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRIEST'S HOLE.

The time is come, *Exsurge Domine!*
Judica causam tuam! Let thy foes
Be driven as the smoke before the wind
And melt like wax upon the furnace lip.

—GEORGE ELIOT.



WHILE the King was hunting in the north of England, the Queen and the royal family were making a short stay at Kenilworth, which was at this time one of the royal residences, for Elizabeth had taken back her royal gift to Leicester, and it had not yet been destroyed by Cromwell. Some of the court ladies were with the Queen, while others, and among them Lady Rich, were entertained at Warwick by Sir Fulke Greville.

Patience found Warwick Castle even more

beautiful than she had dreamed; and very nearly as Patience Dudley saw it the traveler sees it to-day, for it is one of the best preserved of feudal castles. On one side it is mirrored in the lovely river over which the stone bridge leaps in one great span of one hundred feet; but the entrance, guarded by the ancient towers, is even more impressive. Cæsar's Tower, though not quite so old as its name suggests, is a venerable giant, nearly one hundred and fifty feet tall, with walls of enormous thickness. Guy's Tower, not quite so high, is named for a possibly mythical personage, Guy of Warwick, who renounced his possessions and lived as a hermit long, long ago when noblemen were really noble. The residential part of the castle is a magnificent suite of apartments opening one into another in a vista of over three hundred feet. Patience learned to know them very well, and to tell the names of the men who had worn the suits of armor with which they were hung, and those of the pretty women who looked down from the portraits. The wonderful Vandycks were not there, for they were painted in the reign of Charles I., but there were enough pictures to people the stately halls, so that Patience was never lonely as she wandered through them.

Sir Fulke Greville was a hospitable host. He had just spent a sum equivalent to one hundred thousand dollars in remodeling and furnishing the castle, and it was his delight to fill its splendid rooms with distinguished guests. He was an amateur poet, but more noted as a patron of poets. Ben Jonson was visiting him at this time, and he loved to be regarded as the discoverer of young genius. His greatest honor during life, in his own estimation, was Sidney's friendship. On his ponderous tomb in St. Mary's Church in Warwick may still be read the epitaph written by his own hand: "Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, Conceller to King James and frend to Sir Philip Sidney."

This friendship was the principal link between Lady Rich and himself. Sidney bequeathed his library to Greville, and these books he placed at the disposition of his fair guest. Patience found Lady Rich a difficult patroness. She was an unhappy woman, demanding constant excitement or occupation to keep herself from thinking. The day was a round of visiting or receiving visits, in which, fortunately for her health, Patience was not often expected to take part. The house was filled with company. If the weather were fine,

the gentlemen hunted with such of the ladies as cared for the sport, or played tennis in the great courts. In the evening they practiced the dances for the masque, and the court ladies drove frequently to Kenilworth to wait upon the Queen. At night it was Patience's task to read to her ladyship until she fell asleep, after which Patience would extinguish the taper and slip noiselessly to her own little bed in the adjoining chamber, frequently only to be almost immediately awakened by the sudden ringing of a bell, which told her that she was again needed.

The play in which Lady Rich was to take part had been specially written for her, and for several other prominent ladies of the court, by Ben Jonson. It was to be presented at the Christmas festivities at the palace of Whitehall in London, when it would be brought out far more magnificently with scenery which was being designed by the architect Inigo Jones. Ben Jonson had, however, taken this opportunity to rehearse it before a more limited audience at the tilting which was to be given as a farewell entertainment at Kenilworth, before the royal family went down to London.

The tilting would take place in the open air

in the afternoon, after which a dinner would follow, and then the masque in the great hall of the castle, which was eighty-six feet long and forty-five wide.

These masques were a combination of stately dances with recitations and acting, and were usually performed by amateurs, though as they became more elaborate comical ante-masques introduced the main entertainment, and these were performed by professional actors. Jonson, like Shakespeare, had been influenced by the spirit of adventure so prevalent at this time, and the plots of several of his plays turned upon the discovery of new lands. The play which was now in rehearsal was called the *Masque of Blackness*, the actresses representing nymphs of the rivers of Africa. As such they wore sable robes, their pretty arms and faces covered by long black gloves and dominoes, and they were to be drawn into the hall in an ingeniously constructed shell.

The plot was very slight. Oceanus would announce in a prologue that these swarthy ladies had been told that in a kingdom whose name ended in the word Tania was a luminary whose beams were

“ of such a force
To blanch an Ethiop or revive a corse.”

The nymphs, tired of their jetty skins, had sought this kingdom wandering through Mauritania, Lusitania, etc., and had now come to Britannia.

The shell now appeared, imitating in its undulations the motion of a ship upon the sea. The nymphs descended, danced their coronatos, and then kneeling before the Queen declared that they had found the all-powerful luminary, and, throwing off their masks and black outer robes, performed other dances in their more brilliant court costumes, with their beautiful faces undisguised.

Jonson had also written a prologue for the tilting in which Lord Rich was to take part. The approaching entertainment was the constant subject of conversation, and Patience looked forward to it with the highest expectations.

Lady Rich was speaking of it one night as she lay awake. "I hope Robert may carry off the prize," she said; "but I fear that in that as in everything else he is too indifferent to succeed. If there were only someone among the spectators for whom he cared, as Sidney cared for me. Oh! a woman can make the man who loves her do anything. I made Sidney win the prize of the tournament which was given

to entertain the French embassy that came to arrange a marriage between Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. And he gave me the credit for it too. Read this sonnet which Sir Fulke found in one of his books. I have read it over and over, but I cannot sleep, and I want to hear it. Your voice has a lilting uplift which is like his, a singing quality which fits itself to joyous poetry."

And Patience read :

" Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well that I obtained the prize,
Both in the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France,
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance,
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance,
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excell in this,
Think Nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
Stella looked on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race."

The book fell from her hand, and Patience wondered if ever a brave knight would do deeds of high emprise because she was looking on. She had no thought of the mock tournament and of Sir Robert in his tinsel armor, but of the nobler lists of life and of two young knights who were always ready to attempt any adventure for her sake: Wrestling, imperi-

ous and reckless ; and Love, with his eyes full of an infinite tenderness. If she must choose one and one only for her knight—which would it be ?

The next morning there was to be a dress rehearsal at Kenilworth, and Lady Rich took Patience with her. The castle at this time was in the same magnificent state in which the Earl of Leicester had put it for the *fête* which he gave Queen Elizabeth. Cromwell's soldiers utterly dismantled it, but even now in its ruined condition the traveler realizes what a noble building it once was. Lady Rich showed her some of the rooms which were not occupied by the royal family, and Patience was much impressed by the stately furnishings, the great bedsteads with crimson satin counterpanes and curtains “all lozenged over with silver,” the carved posts surmounted by bears with ragged staves, or gold cups holding ostrich plumes, something after the fashion of a modern hearse. The walls were hung with tapestries depicting gardens in perspective, with colonnades of pillars and arches, and in Prince Henry's study there were great maps of the New World, on which the Prince had traced with different-colored pencils the voyages of Hawkins, Drake, and Raleigh. As Patience was looking at one

of these maps, the Prince entered and spoke to Lady Rich, who presented Patience.

“Would you like to see the prize of the tilting?” he asked. “In old times it was usually a jewel, but I have had a piece of plate that was the Earl of Leicester's copied, in order that it should be suggestive of Kenilworth.”

He unlocked an ebony cabinet and showed them a silver salt-cellar shaped like a ship, with little cannon, anchors, and ensigns, and all sails set, and for a figurehead Fortune standing on a globe and holding a flag.* On the side of the ship were engraved the words “The Shepherd of the Ocean.” “That is what Spenser called Sir Walter Raleigh,” said the Prince. “I would like to give him this piece of plate; but some day I hope to give him a real ship, and that will please him better.”

He then asked if they had seen the preparations in the tilt-yard for the tournament, and showed them his private turret staircase from the study, which he said was the nearest way.

It was the same tilt-yard which had witnessed the tourney in honor of Queen Elizabeth. Workmen were busy constructing a terrace which was to serve as a stage for the prologue, and digging a bed for an artificial lake. The turret door through which they had come was

* See Note c, Appendix.

to be one of the entrances to the stage, for the Prince was to take part and his study was to be used for the dressing room of the principal characters. From the tilt-yard Lady Rich took Patience to an inner court, which was laid out as a garden, with a fine aviary. As she was too early for the rehearsal she sat down for a few moments with Patience, pointing out and naming the strange birds, and chatting on various subjects.

“It is a grand castle,” said Lady Rich. “I suppose you know that it was given by Queen Elizabeth to her favorite Robert Dudley, whom she made Earl of Leicester.”

“Why, Dudley is *my* name!” exclaimed Patience. “I wonder if Father is related to him?”

“It may be that you come from the stock from which he sprung, the Sutton Dudleys of Dudley Castle. It is an old family, but not high in rank, for they were only barons, and not rich in purse either, until in the time of Henry VIII. when John Dudley was created Duke of Northumberland and Earl of Warwick, and rose to that pitch of pride from which he fell so miserably.

“Pride and ambition were the curse of that house. It needed the sharp medicine of the

headsman's ax to cure those distempers. The Earl of Northumberland was beheaded, with his son Guilford and his daughter-in-law, the gentle Lady Jane Grey, whom he had made King and Queen. This should have been warning enough to the other members of his family, but another of the earl's sons, Robert Dudley, aspired to the position of King Consort, played for so short a time by his brother Guilford, for he vainly dreamed that Queen Elizabeth would marry him. He entertained her here most royally, when she visited Kenilworth with her court. For seventeen days he lavished his fortune with more than princely extravagance, expending more than a thousand pounds each day in the entertainment of his guests. All to no purpose, for he never obtained the object of his ambition."

"I marvel that father has never told me about the Earl of Leicester," said Patience, knitting her brows thoughtfully. "I have heard him speak of very few of our relatives, though I remember now that he said that Sir Philip Sidney was a Dudley, and possibly we might be of the same blood as well as name."

"Sir Philip Sidney was the nephew of Leicester, the son of Leicester's sister Mary Dudley. He was always very proud of this, and said that

it was his ‘chiefest honor to be a Dudley.’ If you are related to Sidney you are also related to Leicester. Why did you not mention this when I might have questioned your father?”

“It is strange that he does not know certainly,” Patience replied; “but his father and mother died when he was very young, and he was brought up as a page in a noble family where there was no one who cared very much for him; and, though he received the education of a gentleman he was told that it was through the kindness of a lady in no way related to him.”

“Do not trouble your little head with mysteries,” said Lady Rich; “they are generally best unraveled. I must go in now. If you tire of waiting here I shall expect to find you at the gatekeeper’s lodge.”

Lady Rich had hardly gone, when a tall thin man, dressed entirely in black, startled Patience by appearing quite mysteriously, she could not tell from what direction. The man looked about him carefully, and, seeing that no one was near, approached Patience and asked in a gentle voice:

“What is your name, my little maid?”
“Patience Dudley, good sir.”

“Then you are one of the persons whose conversation I have just overheard. I was reading within the tower, and I found myself becoming interested in what you said, for I have some knowledge of the Dudley family. Tell me all that you know of your father; it may be that I can tell you still more.”

“My father is Captain Thomas Dudley, steward of the Earl of Lincoln.”

“And his father's name?”

“I know not, worthy sir; only that he was a soldier, and died at Ivry, leading the English troops who were sent to France to aid Henri of Navarre.”

“And thy father's mother?”

“He remembers her not.”

“True, little maid, nor his father neither, for he is of no such mean birth as he deems himself. If I could talk with thy father I could make these things plain. Know you no other mysteries in his history, my child?”

Patience put her hand to her head and tried to think. “It is true that I have heard him say that all through his life he has found himself strangely befriended though alone. It was as though an unseen power watched over him. When he came of age a fortune was left him, by whom he knew not. When he desired to go

a-soldiering he received, by some stranger's influence, a captain's commission, signed by Queen Elizabeth, and thus he went to France and served the Huguenot cause, as his father had done before him."

"Speak no more of his father as the soldier of whom you have been told——" The strange man bent forward and lifted his hand to his mouth as though about to whisper, then seemed to change his mind, for he muttered : " You are too young to understand these matters, but I would have speech with thy father. Tell him carefully all I have said, and also that his father and mother were privately married by a priest of my order ; that I know whereof I speak, for I have seen the record. If he would know these things to a certainty, write him to come to London at once, and to inquire at the house of Thomas Percy, next to the Houses of Parliament, on the water side, for Father Greenway. Write him that there are great matters stirring which may lift him and thee higher than ye wot, if he can be secret and determined. The Dudleys were not lacking in these qualities. Let him prove himself a true Dudley. Thou too, little maid, be secret. Breathe naught of this to any human being, or all may miscarry. Promise ; it is a matter of

life and death for thy father, and for many goodly gentlemen."

"I promise to tell no one but my father," said Patience, "for I cannot see that his lineage concerns any other. As for the other secret matters of which you speak, since you are a Jesuit and my father a Puritan, I see not how you can work together."

"Are we not equally desirous of toleration in matters of religion? If the Catholics and the Puritans would unite to that end—yea, and some of the Protestants, who hold not to the King's tyranny—we could effect a change of ministry. Another man in the place of Cecil, and this might be effected—but why do I talk to you of such matters? We will chat of other things. What is your position here?—for I take it you live in the castle, since I saw you come out of the door of the turret which they tell me leads to the apartments of the Prince. Are you one of the Queen's maids of honor?"

"Nay, sir; I am only companion to my Lady Rich, who is within rehearsing her part for the masque. The Prince bade us use his staircase to see the works in the tilt-yard. It will be a grand spectacle. Shall you see it, good sir?" .

“It is possible. Is this the prologue for the tilting which you have, then?”

“Yes, sir. Lady Rich left it here; she brought it by mistake with her own part.”

The stranger took it up and glanced over it with much interest. “A well-constructed play,” he said at length. “I have managed miracle plays myself, and know something of the art. So this is the setting of the stage—entrances here and here—h’m h’m! That is a good speech of Chivalry’s. It has the ring of Sir Walter Raleigh’s verse, and was written by someone practiced in the arts of the courtier. Could it have been written by Raleigh?”

“Nay, sir; by the court poet, Mr. Jonson.”

“Then he surely had Raleigh in mind. There is more here than appears to the eye. Yes, I will surely be present. There will be one transformation scene which will be a surprise indeed.”

“Are you, sir, perchance one of the actors?”

“Nay, little maid, but I have a prompter’s part behind the scenes. The mountebank who makes the puppets dance, though himself unseen, is as important to the play as anyone who struts upon the stage. The play will have beautiful scenery, for this castle has a fair prospect of forest. Dost thou love to watch the

hunters with their horses and dogs? It is a sport of which many noble ladies are fond."

"I have lived much of my life in Sherwood Forest, and I love the wild wood and the wild creatures, but I would not harm the tender things."

"And yet they prey upon one another, and the stronger beasts would kill thee if they could. It is but nature for the strong to hunt the weak, and for the weak, by ruse and slyness, by doubling and feigning death, by hiding and running, to foil the strong. There is a keen pleasure in the chase, and doubtless the rascal fox who saves his brush hath as lively a joy as the sportsman. Queen Elizabeth loved to hunt in this very region, and other women holier than she. I have here a little book, writ by Dame Juliana Berners. She was prioress long since of Sopwell Nunnery in Hertfordshire on the little River Ver, so famous for its trout. This pious woman would tuck her abbess' robes about her and wade and whip its waters. She rode bravely also to hounds—following not the timid roes alone, but fearing not to engage the wild boar. She wrote this little book, which will prove to thee that the life of a nun hath its pleasures, temporal as well as spiritual. I will leave it on this bench, that you may say

truly that you found it, and need make no mention of me."

While the Jesuit was speaking Patience noticed an undersized man prowling about one of the oldest towers. He had a bunch of keys, and seemed to be trying unsuccessfully to fit one to a lock in a postern gate. Finally he put them all back in a pouch at his belt and, putting his fingers to his lips, uttered a shrill whistle. The Jesuit at once arose. "That is my friend Owen Littlejohn," he said; and bidding Patience farewell, he glided away.

Left alone, Patience opened the book. It was called "A Treatise on Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing with an Angle," and was very quaintly written in rhyme. The sporting abbess had mingled allusions to the saints' days of the Roman Catholic calendar with technical terms used in hunting, so that it was difficult to tell whether she held her sacred vocation or her love for sport most at heart. Patience read on, fascinated by the love of nature and by the pleasure of puzzling out the antiquated language:

"The season of the boar [wrote the prioress] is from the
Natyvytee,
Till the Purificacion of Our Ladye so free—
For at the Natyvytee of Our Ladye sweet
He may find where he goeth under his feet,

Both in wood-es and field-es—corn and other fruit
When he after food maketh any suit,
Crabbes and oak cornes [crabapples and acorns] and nottes
[nuts] where they grow,
Haws and hips, and other things enow.
That till the Purificacion lasteth, as ye see,
And maketh the boar in season to be."

Patience read until she had finished the book, and then she hid it in her pocket. It had precisely the effect which the Jesuit had planned, to make her wish that she had known this jolly abbess so like Friar Tuck, and to feel that Catholic priests and nuns were after all very agreeable people. After the rehearsal Lady Rich drove with Patience to Clopton House, a stately manor owned by her friend Lady Joyce Carew. They found this lady busily preparing for her removal to London. She explained that her husband had leased the property for the hunting season to a Mr. Rokewood, whose horses were already in the stables, and were so fine that the Countess might like to see them.

Lady Joyce threw a little wrap over her shoulders, and led her guests to the stables. One of the new grooms stood in the doorway. He was as diminutive as a jockey should be, but not young: his face was seamed with wrinkles; and Patience at once recognized the uncanny little man, Owen Littlejohn, whom she

had seen prowling about Kenilworth. She was sure that he recognized her also, for he caught himself in an involuntary duck of the head. He moved aside grudgingly, and allowed the ladies to enter the stables.

Lady Rich was fond of horses, and she patted and caressed them, and noted their good points enthusiastically. The groom followed them about from stall to stall, but when Lady Joyce asked him the pedigree of a fine piebald racer, he seemed strangely ignorant for a man who had had the care of horses.

“I have never seen a horse marked like that,” said Lady Joyce; “it must be a rare breed.”

“I have seen one similar recently,” said Lady Rich; and Patience remembered that the horse on which Wrestling had ridden to London was spotted in the same peculiar way.

As they returned to the house from the stables, Patience saw the little man run across the lawn and disappear from sight behind one of the ivy-clad chimneys. She called Lady Joyce’s attention to this fact, but her ladyship was positive that Patience was mistaken.

“He must be hiding in the angle still, if you are correct,” she said, “for there is no door or window in the wall beyond the chimney.” To prove her assertion she led the way to the foot

of the chimney. There was no one standing in its shelter, and there was apparently no opening of any sort by which he could have disappeared.

“You see that you were wrong,” Lady Joyce exclaimed triumphantly, “for he certainly could not have sunk into the ground !”

Patience was so certain of what she had seen that she looked closely at the tangle of creepers. It seemed to her that they had been recently disturbed, for loose leaves were lying on the grass. She pushed them aside with her hands, and showed a small opening into the chimney.

“That is probably a hole to remove ashes and soot,” said Lady Joyce, “but no one but a chimney sweep could enter it.”

“The groom was small enough to be a sweep,” said the Countess. “Perhaps he is one, and has been ordered by your new tenants to clean the chimney. Look in, Patience, and tell us if anyone is there.”

Patience lay down on the grass and pushed herself forward until her head was inside the opening. There was no one within, for she could look straight up to the sky. She noticed, however, that at short distances strong iron bolts projected from the wall of the chimney,

so that it would have been perfectly easy for a man to mount from the ground to the roof. There were three openings, probably for flues, on the side of the chimney next to the house, on the first, second, and third floors.

Withdrawing her head, Patience reported what she had seen. Lady Joyce looked puzzled. "There is no fireplace communicating with this chimney on the ground floor," she said thoughtfully. "The library is on this side of the house, but it is not a very large room. It does not seem as if there was so much space inside as between that window and this wall. On the next story is my chamber, which is surely much larger. In that room I have two fireplaces, but the one communicating with this chimney we never use, for when we light a fire in it the draught is so poor that the smoke is driven into the room. On the attic story the chimney abuts against the oratory, and there is no fireplace there, nor ever has been; the room is always cold, and a religious picture hangs where you thought you saw the opening for a flue."

"It is certainly odd," said Lady Rich, "that so great a chimney should have been constructed for no use. Did you mark, Patience, whether it was lined with soot?"

"Nay, my lady, it is as clean as though it

were built yesterday, save for swallows' nests, though I saw no birds."

"There were swallows in that chimney," said Lady Joyce; "but lately there has been a great commotion among them, and they have deserted it for the chimney on the other side of the house."

"You spoke of the oratory," said Lady Rich. "I have heard that Pope Sixtus authorized one of your ancestors to have a chapel consecrated in this house, and to have mass performed therein. That is no shame to you, for it was before the Reformation, and everyone knows what good Protestants your family have been since then. I am curious to see the oratory. Will you kindly show it to me?"

They entered the house, which was a large and rambling moated grange, with impish little figures in the stone carving about the doors and windows. Within, the rooms were labyrinthine in their windings, with long passages and several little staircases. Up one of these they climbed to a long corridor in the attic.

"These rooms were intended for the servants, but not a maid of the house will enter this corridor after dark," Lady Joyce explained. "It is commonly reported haunted, and mysterious footsteps have been heard along it by

the occupants of the chambers below ; so the entire floor has been given up to lumber rooms and the ghosts. This is the oratory. As she spoke she opened the door of a small room. It was utterly vacant except for an altar, above which hung a large oil-painting. The canvas was so old and blackened that the subject was not at once discernible, but as Patience gazed it came out with startling distinctness. It was such a picture as Orcagna might have painted—the terrible Last Judgment, with the wicked falling into the flames of the pit. Lady Joyce uttered a cry of surprise. “The picture has been changed !” she exclaimed. “There was a Saint Anthony of Padua there when I was last in this room.”

“When was that ?” Lady Rich asked ; but Lady Joyce could not remember exactly : not this summer, and she had been at court all the previous winter, as lady-in-waiting for Queen Anne, wife of King James, as in her youth she had been for Queen Elizabeth.

She was much excited by the change in the picture, but Lady Rich partially reassured her by suggesting that her husband might have purchased it and placed it here without her knowledge. As they were talking, the sky became darkened and a rumble of thunder was heard.

"We are going to have a shower," exclaimed Lady Rich; "we must hasten our departure!" On reaching the outer door they found that they were too late; the rain was descending in torrents. The coachman had sought the shelter of the stables with the carriage, and the only thing to be done was to await the passing of the rain.

Lady Joyce ordered dinner, but after it was over the storm increased, and her guests decided to send the coachman home with word that they had determined to remain over night.

Lady Joyce insisted that her guests should occupy her own room, while she removed to a smaller chamber across the hall. The two ladies lingered chatting in the library, but Patience retired early. As she sat in front of the dressing-table combing her hair she distinctly heard footsteps along the corridor above. Lady Joyce had told her that the attic story was unoccupied. She did not believe in ghosts, and the conclusion which she arrived at was that the noise must be made by rats. Strange as it may seem, rats are very reassuring and comforting animals. Patience remembered similar experiences. How she had been wakened in the middle of the night by strange sounds as of robbers in the rooms

below, how she had listened to their footsteps mounting the stairs, and had lain staring into the darkness paralyzed with terror, not daring to spring from her bed and lock the chamber door. Then there had come a creak of the hinge, and she was sure that the mauraders were in the room and that someone was creeping stealthily along the floor toward the bed. She had tried to shriek, but her throat was rigid. Then suddenly there had been a wild scuffle, a scramble and squeaking behind the arras. Thank Heaven, there were rats in the house!

What convinced Patience at this time that the noises she had heard were not those of human footfalls was that they were presently transferred to the wall—a shuffling, scraping noise, as though rats, or possibly some larger creatures, were climbing down the chimney. She was a brave girl, and though frightened she did not run out of the room or scream. The noise seemed to descend cautiously and with interruptions. Suddenly, just inside the fireplace and below the mantel appeared two human feet in low shoes with silver buckles, then came two thin legs cased in black woolen stockings, above and about them fluttering a black gown; and Patience braced herself for the appearance of a woman, possibly a witch

with her broomstick, which would not at all have surprised her; when suddenly the figure appeared to let go its hold of some support inside the chimney and there tumbled into the room and stood erect the very man with whom she had conversed in the garden at Kenilworth, now dressed in the black robe of a priest. It would be difficult to tell which was the more surprised, but the priest recovered himself first.* "Fear not, my child," he said, "I have more cause for fear than thou. Listen. I am a hunted man in hiding. If thou betrayest me vengeance will fall upon thee swiftly and surely. Be silent, say nothing, and no harm shall come to thee or thy friends."

"If I cry not, will you go away, far away?" Patience asked.

"Nay, I must remain for the present in these walls; but if thou art true to me I can be of the greatest service to thy father. Child, it is more than chance which has twice thrown thee in my way. Hast thou told thy father what I bade thee?"

"He is in Lincolnshire, and I thought to send the message to him by a friend, one Wrestling Brewster, who comes hither shortly and will return to his parents and mine."

"Where is he now?"

* See Note *d*, Appendix.

“In London with Lord Rich. He had a great desire to see Sir Walter Raleigh, who hath ever been his hero, and Lord Rich promised to effect this.”

“Child, this happens wondrous opportunely. Listen; the devices which I told thee were hatching are to set Sir Walter at liberty, but it is necessary to get word to him of their nature. If this Wrestling would carry a message to him, and deliver it secretly on parting, he would make his release possible. Can the young man keep a secret; is he brave, is he to be trusted?”

“All of these, good sir, and he would give his life for Sir Walter.”

“Then sit down quickly at this *escritoire* and write as I bid thee. Say: ‘The bearer of this letter [that is I, for I will hastily to London and find him] will give to thee a sealed packet for Sir Walter Raleigh from my Lord Carew, from whose house I write. Deliver it with all secrecy, for the lives of many depend upon it, as well as the escape of our great friend.’ There; thou canst sign thy name, and inclose in the letter one for thy father touching the knowledge I have of what is dark in his history. Bid him haste.” When Patience had finished, the Jesuit took Lady Joyce’s seal, which was lying on the *escritoire*, and sealed the letter.

“Remember,” he said, “to be secret; and thou and I shall meet again.” While Patience was writing he had carelessly traced the signature of Sir George Carew from an open letter, and having glanced at a card of invitation to the masque which Lady Rich had brought her friend, absent-mindedly bestowed it with the letter which Patience had just written within the breast of his gown. “Thou wilt be at this masque,” he said thoughtfully. “There is a little postern gate opening on the garden where I talked with thee. When the revel begins slip away, unbolt it, and leave it ajar. I shall be returning with Sir Walter, and shall take him straight to Prince Henry, who meanwhile will have secured his pardon from the King and, as we hope, his appointment to Cecil’s offices.

“I was planning all this with the Prince at Kenilworth to-day. He had Ben Jonson write the prologue with this *dénouement* in view. Raleigh is to take the part of Chivalry and be hidden in the Prince’s apartments until it is time for him to appear upon the stage. If you think of the prologue with this explanation, you will see how cleverly it has been written to serve as a presentation of the Prince’s friend restored to favor. All we need is a trusty messenger to carry him a letter.”

All this seemed very feasible to Patience. She was too young to track the improbabilities, or to suspect other schemes concealed beneath the one represented.

Her face lighted with eagerness. "I will help you with all my heart," she promised, "and so will Wrestling and my father too."

"Where bide you, little maid?"

"With Lady Rich at Warwick Castle."

"At Sir Fulke Greville's. Excellent! Knowest thou the mill below the castle? Be there two nights hence at sundown, and I will tell thee how our matter has prospered. Stay! When thou comest bring with thee any paper bearing Sir Fulke's signature. I may need it for the furtherance of the business. Courage and secrecy, and we shall yet see Sir Walter at liberty." So saying, the singular man retired into the chimney, and Patience heard him climbing, this time downward, she doubted not to the ash-hole at the foot. She stepped to the window (it had ceased raining, and the moon was shining), and presently saw his dark form cross the lawn toward the stables. A little later he came out leading the piebald racer, which he mounted; and a moment later she heard his hoofbeats on the hard highway pounding away toward London.

CHAPTER V.

PLOTS AND COUNTERPLOTS.

For whoso reaps renown above the rest
With heaps of hate shall surely be oppressed.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

I do not love the Tower of any place.

—SHAKSPEARE.



RESTLING enjoyed immensely his ride to London, and Lord Rich, seeing the boy's delight, did everything in his power to augment it. Sometimes they would turn aside from the direct road to visit a castle or an abbey, and at the villages in which they paused to eat and sleep, if there were fairs in the neighborhood, he would take

Wrestling to see the morris dancing, the tight-rope walking, or the itinerant players. "We shall see better playing than this in London,"

he promised his *protégé*. “I know Ben Jonson well. His plays are given by the children of the chapel [choir boys] at Blackfriars, and Will Shakspeare’s at the Globe are well worth seeing. That theater is near the Bear Garden, and we may see some good sport there as well.”

“I have never seen a bear-baiting,” said Wrestling, “and I do not think my father would wish me to go.”

“Beshrew him for a Puritan! His sect will have none of the sport, not because it gives the bear pain, but because it pleases the beholder; and the Puritans’ greatest grievance against our sovereign lord the King is that he writ the ‘Book of Sports.’”

“My father would be merry if he had cause,” said Wrestling. “It is a hard business to be lighted-hearted on compulsion. But I would fain see a play of Shakspeare’s, for Master Bradstreet brought some of his writings to us, which Love has read, and they sound neither foolish nor wicked.”

“Good, and I shall take thee to the Bear Garden too. What was it, Bradstreet, that Master Laneham wrote of the great bear-baiting that Queen Elizabeth and her ladies found so diverting in the court at Kenilworth? Thou canst say it by heart, I know.”

“I learned it, not because I approved of the sport,” said Bradstreet, “but because it seemed to me a trifle savage for noble ladies to look upon. Listen; what would your lady mother say to entertainment such as this? ‘It was a sport very pleezant of theeze beestz to see the Bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemy’s approach, the nimbleness of the dogs to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear to avoid the assaults. If he were bitten in one place how he would pinch in another to get free, what shifts with biting, clawing, with roaring, tossing, and tumbling. And when he was loose to shake his ears twice or thrice, with the blood and slaver about his fiznamy [physiognomy] was a matter of goodly releef.’”

“I see no amusement in that,” said Wrestling, “beyond chasing an otter with a dog—nay, nor so much, for in the otter hunt one hath the desire of capturing the wild beastie, while the bear is already a captive, and his worriment hath no end but torture.”

Lord Rich took Bradstreet and Wrestling directly to his father’s town house. Here they dined, and afterward went to see the performance of “*The Tempest*.” The plot of the play was suggested to Shakspeare by the spirit of

discovery and maritime adventure then rife in England. No explorer's story could be devised too extravagant to receive the comment,

“I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travelers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.”

Wrestling was fascinated by the mixture of realistic adventure and charming visions of fairyland. The New World was all an enchanted wonderland at this time—its geography, climate, productions, and inhabitants all unknown and clad with romance. The Spaniards were returning from Peru and Mexico with ships laden with gold. The existence of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, of fabulous cities wherein gems were as common as cobblestones, was firmly credited. Birds of wondrous plumage and entrancing song, flowers of equally splendid color and delicious perfume, tropical fruits and precious metals were supposed to be abundant in the interior of Virginia. It was said that beautiful Amazons had offered Raleigh the kingship of America, and that they had beaten their white breasts with their golden shields and torn their long hair in despair when he sailed away.

Other returned mariners told different stories of hardship and disappointment, but resolute

spirits remained undaunted by their reports of shipwrecks and encounters with fierce savages, so long as the enchanted visions still hovered beyond. The wreck of Sir George Somers' ship, the *Sea Venture*, on the Island of Bermuda created a great sensation in England. The island was named by him the Isle of Devils, on account of mysterious cries heard by his crew similar to those described by Shakspeare. The Indians were by some thought to be demons, and by others a higher order of ape.

The question of how far discoverers had a right to govern these barbaric nations and force civilization upon them was discussed. Caliban was the embodiment of these fancies and queries ; and Shakspeare, with his wonderfully prescient mind, makes him foretell the Indian's grievance :

“ You taught me language ; and my profit on't
Is I know how to curse.”

Indeed, it seems as if there were no problems of our modern life which Shakspeare did not anticipate. Schemes of colonization and of socialism are discussed by him in “The Tempest.”*

* Gonzalo is such a socialist :

“ I' the commonwealth no kind of traffic
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;

Wrestling was greatly moved by this play, the first which he had ever seen; and his desire to explore the unknown country received additional fuel. Lord Rich, too, gained many new ideas, and discussed them with Wrestling as they walked homeward after the play.

The next morning Lord Rich went out early to obtain permission for himself and for Wrestling to visit Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower. Prince Henry was the stanch friend of Raleigh, and it was owing to his patronage that the prison life of his *protégé* was not at this time so rigorous as might have been expected by a man lying under sentence of death. The Prince had striven passionately for a pardon, but could only obtain a delay in the execution of the sentence. He used to say that only such a king as his father would keep such a bird in a cage. It was not love of his

Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none."

No sovereignty :

"All things in common, Nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor ; treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have ; but Nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people."

son which delayed King James' hand, but fear of him, and of the party which he and Raleigh represented.

Raleigh was a Non-conformist, and, without identifying himself either with the Puritans or Papists, had the sympathy of many in both sects. Prince Henry was the hope of the Puritan party. They could and did endure the tyranny of James so long as there was a prospect that the next reign would bring in toleration, and Prince Henry had openly asserted that if he ever came to the throne none should be persecuted for conscience' sake; and there was a popular saying :

“The eighth Henry did pull down Monks and their cells,
The ninth will pull down Bishops and their bells.”

Wrestling had been left alone that morning, for Bradstreet had gone out to attend to some business which would prevent his visiting Sir Walter with them.

The boy had intended to take Mr. Fawkes' horse to him while Lord Rich was obtaining permission to enter the Tower, but immediately after that nobleman had left the mansion the Jesuit arrived and asked for Master Brewster. He was not dressed as a priest now, but in the garb of an ordinary country gentle-

man; and the letter of introduction which he brought from Patience at once prepossessed the boy in his favor, and he accepted his invitation to take a little stroll in the park, where they could converse without being overheard.

The letter which the Jesuit wished Wres-tling to deliver to Raleigh was, he assured him, from Sir George Carew, and was apparently simply one of friendly sympathy, but between the lines directions for Raleigh's escape were invisibly traced in milk. "If this letter is stolen or taken from you by force," said the Jesuit, "it is apparently innocent, and you run no danger, but if you succeed in delivering it you must manage to tell Sir Walter secretly, to hold it close to the flame of a candle, and the writing will appear, the milk scorching before the paper. Say naught of my coming or of the letter to Lord Rich except under compulsion, for we cannot take too many precautions.

"I will tell you the entire plan of the rescue, for it may be that you may be left with Sir Walter long enough to explain it to him, even if the letter is taken from you. Some altera-tions are to be made in his cell, and he will temporarily be removed to a tower over the moat. On the night of November 4th his sentinel will be drugged, and while he is

asleep the door of the cell will be unlocked by another sentry, who has a grudge against the sleeper, and will be only too glad of this opportunity to effect his disgrace. This man will allow Sir Walter to slip from his cell, but will not risk his head by assisting him further. In the lower story of the tower is a trap-door through which he can drop into the moat. He must swim to the tunnel through which the moat empties into the Thames. At the mouth of the tunnel he will find a small boat anchored, by which he can cross to the opposite side of the river, where Sir George Carew and a few gentlemen will be waiting with horses to take him to Prince Henry at Kenilworth. The window of his new cell can be seen from this spot, and if at the moment he leaves he places a lighted candle at its grating his friends will know that he has started on his perilous journey, and will on their side display a lantern at the spot where he must land."

Wrestling was intensely excited, and burned to aid in Sir Walter's rescue. The Jesuit had made use of all that he had learned from Patience to completely gain the boy's confidence, and the man's discrimination was so acute that he knew he could safely trust him. In after years Wrestling could never believe the

man false ; he was certain that they had been drawn together by the freemasonry of a common purpose and the recognition of each other's earnestness.

In return for the confidence reposed in him, Wrestling told the Jesuit of his errand with Mr. Guido Fawkes.

The priest was surprised and pleased. "Go first to the Tower with Lord Rich," he said, "and bring the horse around to his house this afternoon. I will be there waiting for you to learn how you have prospered."

As they parted the Jesuit caught his hand. "One more precaution. Tell Sir Walter not to set out unless he sees the lantern displayed from the opposite bank."

"How will he tell it from any chance light?" Wrestling asked.

"Very fortunately," replied the priest, "the lantern which will be used is of green glass. It is one Fawkes brought with him from foreign parts. I do not think there is another like it in London. Sir Walter cannot mistake it. Let him wait for the emerald signal."

The Jesuit lifted his hand in blessing as they parted, and Wrestling returned to the house to wait for Lord Rich, who presently arrived and took him to the Tower.

A shudder ran through his frame when the heavy outer gate of the Tower clanged behind him, as they passed through the massive gate lodge.

Within he looked about him curiously, and Lord Rich pointed out the different buildings. The central enormous square keep, called the White Tower, and sometimes erroneously Cæsar's Tower, was built by William the Conqueror, and greatly interested Wrestling. Sir Walter Raleigh was confined in the Bloody Tower, a name of evil omen; but, excepting that his rooms were very cold, he was comfortably lodged, and was allowed occasionally to see friends. They were obliged to wait for a few minutes, for a visitor was already with him.

He came out presently, a young man jauntily dressed, but holding his plumed hat in front of his face, as though desirous of escaping recognition, but on catching sight of Lord Rich he exclaimed: "You here, my lord! I thought you were at Cambridge."

"I return to the University soon," replied Lord Rich, "but first I must take part in a tilting at Kenilworth."

"Well found! Sir Everard Digby was telling me of that tilting, and would fain have an invitation for himself and friends. Can you

manage it for him? He entertains a hunting party after the hay is cut somewhere in Warwickshire. I will see that you are invited to it. The guests are all members of Parliament."

"But Parliament sits on the 5th. You must be misinformed. And how comes it, Tresham, that I find you here? I knew not that you were a friend of Sir Walter's."

"No more am I," replied the other sullenly, dropping his hat and showing the print of a slap, red upon his cheek. "Do you see that mark? That blow will cost him dear. I had my rapier half out of its sheath, but I bethought me in time, and bowed myself out politely. Cecil has him in his claws. I need not trouble myself to teach him good manners—no, nor to get him out, since he is so fond of prison that he is squeamish as to his method of exit. The King and his courtiers must come, forsooth, and beg him to leave! A plague on him and on the Tower! It gives me an ague to enter it. My teeth are chattering with the cold. Let him rot here, I say! The place is not so attractive that I shall ever darken his door again."

"Now, what has angered Tresham, I wonder?" said Lord Rich as they followed the jailer. "I am glad Sir Walter likes him not, for he is not

a man to be trusted. And what the deuce did he mean by saying the hunt would take place after the hay is cut? Why, here we are in November, and it was cut long ago!"

Wrestling hardly noticed this remark at the time, for a moment later they were in the presence of Sir Walter Raleigh.

He sat beside a table littered with papers, and books were piled on chests and upon the floor. His dress, which in his days of prosperity was always elegant in the extreme, was plain, but in perfect order—the small ruff spotlessly clean, his beard trimmed, and all his clothing carefully brushed, and every lacing tied with as scrupulous care as if he were still in the public eye. Punctilio was evidently the second nature of the man, but so thoroughly habit that he gave it no thought, his mind while dressing being occupied with more important matters.

His attitude now was one of deep absorption in his work, which he had attacked with feverish haste as soon as Tresham's unwelcome interruption was over. He did not at first notice the entrance of other guests, and on hearing Lord Rich's greeting threw back his head with a gesture of impatience; but on recognizing his visitor a smile of rare sweetness illumined

his grave face, and he sprang to his feet and extended his hand with courtly grace.

There were but two chairs in the room, and Wrestling stood respectfully until Sir Walter waved him to a chest, where he squeezed himself between a geographical globe and a pile of great volumes. The two gentlemen fell to earnest conversation, and Wrestling, who was simply a listener, drank in everything they said as a thirsty soil drinks in the rain.

They spoke of the New World, to which Raleigh longed to return. He believed in the existence of the fabled El Dorado somewhere on the Orinoco, and hoped soon under the patronage of Prince Henry to lead an expedition to its gold mines, guarded by dog-headed men.

Lord Rich was most interested, and they bent together over maps and discussed projects of exploration and colonization.

“With your spirit fired with such high enterprises,” said the younger nobleman, “I see not how you can have patience to bear this present grievous confinement.”

“It is not grievous. I am rendering myself immortal. I am engaged on a work so vast (my ‘History of the World’) that I shall need to spend the remainder of my life in prison to

accomplish it; so fascinating, that while at work upon it I do not miss my freedom. I have, too, another great happiness—my wife is allowed to visit me from time to time. I see more of Bess than when the world called us fortunate. She has taken rooms on Tower Hill, and devotes herself to ministering to me. Hers is a heroic heart, whose depth of devotion I might never have known had it not been thus cruelly tried."

"Even so," replied Lord Rich. "I cannot understand how the thought that you are lying under sentence of death, and may at any moment be summoned to your death, can be endured with such equanimity. The uncertainty and helplessness would drive me mad."

"My dear fellow," Raleigh replied with a sweet smile, "the world itself is but a larger prison, from which every human being may at any moment be ordered to execution. You, too, are under sentence of death, and are as uncertain as to the date, and as helpless to resist it, as I; and yet that is no reason why you should not be cheerful, or strive to fill in your time to the best advantage. It is not that I fear death that I would live longer, but because life is still full of zest for me. There are problems which I would like to solve—I would love

to plant a successful colony in Virginia, and to conquer Guiana for England. On my last voyage I talked with an Indian, whom I named Harry, who knew for a certainty the situation of El Dorado, and he will guide me to the gold mines, the most productive in the world. They are in the interior of Guiana, but it is possible to approach to their vicinity on the Orinoco."

"How do you know that you will find this Indian again, if you should make this hazardous voyage?"

"I will tell you a secret," said Raleigh—"Harry is now in London."

"Verily!"

"He was captured by the Spaniards and taken to Spain, but he liked not his captors, and had a strong affection for me. He would tell them nothing of El Dorado, and escaped from the Spanish ships at the Azores. Here he lingered until he saw a ship in the harbor flying the English flag. He thought for a certainty that I must be on board, and he paddled out to it in a canoe which he had stolen. The only English words which he could repeat were my name and England. Sir Ferdinando Gorges was in command and brought him to London and to me. It was pitiful to see his joy, and much

more so his sorrow when he understood that I was a prisoner. I had learned his language, and we talked long together. He promised to stay in London until I am set at liberty. ‘But how will you support yourself?’ I asked. Then the devoted creature told me that the managers of the Bear Garden had offered to give him board and lodging for the privilege of exhibiting him as an Indian wonder. You can see him there any night. He fights the bear, dances and performs feats of strength and agility, all for love of me, waiting for the time when we can sail together for El Dorado. He will tell the secret of the mines to none other. I could make myself governor of those lands and amass untold wealth, but I desire only to pour the gold into the King’s exchequer and prevent the mines being seized by Spain.”

“How your enemies wronged you,” exclaimed Lord Rich, “when they tried to prove that you were implicated in a plot against the King!”

Raleigh’s eye glowed angrily. “This very morning,” he exclaimed, smiting the table with his fist, “I have been sounded as to my willingness to engage in a plot against the King’s life!”

“It is more than likely,” replied Lord Rich, “that there is no plot, and the emissary was

sent directly from the King, or from Cecil, to implicate you."

"Think you so?" asked Raleigh. "But he showed me a list of good names of honest gentlemen whom I know well, signed to an oath of compact. I was on the point of writing Prince Henry."

"And some of these men were?"

"Sir Edward Digby and Lord Catesby."

"Catholic malcontents; still, as you say, honest gentlemen, who would not give themselves to such villainy. Trust me, that if you report their names to the Prince you will only bring them undeservedly into trouble. That is a part of the plot, doubtless."

"But I cannot implicate them without also entangling Tresham."

"There is more than Tresham here; he is but Cecil's tool, for whose safety his master cares not, so he can strike a blow at thee and the Papists as well."

"Now, I mind me, the names were not all those of Catholics; there were some good Puritans also."

"And, as such, enemies against Cecil. Why, man, it stands to reason, these divers sorts and conditions of men would never consort together for any purpose, much less for aught so danger-

ous and secret as such a plot as this. Thy friendship with Prince Henry is known, and Cecil counts on thy ruining all these good gentlemen by reporting them to him as assassins."

"Sdeath ! Thou art right. Let Cecil do his own informing; I will be no party to it, and I will balk him yet. The treasury is empty—even the confiscation of the estates of the Catholics cannot fill it. I alone have the knowledge of the gold mines of El Dorado. The King loves me not, but you will see he will yet set me free. I am too valuable to be slain."

At this point Raleigh's glance fell upon Wrestling, and he asked, "What is the name of this goodly youth ?"

"Wrestling Brewster, at your service, my lord," the lad replied.

"Art thou the son of that Brewster who was secretary to my friend Sir William Davison ?"

"The same, my lord."

"I knew him well. He had the parts of a statesman, and many of Davison's master strokes were doubtless conceived by him. But he never learned finesse, that part of statecraft which demands double-dealing, and he could never abide cruelty. He had no sympathy for the cause which Mary Stuart represented, but he would have saved her from death had it

been in his power. I read his letter to her Grace. It was writ with a pretty pen and an untrammeled spirit.

“Our good Queen Elizabeth of sainted memory was a woman after all, and at times unreasonable; but Davison held his head proudly, for he knew he was in the right, and thy father couched Davison’s bold words in most courteous language. By the rood, it was the hand of steel in a velvet glove! But our virgin Queen would not brook being withstood, and Davison fell from favor. Thy father stood by his patron when he was in disgrace, and lost every opportunity for his own advancement in moving heaven and earth in behalf of Davison. Tresham tells me that he heads the Puritan party in the north; stay, his name was on that paper Tresham showed me. Here is an opportunity to know whether it is truly a plot of the Puritans and Papists, or only a trap of Cecil’s. Dost know aught of this, my lad? Did thy father intrust thee with any message to me?”

“He bade me tell you, honored sir, how much you have won the hearts of those of our faith by your patient endurance of your sufferings, from which he prays you may have speedy deliverance. His own thoughts have been

turned toward the new world beyond the seas, and were it not that we still wait for justice for the accession of Prince Henry, a large body of Puritans would emigrate to Virginia."

Raleigh looked at Lord Rich significantly. "That has not the same temper as the paper which Tresham showed me. It was a vile forgery, without doubt. I would thou hadst been here, my lad, to have told me whether that was thy father's signature or not. There were other names following thy father's which Tresham told me were those of prominent Puritans. I will name those I remember. There was one John Robinson. Is he a dangerous fanatic who would incite his hearers to insurrection and revolution?"

Lord Rich laughed aloud. "I have heard him preach. He counseled his flock to depart in peace."

"So doth he ever," said Wrestling.

"And Thomas Dudley, is he an inordinately ambitious and discontented man plotting deep schemes for his own advancement like the sons of Northumberland?"

Again Lord Rich laughed. "He is a most devoted friend and wise business agent to the Earl of Lincoln, a sober and calm thinker and speaker, and a loyal subject."

“Captain Dudley,” said Wrestling, “hath no time for ambition, and he hath such a sweet family that he could not be discontented. And then, first of all,” the boy added, “he is a shrewd and cautious business man. He would never embark in any undertaking without counting the cost in hard silver. His adversaries have never been able to get the better of him in a bargain, though he is honest to the last penny. Some of the Earl’s tenants, hearing that he would not look over accounts or do business on the Lord’s Day, came from a distance on the Sabbath to pay a large sum of money, intending to discredit him with the Earl if he let them go away with it. But Captain Dudley saw through their device, and caused them to be shown into his office, and told them to count out the gold, for he would see them presently. He waited until they had so done, when he entered the room with a servant, who, while his master was greeting the men, locked the bags of gold in the great treasure chest. Which done, the Captain bade them come on the morrow for their receipt, or remain where they were to watch the chest if they had ill suspicions, as he would sign no papers on the Sabbath. Judge if a man combining such shrewdness with principle is likely to under-

take of his own accord, or be inveigled into, diabolical and murderous plots."

"It is impossible," Sir Walter admitted ; "but bid him look to himself, for there are those plotting against him."

"And now, my lord," said Wrestling, for he saw that he was likely to have no opportunity of seeing Raleigh alone, "though I have brought no written message from my father or the Puritans, yet have I a message of another sort for thee from thy friend Sir George Carew." And he took the letter which the Jesuit had given him from his pocket and handed it to Sir Walter.

"How camest thou by that letter ?" asked Lord Rich, looking at Wrestling keenly.

"In a way it was from thy lady mother," replied Wrestling, "for Patience Dudley sent it to me from Warwick, and she wrote that both she and Lady Rich were visiting at my Lord Carew's."

"'Tis true," Lord Rich replied ; "my mother told me she was going to Clopton House to see Lady Carew, who is an old friend of hers."

"And Sir George is my best friend. I have named my son for him. We were the best of comrades in Ireland, and Lady Joyce has befriended my poor Bess." Raleigh opened the

letter and read it wonderingly. "There is naught here of any import," he said.

"Perhaps there is more than appears, my lord," said Wrestling. "It would be well after we are gone to burn the letter, but before it is wholly consumed——"

"I catch thy meaning—but, stay, is this of a piece with Tresham's business?"

"Trust me, it is not, my lord. I know not this Tresham, and this letter came as I have said. I know the handwriting of Patience Dudley, and I know, too, that she cannot lie. The matter which you will find writ between the lines you may rely upon. I will answer for it with my life."

"And I know the writing of George Carew," said Raleigh; "this is surely his, and the letter was sealed with his seal. He, too, would never lie. I will trust it, my boy, whatever be the contents, if you can tell me that you know them, for your face is one to be trusted."

Wrestling fell on his knees and lifted Raleigh's hand to his lips. "I know what it says, my lord, and Patience knows and your friends in Warwickshire. It is Prince Henry's plan, though my Lord Carew will execute it. But stir not unless the light displayed is green."

“Read it, my lord,” Lord Rich begged.
“Let me also have a hand in the matter.”

“Nay, not yet. It were better that you should be able to say that you know naught of it, as Carew evidently intended, or he would have confided in you. Ah! here comes my good friend, the keeper. It seems our interview has lasted too long. Farewell; and thou, my boy, if ever I sail for El Dorado I'll take thee for my cabin boy, for thou hast a brave spirit, and I believe couldst never betray thy captain.”

Wrestling went out with his heart in a tumult of emotion.

“And such a man is imprisoned under sentence of death!” he cried. “I would give my life to liberate him.”

“Silence,” said Lord Rich warningly, “or you may give it to no purpose, and mine, too, for which I have even more concern.”

They parted outside the Tower, for Lord Rich and Bradstreet were to ride to Warwick to attend the tilting at Kenilworth, after which they would return to Cambridge. Wrestling was to start for home, riding by post that afternoon, but first he had to return Guy Fawkes’ horse, and it was in doing this errand that a remarkable adventure befell him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT AND CERTAIN OTHER MATTERS.

“ Remember, remember the fifth of November,
Remember the Gunpowder Plot;
I see no reason why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.”



HILIPPA had told Wrestling that he would find her father at Mr. Percy's house, next to the Parliament buildings. But as these were very extensive, he rode quite around them before discovering the right house.

As he approached he saw the Jesuit enter, and he gave the horse into the care of a boy who was waiting in front of the Parliament House for such employment, and knocked at the door. The Jesuit opened it, and led him

into a small reception room at the left of the hall, where he listened eagerly to Wrestling's account of his performance of his errand.

"You have done well," he said approvingly, "and may congratulate yourself that you have helped to rescue Sir Walter Raleigh, that you have indeed been one of the links in the chain without which the rescue could not have been accomplished."

Wrestling's face flushed with pleasure. "Oh, sir! if I might only *see* the rescue, and be with the party when Sir Walter joins it. If I could do nothing more than swing the lantern, it would be a joy and a privilege to be remembered all my life."

The Jesuit looked at the lad with real affection.

"Nay, my son, this is a task for men. It were better for thee to be miles away when that rendezvous takes place. There may be wild work, as there is certain to be rough riding that night. Go back to thy home, with the blessing of Father Greenway," and he made the sign of the cross above Wrestling's head.

"I have brought Mr. Fawkes his horse," said Wrestling. "Is he at home?"

"He will need it for that long ride after the hay is cut, and he will be in presently," replied

the Jesuit. "I am going to him, and will tell him that you await him here."

Wrestling wondered at the repetition of this strange phrase, "when the hay is cut." He waited a long time, but no one came; and as he had nothing better to do he took particular notice of everything in the room. The first thing which impressed itself upon his consciousness was the dust. It covered everything: the chairs, the table, the fireplace,—in which there was no fire, nor even wood, though the weather was cold,—and it was so thick upon the window that it was almost impossible to see through it. His first thought was that it looked like a house that had been long unoccupied, and that neither Philippa nor any other woman could be here, or she would have kept it in better order. It was very desolate and cheerless. On the table stood an empty bottle and two dirty glasses, and beside them a folded paper, which for some reason which he could not explain had a familiar aspect. It was written over with names, signed one after another in a long column, and as he looked he fancied that he recognized his father's. Suddenly he thought of the paper of which Sir Walter Raleigh had spoken, and he seized document and examined it closely.

“We, the undersigned, do heartily approve and indorse all that Mr. Guido Fawkes and his comrades have done or may do in the removal of King James and his parliament, to the end that he whose right it is may rule and persecutions be at an end.”

This must be the diabolical compact which had so roused Sir Walter’s indignation. It was signed by the names he had mentioned; and here was his father’s,—no forgery, but his own peculiar and well-known autograph. For a moment the boy’s heart stood still with horror, as he saw before him the evidence that his dearly loved and honored father was an anarchist and a felon. Then came as violent a reaction, as he remembered Lord Rich’s reasoning on the case, and he sought for some indication that this was the work of a traitor. It came overwhelmingly. The signatures of John Robinson, John Bradford, Thomas Dudley, and many others with whose peculiarities Wrestling was familiar were all genuine, but they were on a piece of paper which had been cleverly pasted onto the compact itself, and the conviction burst upon him with a flash that this was the page which had been torn from the church record in his father’s desk which contained the signatures of the members of the Puritan

church at Scrooby. Wrestling put the paper in his pocket, his first impulse being to flee with it, but a cool audacity which ever grew within him when he was in danger, prompted him to probe this business still further. In what way was Guido Fawkes going to "remove" the King, and to what place was he to be removed? Philippa had said that they were soon to sail to a foreign country. This strange, lonely house was on the water side; was the King to be kidnaped and carried into Spain, and the deed laid to the door of the Puritans and Raleigh, who were known to desire the succession of Prince Henry?

He determined to explore the house and discover what was going on within it. Accordingly he mounted to the second story, which contained only two rooms, a bedroom and another nearly filled with earth. This seemed to him very remarkable, and he could think of no possible use for all this clayey soil emptied into a good room. It could not be the intention of the owner to change it into a conservatory, or to cultivate any sort of plant here, for the room was too dark. In the bed-room a valise was packed and strapped, as though ready for travel, and a long cloak and slouched hat hung upon the wall, but there was no other

clothing. It seemed to be a room used merely for the moment, rather than as a habitual residence. Indeed, the entire house had this air. The dining room back of the reception room was unfurnished, and had evidently not been recently used. Mr. Fawkes must take his meals outside at some coffee-house. There remained only the cellars to be explored, and Wrestling started down with some misgivings. It was midday, and a little light shone in through a window near the first floor. At the foot of the stairs a strange sight met the boy's astonished gaze. A tunnel had been dug from the cellar toward the Parliament House. It was evident now that the earth had been carried to the upper room after the cellar itself contained no more room for it. Pickaxes, shovels, baskets, and a barrow lay on the ground, and a lantern swung from the rafters. The miners had ceased operations after encountering a stone wall, through which they had partly penetrated.

Even now Wrestling did not entirely comprehend what this meant. He was possessed with the notion that the tunnel had been dug as a passage through which to spirit away the King, and had no idea of the intention of the conspirators to blow up Parliament while it

was in session. Still he knew enough to be certain that here was a great villainy, and that it was his duty to disclose it. If he could only have the benefit of Sir Walter's advice, but he was locked in that dreadful Tower, and Lord Rich and Master Bradstreet were on their way to Warwick. Perhaps he could overtake them. He sprang toward the outer door—and ran straight into the arms of Mr. Guido Fawkes.

This gentleman pushed Wrestling from him so violently that the boy fell backward, striking the back of his head on the hard floor. Fawkes locked the street door, then turned and commanded Wrestling to get up. He did so painfully, for he was still dazed with his fall.

“I see you have brought my horse,” said Fawkes; “it was an honest act. Why were you in such haste to leave my house? You need not answer. You have been prying about, and think you have discovered some mighty secret. Well, since you know too much, you shall know more. You know too much for an outsider, and we need more help inside. I liked you when I saw you in Sherwood Forest, and Father Greenway believes in you. You were good to us, and I will repay your kindness. You shall be one of us. You

have as much cause to hate King James as we have. Frankly, then, when we have done our business there will be no King James."

Wrestling shuddered.

"If he died of accident, and Prince Henry were made King, thou wouldst rejoice——"

"Accident? But you mean to murder him."

"Nay, boy; but I will murder thee if thou turnest traitor. My hand shall not touch the King, I promise thee that. I will neither stab, shoot, nor poison him. Art thou content? No, nor contrive his death by drowning, starving, hanging, nor by the hand of any other mortal man. He shall be struck by an unseen power, and we shall be miles away when he dies."

Wrestling was not satisfied, but he saw that he must feign acquiescence or be killed, and he submitted with as good grace as he could command.

"Now come with me," said Fawkes. "There is work to be done. Thou hast come opportunely. Fetch up the barrow from the cellar. We must unload the barge that thou seest at the landing. I have turned wine merchant, and have rented a cellar under the Parliament House in which to store my spirits. Nay, look not for the horse; I sent the boy with it to the stables ere I came in."

He led Wrestling to a small barge fastened to the wharf, and together they put on shore a large quantity of kegs. They worked the entire afternoon in unloading the barge.

“We will dine now and rest a while,” said Fawkes, “and store them afterward.”

They went into the house and washed their hands, and while there the man Percy that Wrestling had seen tampering with his father’s papers came in. He did not recognize Wrestling, though he asked suspiciously who he was.

“A friend,” Fawkes replied; and they went out together to a low restaurant in the neighborhood. Wrestling kept his eyes open for a chance to run away, but none offered, and he determined to improve the situation by learning as much as he could of the conspiracy. Other men joined the two, and Wrestling, eating at a table at a little distance, listened with all his ears.

“Parliament will convene day after to-morrow,” said Fawkes. “Is all ready?”

“Not quite,” replied Percy. “You were always in such a hurry, Fawkes. There is more to be done than simply to touch the match. In the first place, what has been done to save the Catholic members of Parliament from destruction with the rest?”

“Sir Everard Digby has planned all that,” replied Fawkes. “He has invited them to a great hunting party in Warwickshire.”

“The rendezvous, I suppose, is at my Lord Catesby’s at Dunchurch?”

“Not at all. We do not want to have anything suspicious going on there. The guests will meet at Clopton House, Carew’s place.”

“But, Fawkes, Carew is not in the plot.”

Wrestling pricked his ears still more intensely, while feigning to have fallen asleep. What he most desired to know was whether this diabolical plot to murder the King had any connection with the Jesuits’ scheme to release Sir Walter Raleigh. The mention of Carew as having no part in the former made him hope that the two plans were entirely distinct; but he was not long allowed to cherish this illusion.

“That is where the genius of our friend the Jesuit shows itself,” said Fawkes. “He was here to-day. ‘Tis a long head. Carew is known to be loyal to the King, and is now attending him. His house will not be suspected. Rokewood has hired it for the hunting season, and has his horses there ready for the next move, while the Jesuit has established himself in a secret chamber. Most fortunately, there is a Catholic chapel in the house, properly conse-

crated, and here the Jesuit will confess all the gentlemen who engage in the enterprise. There is to be a tilting at Kenilworth on the very evening after our *coup d'état*. Invitation cards will be obtained for all our party. As soon as the hay is cut you will all gallop to Warwick, and carry the news to Clopton House, where you will change horses, and, joined by the Catholic members of Parliament, will ride on to Kenilworth. There the cards of invitation will admit to the castle, which you will hold ; and, entering the hall of revels, the party will surround the royal family and proclaim Prince Charles King. King Henry will have perished with his father. The deed will be laid to the Puritans."

"But our party will not be strong enough to hold the castle. Why, man, all the nobility of the country round will be there at the tilting!"

"Nay ; Parliament having convened, it will be sparsely attended. It is rather a rehearsal of the revels to take place at Christmas time at Whitehall than aught else. The ladies-in-waiting and a few country gentlemen, with a handful of young men who take part in the sports, make up the company. These can be easily overpowered. Besides, the Jesuit has had promise if the signature of Sir Fulke Greville,

who commands the garrison at Warwick, can be obtained, he will forge an order for the cavalry-men to proceed to Kenilworth under the command of my Lord Digby. Now, what more is to be done? Parliament convenes on the 5th; at noon precisely the bolt shall fall."

" You ask what more is to be done; know you not that Tresham failed utterly with Sir Walter? He will have nothing to do with the scheme."

" I know it, Percy. Tresham came to my house and threw down the compact in a pretty temper, saying we must forge Sir Walter's signature. He is too sly a fox; he will not show his head from his earth. He evidently suspects the truth, that we merely wish to implicate him and his friends in the plot, and have no intention of liberating him. But the Jesuit has sent another messenger, whom he will trust."

" Who is it?"

" That lad who sits yonder asleep. The priest forged a letter from Sir George Carew and sent it in after Tresham failed so vilely; and our trout rose to that bait. At midnight of the 4th he will escape. He will answer our signals, will come to us; and we will bring him to my house and lock him in the

cellar, where he will be found after the explosion. Then let him explain his complicity if he can. He will be supposed to have done or authorized the deed, and to be in hiding."

"A complicated scheme, but it will be enough if he attempts to escape. Should he be arrested before we succeed in bagging him we would be almost as well served. Why should we trouble ourselves to meet him?"

"He is too wily to start unless the signal is displayed, a lantern swung up and down and transversely."

"If'm! He shall have the signal; I myself will give it. Shall you get in all the powder to-night?"

"I think so, with the help of this fellow's strong arms. Come, wake up, thou lazy fellow; there is work to be done."

Wrestling, horrified though he was by what he had heard, did not lose his self-possession. "Work to be done?" he echoed. "Aye, aye, sir, and I am the lad to do it." The work for him to do was to ascertain exactly what was schemed, and prevent the execution of the plot by informing upon the conspirators. He yawned and stretched himself with an affectation of sleepiness, and then stumbled out of the house after Guy Fawkes, who led him first to

the stable, where he fed the horse. Wrestling took particular note of its situation, for this horse must bear him swiftly at the proper moment, and then followed his new master to the wharf, where they labored until nearly morning, transferring the kegs by means of the wheelbarrow to a cellar or basement of the Parliament House, directly under the House of Peers. Wrestling knew now that these kegs contained gunpowder, for as fast as they were placed in the cellar Guy Fawkes loosened their heads in order that they might more readily catch fire. About two tons were removed that night and covered lightly with cord-wood. "My winter's firing," as Guy Fawkes explained. About three in the morning they returned to Percy's house and retired. They were alone in the house, and Guy Fawkes made Wrestling sleep with him. The lad lay awake for some time, trying to think of some scheme for disclosing the plot, but Fawkes was a light sleeper and started whenever he stirred; and in spite of the boy's anxiety, he was very weary, and soon fell soundly asleep. He was awakened by Fawkes himself. They dressed and went downstairs for a light breakfast, which had been left at the door by a boy from the coffee-house.

After breakfast there was more work to be

done. Some carts loaded with old iron had arrived, and Wrestling was needed to help stow it away in the basement of the Parliament House. Guy Fawkes showed him how to lay it on the kegs so that the explosion would carry the bolts like the projectiles from a cannon through the floor above, scattering death among the members of Parliament. Guy Fawkes himself laid some specially heavy and ragged pieces directly under the throne, saying, "You are for King James, and you for Prince Henry."

Wrestling laughed, though the cold perspiration started from every pore. "And you for Cecil," he added, laying down another. "My lord will see how the deer of Sherwood Forest feel when the arrows go through their vitals."

"By the saints, you are an apt pupil!" replied Fawkes, looking at him admiringly, but with some surprise.

"Did I not tell you," said Wrestling "when I helped you at my father's house, that we had our grievances also? Give me my part to do, and you shall see none will do it better. But tell me, Master Fawkes, how shall we come out of this business when all is done?"

"You may go with me if you like," Fawkes replied. "There is a pinnace waiting for me at Lambeth. My daughter goes on board to-

morrow. I shall have a rowboat at the wharf. The slow match will burn for fifteen minutes, and we will be well down the river before the spark can travel up it to the powder. But we shall see the fireworks from a distance, and will stay our rowing to wish the King and his court a merry journey. Then to Spain to report this business to Philip."

Wrestling had determined to win Guy Fawkes' confidence, and he did his bidding faithfully all that day, as calmly and coolly when he thought himself out of his sight as when with him, for he reflected that he was probably watched, and he was determined to disarm any lurking suspicion.

It was his only hope now to be allowed to accompany the party that was to meet Sir Walter, and be assigned the task of waving the lantern. If possible he would desert from the company, and give the signal at another point on the river bank. If he could not get away he would drop the lantern at the critical moment. They might kill him first, but Sir Walter should not be lured into their power.

The night of the 4th came, and one by one the members of the conspiracy arrived. Wrestling waited on the door and showed them into the reception room. Tresham was among them,

and Wrestling heard him ask for the compact with the names of the Puritans. Fawkes was certain that the Jesuit had carried it away when he returned to Warwickshire. “ ‘Tis in good hands, then,” replied Tresham. “ I told the Jesuit that I met Lord Rich at the Tower, and that he was on his way to the tilting, and our good priest will ride up in his company.”

“ Does the Jesuit hope to induce Lord Rich to join us ? ”

“ He is too sly, and Raleigh has probably given him an inkling of what is afoot. But he is in good hands now ; the Jesuit will find out what he knows, and see that he hath a hand’s-breadth of cold steel in his side if he is dangerous.”

Percy came in last of all, and objected to Wrestling’s presence. “ You may be a traitor, for all I know,” he said ; “ and I intend to lock you in the cellar until we bring back Sir Walter to bear you company.”

Wrestling protested hotly to Fawkes. “ The Jesuit ” he said, “ intrusted me with as delicate a piece of business as that of any of these gentlemen. What name did he give me to you ? Do I deserve to be shackled and locked up ? ”

“ ‘Tis true that it is an indignity,” said

Fawkes; "but suffer it now, and when we return you shall be liberated."

Percy led Wrestling to the cellar which he had explored on his arrival, and bound him to the stairs with a rope. This was the cellar in which the conspirators had dug the long tunnel toward the Parliament House before they had found that this was not necessary, as the basement directly beneath the room in which Parliament would meet could be rented. It was the cellar, too, in which they intended to lock Sir Walter.

A passion of grief and remorse filled the boy's heart as he thought of his hero's parting words, "I believe thou couldst never betray thy captain." Sir Walter had trusted him and would be betrayed by that trust to his death.

There hung the very lantern which they would come for presently. A candle was burning within it, and the green light shone like the eye of some terrible wild beast watching for its prey.

Suddenly what the Jesuit had told him came to his mind. There was not another green lantern in London, and Raleigh had been specially warned not to start unless a green light was displayed.

He wriggled and strained and struggled, but

could not get free. The moments were slipping by, and he must steal the green glass. Impossible; all his frantic efforts had been able to effect was to loosen one twist of the rope, and to give his right arm play from the elbow downward. It was enough. He had been tied in a sitting position, and groping on the ground he found three pieces of coal. He threw one; it flew wide of the mark. The second was better aimed, and shattered the glass; the last sent it all clinking to the floor and extinguished the light, just as the door at the head of the stairs was opened, and Percy called, "Bring a torch, someone; the draught has extinguished the lantern." He looked keenly at Wrestling and his fastenings as he passed, so keenly that he did not notice the state in which he found the lantern, except to be sure that the candle had not burned out. He hurried up the stairs, and Wrestling heard them all leave the house.

A terrible thought struck him. What if they should not return, but decide to fire the mine before liberating him? He shouted aloud, but the excavated earth piled in the front part of the cellar deadened his cries. He did not even hear the galloping of the horses' hoofs as they hurried off. He was alone in the darkness and a great horror fell upon him.

CHAPTER VII.

MASKING AND UNMASKING.

The manners of the court I also know,
And so likewise what they in the country do.
The brave attempts of valiant knights I prize
That dare scale walls and forts reared to the skies.
The snorting horse, the trump, drum I like,
The glittering sword, the pistol and the pike.
I scorn the heavy corslet, musket proof,
I fly to catch the bullet that's aloof.
Though thus in field at home to all most kind,
So affable that I can suit each mind.
My wit, my bounty and my courtesy
Make all to put their future hopes in me.

—ANNE DUDLEY BRADSTREET.



HE evening that the Jesuit had told Patience to meet him at the mill she kept the tryst, tripping down from the castle just as the sunset gilded the towers of Warwick. Two travelers, who were riding across the bridge at that instant, noticed her enter the lonely building, and drew rein

simultaneously. One was the Jesuit, the other Lord Rich. They had ridden up from London in company, but had been able to extract very little information from each other. Lord Rich recognized the little figure which had just disappeared through the dark doorway, and calling to his tutor, who was following at a little distance, bade him hold his horse, as he had a fancy to explore the old mill, which had been a favorite haunt of his as a boy. The Jesuit scowled, but rode on some distance, and, leaving his own horse at the stables of the inn, returned by a circuitous route to the mill.

Patience was looking from a narrow window, when she heard a manly step on the rough planking, and turning, with the expectation of seeing the Jesuit, was much surprised to recognize Lord Rich. Both expectation and surprise so plainly chased each other over her frank countenance that Lord Rich exclaimed: "Ah! my pretty maid, you were awaiting some other gallant, for I see plainly that this rendezvous was not for me. Do not deny it. I have guessed who it is—an easy matter, since you sent love letters to him whilst he was with me in London. Young Wrestling Brewster is a lad of parts, but you have got him involved in

a pretty business. Tell me why you sent him on that false errand to Sir Walter Raleigh?"

"What mean you?" Patience stammered.

"You know right well what I mean. You are playing with edged tools, my child, and you may wound yourself sadly. Come, let me accompany you back to the castle, since he whom you expect cannot meet you here to-night, and as we go confide in me. I promise to be your true friend, and to help you in any tangle in which you may be involved. For a coil there is, of that I am certain."

Patience could not refuse to accompany Lord Rich without betraying the Jesuit. She had brought a scrap of paper bearing Sir Fulke Greville's autograph, as he had asked her. It was in her glove, and she managed as they left the mill to drop the glove and its contents, reasoning rightly that the Jesuit, whom she had seen upon the bridge, would soon find them.

As they walked toward the castle together, Patience asked Lord Rich why he called her letter to Wrestling a false one.

"Because," Lord Rich replied, "the lad read it to me. It purported to contain a letter for Sir Walter Raleigh from his friend Sir George Carew, written from his home, Clopton House. Now, I met Sir George in London just before

setting out on my journey, and he had not been home in a fortnight, nor had he written Sir Walter. I bade him look into the matter, for there was certainly some treachery afoot, and what I would know, my little maid, is, Where got you that letter which you sent Master Wrestling within your own?"

"I cannot tell you, my lord," Patience answered simply, "but I do protest that it covers no villainy."

"None of yours, I will swear," replied Lord Rich; "still you may have been made use of by villains. I am sorry you will not trust me, for this business may bring Sir Walter into deadly peril. Sir George Carew told me that he intends to escort Lady Raleigh to Kenilworth to-morrow, in order that she may meet the Queen and Prince Henry. If you would like to know her, I will present you to her. She is a fascinating woman still, though not so beautiful now as when, as Elizabeth Throckmorton, Raleigh braved for her love the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth."

Patience smiled, for she was reassured. Evidently Sir George Carew had written the letter which the Jesuit had sent by Wrestling, and had not chosen to confide to Lord Rich that it was Sir Walter himself whom he was to escort to

Kenilworth. "I would like to meet Lady Raleigh," she said; "and I pray the poor lady may soon have the joy of seeing her husband pronounced innocent of the crime of which he has been so unjustly convicted. Did Wrestling see him? Tell me how he looked."

"Wrestling bore himself very well, and Sir Walter was manifestly drawn to him. I trust the lad deserves his confidence."

"Indeed he does, my lord. Wrestling is the bravest and truest of friends; and I have heard him say that he can never love woman, for he loves Sir Walter more than he can ever love any other human being. That is why I love Wrestling. I should hate him if he were false to Sir Walter, or even half-hearted."

"'Tis a true woman's reason. You love him because he has no heart left with which to love you. Well, little maid, you are both over young to settle for life these matters of the heart. Trust me, you need not waste your affection on this unresponsive Wrestling. There be other men with more appreciative eyes in their heads and more susceptible hearts in their breasts. I say no more at this time, but if ever you should need a friend, remember you have a true one in Robert Rich."

Two days later came the *féte* at Kenilworth,

opened in the afternoon by an entertainment called the “barriers.”

The barriers, or tilting, was an adaptation of the mediæval tourney, and consisted of some fine horsemanship in the castle tilt-yard, introduced by a sort of open-air play, acted on a terrace a little higher than the arena where the jousting took place. All around this arena, and backed by the dark walls of the castle, the seats for the spectators rose in amphitheater fashion, and were filled with gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen.

The terrace stage was set with Merlin’s tomb on one side, and on the other an enchanted grotto, sealed with cabalistic signs. Water from the castle moat had been led in front of the terrace in an artificial canal separating the stage from the arena, and high against the castle-wall, at the back of the stage, was a star constructed of painted canvas. The star covered one of the castle windows, and was arranged to open and disclose King Arthur, who was supposed after his death to have been translated to one of the heavenly bodies.

The plot of the little play was founded on the old romance of the Table Round, and was a revival and elaboration of one of the entertainments with which Leicester welcomed the arrival of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth. Patience

had seen it rehearsed, but, though the element of novelty was removed, she watched it with all the more excitement, for she knew just at what point to expect Sir Walter to make his *entrée*. The King had not come out from London, for Parliament was to open that morning, and this circumstance had detained many of the nobles; but Patience had no doubt that Prince Henry had secured a full pardon for his favorite, and would be able to announce it on presenting him to the audience. That this audience was very largely composed of ladies made it all the more brilliant. They seemed a flock of beautiful butterflies a-tilt on a blossoming flower-bed, as they shaded their faces with their painted fans, or fluttered their many-colored scarfs in recognition of friends or in applause of the acting.

Patience was seated beside Lady Rich, with the other ladies-in-waiting and maids of honor, quite near the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and Prince Charles; and immediately after their entrance a group of courtiers, who were rather conspicuous owing to the preponderance of ladies, pressed forward and took the seats immediately in their vicinity.

“We are quite surrounded by cavaliers,” Lady Rich remarked to one of them, Sir Everard Digby.

“Lady Rich cannot wonder at that circumstance,” was the gallant reply.

“And you are all of the Catholic party. Are you not afraid that some important bill may be passed in Parliament during your absence?”

Lord Digby turned slightly pale. “The Catholic gentleman is the only one who places his worship of woman above politics,” he said. “You will pardon us that we come lightly armed, as we expect to take part in the *mélée* after the tournament.”

“I thought that on such occasions only ‘courteous arms,’ wooden swords too wide to enter an open visor, were permitted.”

A fanfare of trumpets, which announced that the spectacle was about to begin, saved Sir Everard the embarrassment of a reply.

The play was opened by the Lady of the Lake, who floated in on a barge representing a water lily, and drawn along the canal by unseen ropes. As the lily reached the center of the stage it paused and the lady recited a panegyric on King James, likening him to King Arthur of the Table Round. When she had finished the folding doors of the star flew open and disclosed Arthur, now an inhabitant of heaven, who expressed his satisfaction in his

successor and in the knighthood which had replaced his own ideals of chivalry :

“Fair fall his virtue that doth fill the throne
In which I joy to find myself outshone.
Proceed in thy great work, bring forth thy knight
Preserved for these late times, and by his might
Let him be famous as was Tristram, Tor,

Launcelot, and all our list of knighthood.
Beyond the paths and searches of the sun
Let him tempt fate, and when a world is won
Submit it duly to this state.”

Patience felt her heart swell almost to bursting. Now, she thought, everyone must know that it is through Raleigh that the New World is to be gained for England, and be prepared for what is to come.

Forth from his tomb came the wizard Merlin, an aged man with snowy beard and hair and long white robes. He rehearsed the history of England from Arthur’s time to that of James, and proclaimed that all the exploits of its heroes were to be outdone in the person of the Prince of the Isles, Moeliades. This name had been chosen by Jonson because it was an anagram of Prince Henry’s motto, *Miles a Deo* (Soldier of God).

The Prince entered with his suite after this introduction, and was received with tremendous

applause. Patience thought he looked very slight and pale, but he announced the opening of the barriers with a firm voice. The herald sounded his trumpet for a trial at arms. “Oyez, oyez!” he cried, in the old formal French wording of the herald’s proclamation. “There will now be fought a very noble pardon of arms for the glory of knighthood and amusement of the ladies.”

But Merlin raised his enchanter’s wand, for he had more to say, in warning, in prophecy, and in invocation of the spirit of chivalry. He began sternly :

“He that in deeds of arms obeys his blood
Doth often tempt his fate beyond its good.
But you and your fair consort, King and Queen,
Have but the least of your bright fortunes seen.
Your age’s night shall be Great Britain’s noon,
For this young Knight, who now pricks forth so soon
Into the world, shall in your names achieve
More garlands for this state and shall relieve
Your cares in government. While that great Lord,
Shall second him in arms and shake a sword
And lance against the foes of God and you,
Till led by them you shall a Britain view
Beyond the line, when what the seas before
Did bound, shall to sky then stretch his shore.”

Merlin paused, and then exclaimed, pointing his staff impressively at the enchanted grotto :

“But stay, methinks I see
A person in your cave. Who should it be?

I know his ensigns, it is Chivalry,
Possessed with sleep, dead as a lethargy.
If any name will wake him 'tis the name
Of our Moeliades—I will use his fame."

It was precisely at this point that Sir Walter Raleigh, who, the Jesuit had assured Patience, would take the part of Chivalry, was to appear, and Patience bent forward eagerly as the barred and sealed doors of the cave flew open and a figure in full armor came forth. The knight threw back the visor of his helmet, and, looking about him as though dazzled by the light, to which he was unaccustomed, exclaimed:

"Were it from death that name would wake me. Say
Which is my Prince? O, I could gaze a day!"

The knight sank upon one knee and kissed Prince Henry's hand, then rose and gave the summons for the entry of the horsemen.

"From all the world come knighthood like a flood,
Upon these lists to make this augury good."

Again the applause burst forth, only second to that which had greeted the appearance of Prince Henry, and then there was the tumult of the *entrée* of the contending knights; and conspicuous in the cavalcade, both for his skillful horsemanship and magnificent dress, was the young Lord Rich, but Patience hardly

noticed him. Her gaze was fixed upon Chivalry, whom she believed to be Sir Walter Raleigh. She had never seen her hero, but a vague feeling of disappointment possessed her. Was it because no announcement was made, because the Prince did not lead him forward and present him to the court at this juncture in his own proper person and name, free, vindicated from all stigma, and reinstated in royal favor? Was it not rather that there was something ignoble in the appearance of the man himself? Chivalry had taken off his cumbrous helmet and handed it to a page, and running a white hand through his curling locks, now stood ogling the ladies with a quizzing glass. There was none of the proud nobility of bearing for which Sir Walter was noted. Instead of the grizzled, upturned moustachios of the old soldier, a faint black down graced the simpering upper lip of this young courtier, and Patience quite unconsciously murmured, "Oh! Sir Walter Raleigh does not look at all as I had imagined him!"

"Raleigh! And where do you see him?" Lady Rich asked sharply.

"Does he not take the part of Chivalry?" asked Patience.

Lady Rich laughed unpleasantly. "That

were indeed a rare joke. Nay; his grotto will need more than the wand of Merlin to bid its door fly open. Chivalry is impersonated by the new favorite, the young George Villiers. They say he will climb high."

None could have foretold at that time how high he would climb, or that this mere youth, without fortune and of inconspicuous rank, whose only education was dancing, fencing, and a smattering of music, French, and polite literature, would become the powerful Duke of Buckingham, and virtually king during two reigns. But George Villiers was formed to please, and from the time that he entered the palace as a page he attracted the King's attention, and very shortly secured his affection. When in later years the Howards reproached the King with lavishing his favors upon him, James replied coolly, "I do confess I like best the people whom I am fond of."

The tilting had begun, but the gentlemen who seemed to have constituted themselves a bodyguard around the royal family did not leave their seats. Sometimes they whispered to each other, and looked toward the entrance of the tilt-yard. They were evidently expecting someone, and it occurred to Patience that they were in the secret, and were looking for

the coming of Raleigh. Suddenly she remembered that she had promised to unbar the postern gate, and that in her excitement she had forgotten to do so. Perhaps she was responsible for the failure of this well-planned scheme! She slipped unnoticed from the arena, and opening the door was confronted, not by Sir Walter or by the Jesuit, but by the white face of the latter's servant Owen.

“You have come in the nick of time!” he gasped. “Go to Sir Everard Digby, and say to him that the hay is cut, but that the rain hath spoiled the crop. Tell him that Percy and the reapers from London have taken all the horses at Clopton House, but that my master sends them this order signed by Sir Fulke Greville for the horses for the great saddle at the cavalry barracks at Warwick. Let each man take two—and so to the meet, for the hunt is on.”

Patience understood vaguely that the plot had failed. “Is Sir Walter safe?” she asked; but Owen did not know. She returned to the arena. The tournament was over, and in the confusion of its breaking up she easily gave the message to Sir Everard Digby, who, with the Catholic members of Parliament, instantly left the castle. The other guests passed to the

interior of the building, where supper was served. Lord Rich was at her side, a boyish elation lighting his handsome face, for he had won the Prince's prize.

“Come and see my silver ship,” he said to Patience, as soon as supper was ended, “and sail away in it with me to the New World. You shall be Queen of El Dorado. I am not talking pleasantries. Sir Walter Raleigh has told me of an Indian who knows the secret way to its gold mines. I mean to purchase a patent of King James, with his permission to be viceroy.”

They were alone for the moment in the Prince's study. The silver Fortune seemed to Patience's half-dizzy gaze to wave her wreath and beckon. And Lord Rich, carried away by his exaltation, did not notice her coldness, but hurried on:

“Listen, Patience; I have brought my mother great news from London. King James has created my father Earl of Warwick; not for any rare merit on his part, as we well know, unless piracy is a merit; and, in truth, the booty which his ships have taken from Spaniards and other mariners is most acceptable to his Majesty. The title was dearly purchased, but it is hereditary. It will be mine

some day. You have seen something of court life. How would it suit you to be Countess of Warwick?"

"Surely, my lord," said Patience, "you are but playing with me."

"Far be it from me, sweet Patience, to be so base. I have loved you since I saw you at the lodge in Sherwood Forest, and let this prove it to you. When my father told me of the title that is to be mine at his death, I was ill-pleased, for he explained that now I must guard my heart and make a marriage conformable with my rank. At that moment, sweet Patience, I wished that I were the veriest Puritan boor, like one of your playmates of Scrooby, so I might change my earl's coronet for your love."

Patience's cheek flushed. This allusion to Wrestling and Love angered her. "Since you are not a Puritan boor, my lord," she replied, "why do you speak of these matters to me?"

"Because, sweetheart, there are two ways out of our difficulty. The first, I should say the last desperate resort, is that we desert England for America, where we will found a new kingdom with new titles, and where your simple birth will be no impediment to our marriage.

Anything can be bought, and I can exchange my English earldom for gold which will purchase of the King grants in America. That is the plan which I have been cogitating all the way from London. But when I talked it over with my mother I found she had a better. Hers is a rare mind for seizing every advantage. If she had been the dog i' the fable she would have seized the meat she saw reflected in the stream without dropping that already in her mouth. My mother loves you, and she tells me that there is a mystery connected with your lineage, that you know not from what Dudleys you are descended. The family is a large one. The Duke of Northumberland had many sons; some one of them may have contracted a secret marriage, or you may be descended from the other de Suttons of Dudley Castle. We will set searchers at work to trace your pedigree. Perchance thy father knows more than you are ware of. Much can be accomplished by determination and money." He spoke the last words below his breath; but Patience heard them, and her smoldering indignation flared into white flame. She remembered the Jesuit's words, and had no doubt that she could put Lord Rich on the track which he desired; but in her brief visit at Warwick Castle she had

seen enough of the corruption of the court to be shocked, and she answered hotly: "I will have no purchased or forged titles. I am only plain Patience Dudley, but I am not low enough to buy a title, or be bought by one."

"Child, you know not what you say. I forgive your insult, for I cannot think it intended. You are too young to understand these matters. Bide with my mother but one season at White-hall, and you will know the ways of the court better. I shall not speak to you again of this until I have some token from you that your mind has changed. But I will wait for you, and my motto shall be: 'Have Patience. Yea, and I will have her.'"

They returned to the great hall, where the performance of the masque was about to begin; and Patience was thankful that a polite attention to the entertainment restrained Lord Rich from further speech, and also permitted her to be silent. She had looked forward with such pleasant anticipation to this revel, and now she hardly heard or saw for the torment of conflicting emotions which almost rendered her frantic. When the acting was over Lord Rich, who saw her perturbation, considerately strove to distract her mind.

"I promised to introduce you to Lady Ra-

leigh," he said. "See; she is there talking with the Queen. We will wait until her Majesty has passed on, and then I will present you."

Lord Rich led Patience forward, and the girl thought she had never seen a lovelier face. There were tears in Lady Raleigh's eyes, but they were happy tears. "Her Majesty has just told me," she said, "that Prince Henry has begged Sherbourne, our beautiful home, of which my husband was so fond, from the King, and that he intends to have it settled on me, with a considerable sum of money; but, best of all, he is hopeful of a pardon, and will never cease working for it while he lives."

"When did you see your noble husband last, my lady?" Patience asked.

"Not for several days," Lady Raleigh replied. "They are making alterations in his apartments, and have moved him for the present, so that he is kept rather more straitly, and is not allowed to see anyone. But that will be over in a few days."

"Heaven grant it!" Patience replied faintly.

"What is the matter?" Lord Rich exclaimed suddenly. "The dancing has broken up. A royal courier has entered the hall and is talking with the master of ceremonies. The

courtiers are flocking around him. Sit here, and I will learn what news he brings."

Lord Rich returned with a grave face. "An abominable plot of the Papists to blow up the King and Parliament has been discovered," he said. "Do not be frightened; the danger has been averted. The conspirators are known and will be seized."

"Quick, my lord," interrupted Lady Raleigh, "Your little friend has fainted!"

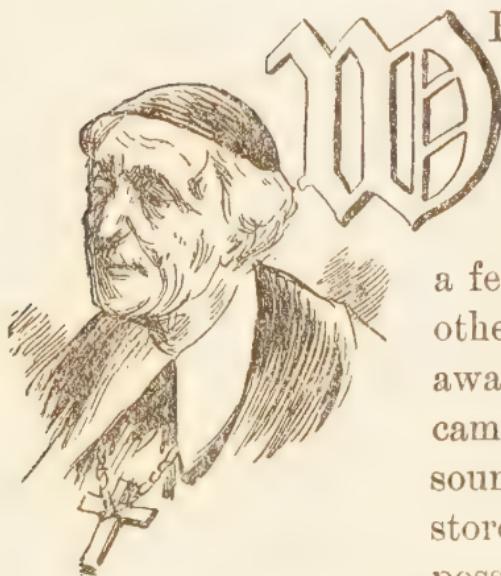
CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROSARY OF BLOOD AND TEARS.

Away and away !
For the morn is gray,
And the sword blades hunger and stir in the sheath,
And above the hills
The red sky thrills
With the dawning terror of blood beneath.

The white blades burn,
And the keen spurs yearn
To harvest the red ripe field of Death.
Ride ! Ride !
With our wrath to guide
Into the battle sword by side.

—HERBERT BATES.



RESTLING did not know how long he remained alone in the cellar. In reality it was only a few minutes after the others had clattered away that Guy Fawkes came, and, shaking him soundly but kindly, restored him to his self-possession and courage.

“I dared not leave my mine to go with the

others," he explained. "It must be watched every minute now, until to-morrow at noon, when it will be fired. But I have been without sleep for two nights. I must catch a few winks. I will lie down until they return with Raleigh. Take my place and watch. I will relieve thee at one o'clock."

Wrestling's heart bounded for joy. At last he would have an opportunity to inform the authorities of the awful plot. To whom should he go?

Fawkes seemed to mistrust the alacrity with which he started up on being unbound, for he walked back with him to the basement under the Parliament House, and *locked him in*, promising to call for him between one and two.

He left no light, but the moon shone dimly through a high grated window, and showed the barrels of gunpowder and the beams and bolts piled upon them. Wrestling rolled some of the kegs under the window, and, climbing upon them, looked out. The window opened into an interior court, and there was not a watchman or living soul in sight. All was silent as the grave. The bars were firm, and he was a close prisoner. He was on the point of shouting with all his might, in the hope of rousing someone,

when he heard a slight noise behind him, and he descended instantly from his perch. The noise was the grating of a rusty bolt in a door which led into another room under the Parliament House. The next instant there was a flood of light, and two men stepped into the room. Instinctively Wrestling shrunk down behind the barrels, until he could ascertain who they were.

He recognized the voice of one of the men immediately. It was Percy, whom he supposed had gone with the party to secure Raleigh.

“There is no one here,” Wrestling heard him say. “As I left Fawkes he told me he intended to turn in for a little sleep. He will be back at two, when he can be arrested. You can see that everything is ready for the explosion. He will touch off the mine, and be off as soon as he is certain that the King and the Parliament are assembled above him. He is a fanatic, anarchist, who has the courage of his opinions. He would blow up with his mine rather than have it fail.”

A low, chuckling laugh was the reply, with the words, “And he suspects not that he is betrayed?”

“Not he. The crazy fool is so possessed with his one idea that he can see nothing else,

though it is as plainly to be seen as the torch your man holds at the door. For God's sake, let him not enter! A spark let fall, and we would both be blown to atoms!"

"If Fawkes is so unsuspecting, can he not be persuaded to delay a few days, until you can implicate more prominent people in the plot?"

"He is too impatient, my lord. Trust me, he will not wait an hour after the King takes his seat on the throne. All things are ready; there is nothing that can stop him now. He must be seized this night. I have done my best, and have induced Catesby to admit more persons into the plot than he liked. Sir Everard Digby is in earnest; but Tresham is a white-livered scoundrel, and since he joined Catesby has been uneasy and half suspects him."

"How did Tresham succeed with Raleigh?"

"Very vilely. Tresham made him think that he should have the honor of proclaiming Prince Henry King, and would doubtless succeed to your post, but Raleigh slapped him in the face, and would have nothing to do with the scheme, protesting his allegiance to the King."

Wrestling understood now that this person with whom Percy was talking was Cecil, the King's most trusted counselor; that he had

been cognizant of the plot from the beginning, if indeed he had not planned it to ruin the Catholic party. Percy, and possibly Tresham also, were his tools, whose business it had been to lead as many as possible of Cecil's enemies to implicate themselves. The sin of the anarchists was no less in what they had intended to do, but they would not be allowed to accomplish their designs, and their punishment would be sure and terrible. Wrestling's first feeling was one of great thankfulness that the King and the Parliament were in no real danger; his next, a revulsion of hatred for this cold-blooded, Satanic schemer, who had tempted men of deep wrongs and weak moral sense into deadly sin, dishonor, and death. For Percy he felt only contempt; he was beneath hatred.

"So," said Cecil musingly, "that sly fox Raleigh has balked me; but the hunt is not played out yet between him and the Little Beagle."

"You may have him at this moment," replied Percy, "for what Tresham could not effect the Jesuit has arranged on his own account. He has concocted another and a better scheme"; and Percy related in detail the plan with which we are already familiar.

"Good, excellent! And does the Jesuit do

this to throw the blame of the plot on Raleigh and his friends?"

"Perchance, for the Jesuits are all agents of King Philip, and Spain has no cause to love Raleigh; but if that is our Jesuit's motive, he is a deep schemer. He feigns that he would have Raleigh's influence with Henry, in case that Prince is not blown up with his father on the morrow, which he believes cannot be effected, as Henry hath a tilting at Kenilworth, and he argued against hurting a hair of Raleigh's head. 'For,' said he, 'we will need what favor we can get with the Prince, and Raleigh's influence will be for the toleration of all religions, which is as much as Catholics can hope for in England.' The Jesuit left for Warwickshire, believing that Raleigh would be sent on to him to-night."

"Hum, that would serve my purpose better than the other scheme. I trust he is well on his way. It needs but such an act as that to have him broken on the wheel. Are many of the Jesuits involved? Has their superior, Father Garnet, declared himself?"

"Greenway hath told him under seal of confession; but Father Garnet was horrified, and hath labored with Catesby to make him give up the design, swearing that he will not give him absolution if he persists."

“ Baffled again in the quarter where I most desired success. However, if we can prove that Garnet knew what was pending, and did not inform, that will be enough to establish his complicity, and to make it appear that the thing was schemed by him. We will seize him at once. Where does this fellow Greenway hide ? ”

“ In the Priest’s Hole at Clopton House, where Digby and his guests await my coming. It is settled that immediately after the explosion Catesby is to proclaim the new King from the steps of Charing Cross. Of course Catesby hopes that Prince Henry will have been in Parliament and that Charles, who has no Puritanical bias, will be the heir-apparent. Catesby counts on holding Whitehall Palace in the name of the King, while I spur on to Digby and report the success of affairs here. Then he and his gentlemen will seize the Prince at Kenilworth and bring him to Whitehall, escorted by the surviving members of Parliament, all Catholics, who will attend to his coronation. If the event prove unsuccessful, I am to ride none the less swiftly and give them warning. I am, as you see, booted and spurred, ready to depart.”

“ Wait until Fawkes is arrested ; then fly and

and report to them. Keep them at Clotpon House if you can ; if not, take them to Stephen Littleton's at Holbeck in Staffordshire. He is a Catholic gentleman who will not refuse you harborage, and whom I would like to have trapped. Stay with them, that they suspect you not. Be not afraid to be arrested. I will see that you escape. What does Tresham ? ”

“ He carries the news to Philip, and will embark at once for Spain.”

“ Be sure that he gets away, and that he does not return, for I may not be able to protect him, and he might babble under torture of my knowledge in this matter. Stay ; one thing more. What proof have you of the complicity of the Puritans in this matter ? ”

“ No real proof. I pasted the signatures which I stole from Brewster to the compact, and gave it to Tresham to show Raleigh.”

“ Where is the compact now ? ”

“ The Jesuit hath it.”

Percy said this so confidently that Wrestling involuntarily felt for the paper, which he was rejoiced to find still within the breast pocket of his shirt.

“ Get it from him when you meet at Clopton House, and see that I have it. 'Tis the only shred of testimony I have against them. I

should have had my decipherer copy the signatures before letting Tresham use the paper. Tell me, are any the sons of the old Archbishop Sandys members of that conventicle?"

"Their names were not on the church list."

"And yet I know the old fox was a Puritan, and all his cubs are of the same color. I am on their scent, and I shall come up with them yet. That bold commoner Sir Edwin has grown recklessly presumptuous, and has excited the King's enmity for that speech of his in the House of Commons when he maintained that the origin of every monarchy lies in election by the people, and that a King who pretends to rule by any other title, such as that of conqueror, may be dethroned whenever there is force sufficient to overthrow him. A pretty theory, forsooth, which utterly ignores the divine right of inheritance. He needs but a long rope to hang himself in time. As for that pestilent Brewster, I suspect that he has designs of voiding the realm; I shall see that he does not escape me. Now to your house, and wait the arrival of the others. If they have secured Raleigh, persuade them to follow the Jesuit's plan and take him on to Warwickshire. In that case have a light in your hall window, and I shall know that he is with the Jesuit. Send Fawkes hither, and I will

see that he is nabbed before daybreak, and that you are informed of his arrest. Then take Catesby with you and ride like mad to join the others at Clopton House. On to Stafforshire if they insist on leaving cover; keep them together at all events, for if the conspirators scatter, it will be more difficult to secure them."

They went out together, and Wrestling noticed to his great delight that though they closed the door behind them they did not lock it. He tried to think rapidly what was the most important thing for him to do. First of all, he must ascertain the whereabouts of Sir Walter, and, if he was with the conspirators, get him away from them. He would like to save the Jesuit, and a pang of pity shot through his heart for Guy Fawkes himself, as he thought of Philippa waiting for her father on the pinnace which would sail without him. Fawkes had been prevented from accomplishing his murderous design, what harm would there be in saving him from a murderer's fate? He dared not go to the house, for Percy would be there, and he could not lose time by remaining longer here; but he determined to leave a warning where Fawkes would see it, and taking a handful of powder from a keg he let it trickle from his hands on the floor so as to form the words

“*You are betrayed. Flee.*” Then he hurried through the door by which Cecil and Percy had left. There was a staircase outside, up which he sped. It led into a long passage which opened upon the peers’ carriage court, from which a coach was just rolling away. The janitor was rubbing his eyes sleepily, and Wrestling called to him imperiously as he ran by. “I must catch the earl of Salisbury. I have a message for him.”

“Run, then, run like the wind, or thou’lt not overtake him,” said the janitor; and Wrestling ran, but not in Cecil’s direction.

As he turned the corner he saw Percy ahead of him, and he slunk into the shadow, following him guardedly until he entered his house, and then waited in a doorway at a little distance. Presently some horsemen came clattering down the street. It was the party that had gone for Raleigh. Wrestling’s heart bounded with delight as he counted them; Sir Walter was not with them. Percy came to the door, and he distinctly heard Lord Catesby say: “It was Tresham’s fault. He broke the lantern, and it went out every time we tried to give the signal.”

Wrestling did not wait another instant, but ran around to the Mews, where Fawkes kept

his horse, and saddling it in hot haste mounted and rode toward Warwick. Percy would not start until informed of Fawkes' arrest or escape, and that would not be until after daybreak. He must find Father Greenway first, and he had a start of two good hours. He was sure that he could do it, and he rode through London at a leisurely trot. He threw a kiss toward the dark mass of the Tower outlined against the starlit sky, and thought how strange it was that he should be thankful that Sir Walter was safely locked within it. It was two o'clock when he cantered out of Southgate and settled down to a good steady pace, as rapid a one as he felt that the piebald could keep up, until breakfast time at Aylesbury. The racer's mettle was good, and he strained hard at his bit; but horse and rider were both very tired, and it was nearly noon when they rode into Aylesbury, having accomplished the first third of their journey. Mr. Brewster had provided Wrestling with money, and he had the horse rubbed down and fed at the inn and he himself breakfasted and rested for an hour. Then, refreshed and encouraged, he sprang into the stirrups and rode on as swiftly as before to Banbury Cross, so famous in nursery rhyming for hard riding. Toward the end of this second

stage it was evident that the faithful horse had done all that he could do, and that he must secure another mount if he would reach his destination that night. There were a number of horses at the inn stable, but they had been sent there, he was informed, by a Mr. Ambrose Rokewood of Warwick, for the use of a party of gentlemen who were expected to hunt with him. It was in vain that Wrestling insisted that he was one of the party; the inn-keeper would not allow one of them to be taken until assured either by Lord Catesby or by Mr. Percy that all was right. "But I am from Mr. Percy's house," Wrestling persisted; "I left him early this morning. It is important that I should reach Warwick before the party, in order that all arrangements shall be made." The inn-keeper looked at Wrestling suspiciously, then his eye fell on his horse, and his countenance lightened. "I believe you speak the truth," he said, "for that is one of Rokewood's horses, a twin to one I have in the stable. There was to have been a password. If you are sent by Percy, you doubtless know it. When was this hunt to take place?"

A sudden illumination flashed across Wrestling's mind, and he answered mechanically, as

though repeating a carefully drilled lesson,
“After the hay is cut.”

“Is it cut?”

“It is.”

“Then take what horse you will, in the devil’s name, and away with you!”

Wrestling chose carefully, and this time stayed not to rest, but gulped down the manchet of bread and mug of ale that were brought him, and, leaving his winded steed for Percy, rode away at the utmost speed of his fresh horse. It was late in the afternoon when he reached Clopton House. Owen Littlejohn stood at the gate lodge, evidently expecting some messenger, and Wrestling could see that another servant held some horses ready saddled in front of the house. Wrestling asked for Father Greenway.

“And my little dandie prat,” he added contemptuously, “you will not keep me cooling my heels any longer than necessary if I tell you that I have come to give him news concerning the cutting of a crop of hay that he wots of.”

“You have our password; then go you to the house; Father Greenway is in the chapel under the roof, saying a mass for the dead who died to-day, for he feared he might not have time to do it after the news came.”

Wrestling left his horse with Owen, and

stumbled up to the chapel. Father Greenway did not hear him, for he was chanting the "Dies Iræ" before the terrible picture.

He faced Wrestling as he entered, and both were white as death.

"Is it over?" asked the Jesuit.

Wrestling shook his head. "You are betrayed. Everything is known."

"By whom?"

"Percy."

"I never trusted him."

"Fly at once. He is on his way here, leading the officers of justice."

"I shall be safe in these walls."

"You will be safe nowhere in England. I beg you to leave the country at once."

"And the others—will you warn them too?"

"Where are they?"

"They have all gone to the tilting at Kenilworth. I alone waited here to lead Catesby and Raleigh and the rest to them. Tell me, where is Raleigh?"

"Safe in the tower; he did not venture forth."

"Our Lady of Barcelona be praised! Owen shall ride to Kenilworth and warn Sir Everard and his friends; and I will take your advice, my son, and flee while yet there is time."

“Then lose not an instant, and stay not until you have put the sea between you and England.”

“Your advice is good—that will I do; and I will care for the child Philippa in foreign lands. There is one to whom I would fain send a keepsake and a token before I go, but I have only this rosary and breviary. ‘Tis best I should have neither about me, in case I am captured. Keep the breviary, my son, and read in it sometimes for the sake of Father Greenway, and carry the rosary for me with my blessing to the damsel Patience Dudley.”

He handed Wrestling a string of curious Venetian glass beads, with occasional large ruby ones separating groups of clearest crystal. “It is called a *Cruor et lachrymæ Christi* rosary,” he explained; “the ruby beads are the Paternosters, and represent drops of Christ’s precious blood. We tell an Ave Maria for each crystal bead, which symbolizes his all-prevailing tears. Tell the maid Patience in the hour of her deepest anguish to hold the rosary in her hands and pray, and though she is not a daughter of our holy church, perchance God will pity her ignorance and for the sake of her kindness to me will send her deliverance.”

“I will take it,” said Wrestling, “and I will give her your message.”

The Jesuit disappeared for a moment, and returning, dressed in ordinary traveling costume, mounted one of the horses which were in waiting at the door. Then he lifted his hand in blessing, and both he and Owen rode away.

A great weariness stole over Wrestling. He knew that this spot was a dangerous one for him, that he must not be found here, either by the conspirators or by their pursuers, who would soon be upon their track. He knew, too, that there were fresh horses at hand, but for his life he could not drag himself to them. He stumbled into a vacant, quiet room, and sank upon a luxurious couch. As he was falling asleep he thought of the convicting evidence which the paper in his breast, with the names of the Puritans at Scrooby, might furnish to Cecil, and of the rosary and breviary, equally impossible to be explained if found upon him. There was a low fire burning upon the hearth, and he thought how easy it would be to burn the paper; and if he could only rouse himself, he might hide the priest’s gifts. He took them drowsily from his breast and tried to summon resolution sufficient to carry

his intention into effect, but overwrought nature refused to obey, and he fell asleep again, deeply asleep, with the paper, the rosary, and the breviary dropping from his nerveless hand.

CHAPTER IX.

PILGRIMS AND STRANGERS.

Mutations great, some joyful and some sad,
In this short pilgrimage I oft have had.
I've seen from Rome an execrable thing,
A plot to blow up nobles and their King.
I've seen a prince, the glory of our land,
In prime of youth seized by Heaven's angry hand,
Which filled our hearts with fears with tears our eyes,
Wailing his fate, and our own destinies.

—ANNE DUDLEY BRADSTREET.



ORROR, wonder, and the awe-struck voice of thanksgiving," says Carlyle, "rose with mutual consent from broad England with the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot."

None were more horrified than the Puritans, whom their

enemies had vainly striven to implicate in it. Many Catholics who suffered as accessory were

probably as innocent, for the true story of that conspiracy will never be known.

Fawkes, seized amidst the gunpowder with the fuse upon his person, was tried, and acknowledged his own guilt, but even under torture would not inform upon his accomplices. He was executed in the brutal manner of the time.

Sixty Catholic gentlemen, it was said, had met at Clopton House to join the Warwickshire hunt, but learning in what a disappointing manner the hay had been cut, they had galloped for life in various directions. The principal conspirators, kept together by Percy, had made their last stand at Stephen Littleton's house, at Holbecke in Staffordshire, which they turned into a fort, and where they were attacked by the sheriff of Warwickshire and his posse. Here they fought desperately for their lives, and, "their faces grimed with powder smoke, bathed in sweat or grim in the last death paleness, they were all killed, or else taken wounded and then hanged and beheaded."

Among those killed at the assault were Lord Catesby and the traitor Percy. Cecil made a great show of having sent a messenger to the sheriff to insist that Percy should be taken

alive, but the messenger rode so slowly that he did not arrive in time, and it was asserted that Cecil neither dared to shield him nor to abide the result of his confessions. Tresham, who had not fled, but had remained quietly in his house in London, trusting probably in Cecil's protection, was arrested and sent to the Tower. But he was never brought to trial, dying in his cell mysteriously—as it was surmised, of poison. If he, like Percy, was in the service of Cecil, his death, before torture should wring the truth from him, was opportune for his patron.

Father Garnet, the Superior of the Jesuits in England, remained for some time in hiding in a priest's hole in Hudlipp Hall, where, though the house was occupied by the officers of the law, he was not discovered for several days. There was a small hole in the chimney connecting with his secret chamber. Through this hole he could thrust a straw into a soup-pot hanging on the crane, and so ~~suck~~ nourishment. He was forced out, not by hunger, but by lack of ventilation.

It was Cecil's great effort to make it appear that the plot was originated by the Jesuits, and Father Garnet was executed under this accusation. He protested that he had had but a vague intimation under seal of confession

that such a movement was in contemplation, and that he had opposed it with horror; and this was probably the truth.

While William Brewster and his family shared the general indignation, they had a more personal cause for alarm in the disappearance of Wrestling, of whose whereabouts no trace could be found after he parted from Lord Rich with the avowed intention of taking Guy Fawkes' horse to him and then returning home by post. William Brewster was also plunged into a sea of trouble and apprehension by a persecution of the churches of which he was the protector, which now broke out with great animosity. Scarcely a day passed but some member was arrested and taken to prison or fined or threatened. He spent his time in answering summons, in pleading the cause of those arrested before the magistrates, in standing bail, and in attending to the necessities of their families, much to the prejudice of his own fortune. He was distracted in mind, for his correspondence with Lord Rich in regard to Wrestling had been fruitless, and he was most desirous of going to London to prosecute the search personally. He was on the point of setting out when George Sandys, the scholar and youngest son of the Archbishop, called on

his way to London. He brought William Brewster a warning from his brother, Sir Edwin Sandys, who had written that some person of influence had recommended that his office of master of the post should be conferred on another. Sir Edwin counseled Brewster to be particularly punctilious in fulfilling its duties, and on no account to absent himself for so much as a day, so as to give no excuse to his enemies for asking his removal. "My brother," said George Sandys, "has also been asked to grant the lease of this house to another, and to turn you out of doors, but that he will not do."

"I thank him for his friendship," said William Brewster sadly, "but it cannot avail me long; another of my poor people, Gervase Neville, was carried from his home and imprisoned in York Castle for obstinacy to-day. It will be my turn soon. The only way to save the church and its members from further persecution, perhaps from death, is by removal to some country where religious toleration is practiced. This task I have set myself to accomplish; but I would that I might find my son before our departure."

"My brother will do all that can be done," said George Sandys; "trust him with that task.

He hath power and a long head, and great love for you."

"I know that well," replied Brewster, "but as member of Parliament he is greatly occupied with weighty cares, and he cannot search London as I would search—through every prison, through every haunt of violence. He would not know Wrestling if he saw him, or forgive him if he found him in sin as I would, for whether sinned against or sinning he is still my son. God knows I would die for thee, my son—my son!"

Love stole to his father's side and threw his arm around his neck. "Let me go with Mr. Sandys to London. I will put myself under Sir Edwin's orders, and be arms and legs to his head, and between us we shall find Wrestling."

George Sandys had spoken truly when he said that his brother had a long head, for he conducted the search with great shrewdness and caution. He reasoned that there were several possible explanations of the mystery, all demanding delicate procedure.

First, Wrestling might have joined in Guy Fawkes' conspiracy willingly. In which case there were two alternatives: either

(a) He had been captured; or,

(b) He had escaped.

The first supposition was not likely, as the lad had not been named in any list of the conspirators, nor was he discoverable in any prison. The second conclusion, though disbelieved by William Brewster, was possible. If correct, it was most important that his safety should not be jeopardized by attracting attention to him; and the only resource for his friends was patient waiting, for after the hue and cry had died away Wrestling would without doubt communicate with them. This was the view taken by Lord Rich, with whom Sir Edwin Sandys had had a not altogether pleasant interview, for the two men were opposed politically. Lord Rich would hear to no other possibility in the case, and when Sir Edwin suggested a second explanation of the mystery,—namely, that the boy was the victim of some unknown enemy,—Lord Rich scoffed at the notion with such contempt that Sir Edwin took his leave with scant courtesy. Very naturally, he dwelt with the more persistence on this second explanation because it had been treated with such disdain, and strove to follow its lead to its logical conclusions. Supposing that the boy's disappearance had been effected by an enemy. Who was it? He must be either

- (a) An enemy for personal reasons ; or,
- (b) An enemy for political reasons.

Wrestling was too insignificant a person to have on his own account a powerful enemy, so his father and so Sir Edwin thought. It was more likely, therefore, that he was persecuted for his father's religious and political opinions. If so, the persecution would not cease with Wrestling. What made this last conclusion seem the true one was the fact that persecution had fallen upon Brewster and the Scrooby Church almost simultaneously with the disappearance of Wrestling. Sir Edwin Sandys could not refrain from connecting the two circumstances and referring them to a common agent. It was easy to trace the persecutions to Cecil, therefore he became convinced that Cecil had detained the boy for purposes of his own. What these purposes were he could not fathom.

The persecutions against the Separatists, as Cecil must have foreseen, would have the effect to make them resolve to emigrate, and this was probably exactly what Cecil wished ; but Wrestling's detention could not further this scheme, but would rather hinder his father. Was it possible that, while it was Cecil's desire to force the Separatists, as a body, to leave the kingdom, as the easiest way of disposing of

them, he had some personal grudge against their leader, and desired to keep him within his power? Acting upon this possibility, Sir Edwin wrote Brewster to hasten his departure, without waiting either for the discovery of Wrestling or the return of Love, as both of the boys could join him later in the Netherlands. Shortly after this the Scrooby Church decided, in the quaint words of their secretary, William Bradford, "that, seeing themselves thus molested and that there was no hope of their continuance, by a joynte consepte they resolved to goe into ye Low Countries, where they heard was freedome of Religion for all men; as also how sundrie from other parts of ye land had been exiled and persecuted for ye same cause, and were gone thither and lived at Amsterdam." It was easier to resolve to remove than to carry out the resolution, and it was over a year before the members of the church at Scrooby and its vicinity, who now called themselves the Pilgrims, were able to start upon their pilgrimage.

In the meantime Love sought for his brother with unfailing determination, but with a heavy heart, from which hope was fading day by day. Almost his first errand on reaching London had been to see Patience. Lady Rich had accompanied the court to its winter quarters at White-

hall Palace, and had rooms assigned her in the apartments of the maids of honor, near the tennis court. The latter part of her visit at Warwick Castle had not been particularly agreeable, for her host, Sir Fulke Greville, had fancied that, as he had laid out immense sums on the restoration of the castle, he had some claim to the title of Earl of Warwick, and was much chagrined when the King bestowed it on Lord Rich; while Lady Rich felt that the title without the castle was but an empty honor, and had injudiciously hinted to some babbling friend that events might occur which would unite the estates to the title. The Dudleys had held both before Sir Fulke, and if it could be established that Ambrose Dudley had left an heir or heiress, Sir Fulke's title, though dearly paid for, was hardly worth the paper it was written on. Just how the Dudley claims were to be transferred to the Rich family Lady Penelope did not condescend to explain, but the other ladies-in-waiting were not destitute of eyes or of imaginations, and began to treat Patience with great friendliness, and took themselves considerably out of the way whenever Lord Robert visited his mother. The King and Queen, too, had taken Lady Penelope into high favor, and the King had conferred upon

her the rank of her brother, the Earl of Essex, and had caused her apartment at Whitehall to be elegantly furnished.

George Sandys and Love Brewster, after wandering through an entire wing of the palace, at length found Patience in a boudoir which seemed to Love the most exquisite room he had ever seen. One entire side was a long, projecting bay-window, in the Jacobean style of architecture, with glass of many colors in little leaded panes. Like the Duchess of Portsmouth's dressing room in the same palace, described by Evelyn, the other walls were hung with tapestry representing "figures and landskips, exoti^q fowls, and all to the life rarely don. Then for Japan cabinets, serenes, pendule clocks, greate vases of wrought plate, chimney furniture, sconces, etc., out of number."

Patience herself was more regal than her surroundings, and had blossomed so suddenly from his forest playmate into a court lady that Love stood before her quite abashed. But she greeted them both with such evident joy that the old assurance of friendship returned with a rush, and they were soon talking with the utmost confidence and freedom. Patience was consumed with anxiety on Wrestling's account, and she blamed herself not a little for having

led him into danger. She told of her meetings with the Jesuit, and how she had written Wrestling, urging him to do the priest's errand for her sake. She told them, too, of a strange experience of which she had never spoken to anyone.

Before coming with Lady Rich to Whitehall they had made another call upon Lady Joyce Carew, who had returned with her husband to Clopton House, which had gained great notoriety from the tragic ending of the hunt which had met there during its brief tenancy by Rokewood.

The Countess of Warwick was full of curiosity to learn all the particulars, and again visited, with her friend, the little chapel with its frightful altar-piece of the Last Judgment, which had now been discovered to be a sliding panel, the door to the Priest's Hole.

Patience peered into the dark opening, but kept her own counsel as to her experiences on the night when she had been Lady Carew's guest. It all came back to her so vividly that she became suddenly dizzy on descending the staircase ; and Lady Joyce, noticing her white face, pressed her to lie down on a couch in one of the lower rooms. Here, while the two ladies left her, she fell into a clairvoyant state, or possibly dreamed a remarkable dream.

It seemed to her that she again saw the Jesuit enter the room by the fireplace. He did not notice her, but appeared to be searching for something. He ransacked the bookcases, opened cabinets, crouched upon his hands and knees, looking under the furniture, rummaged behind the picture frames, and finally bent over her and slipped his thin hand under the cushion upon which her head was resting. As he did so she summoned all her energy and sat up, and the Jesuit spoke in a low voice, but with great distinctness :

“Wrestling Brewster, you should have guarded with greater care the rosary which I intrusted to you to give to Patience Dudley.”

“But I am not Wrestling!” the girl cried.

“Nay, but I am,” said the Jesuit; and Patience saw that the priest had vanished. In his place, on his knees beside her, was Wrestling, looking at her with sad earnestness with the blue eye, which formed such a startling contrast to his black hair.

“Father Greenway’s gift is under the cushion,” he said, “I had only time to slip it there before——”

With a cry of joy Patience threw her arms around the neck of her old friend. The stalwart form which should have supported her

melted away as she threw herself upon it, and she fell heavily upon the floor. Fortunately no one had heard her outcry or her fall, and, thoroughly shaken out of her strange condition of second sight, she staggered back to the couch. Involuntarily her hand slipped under the cushion and touched several objects. Trembling, she sat up and lifted aside the cushion. There lay a rosary of ruby and crystal beads, a breviary containing the name of Father Greenway, and a folded paper. This she opened, and was astonished to read a compact approving of the schemes of Guy Fawkes signed by her friends of the Separatist church at Scrooby. She carefully concealed these articles about her own person, and, realizing their incriminating nature, (although she believed the compact a forgery), said nothing of her discovery until her interview with Love and with George Sandys.

If only she could have controlled herself while the phantom Wrestling was speaking to her! Then, perhaps, he would have told her more. He had only time to conceal these objects before—what?

Neither he nor Father Greenway had been taken at the last stand made by the conspirators, at Stephen Littleton's, and her mind accepted

the comforting conclusion that they had escaped together. It was a confirmation to this theory that Lord Rich, from his different point of view and other data, had arrived at the same belief.

Love, who knew of the theft of the signatures from the church record, pointed out the place where they had been pasted on the compact, and was sure that this must have been the work of the Jesuit. "I will show the paper and the breviary," he said, "to Sir Edwin Sandys, who may gain some clew from it; but keep the rosary, since it seems that it was intended for you."

George Sandys listened with interest, and appeared to have gained a new idea. "My brother has already seen Guy Fawkes," he said, "who would answer none of his questions; but we have not approached Sir Walter; he may be able to give us the explanation."

As they were speaking Lord Rich entered, and though he bowed with exaggerated courtesy when Patience introduced her friends, he treated them with such hauteur that they felt that their visit was not acceptable, and presently took their departure.

"I will walk with you across the gardens,"

Patience exclaimed impulsively, "for I have not said one-half of what I would like."

"In that case," said Lord Rich, "I shall request my mother to accompany you, for I cannot allow you to make yourself the mark for the gossip of the court, by strolling so conspicuously with two such handsome gallants."

As Patience had frequently walked in the garden with Lord Rich, she was somewhat surprised by this excess of decorum, but she waited without comment until the arrival of Lady Penelope, who appropriated George Sandys as an escort, leaving Patience to follow, accompanied by Love and Lord Rich.

Lady Rich gave the signal for parting at the famous sun-dial, of which Marvell wrote bitterly:

" This place for a dial was too insecure,
Since a guard and a garden could not it defend,
For so near to the court they will never endure
Any witness to show how their time they misspend."

Here Patience, who saw that she was not to be allowed to speak to Love alone, plucked up courage to say what was in her heart before the others.

" And so, dear friend, I shall pray every night for your success in your quest. And think not that I stay at court because I am dazzled by

all this magnificence, or because, kind as my new friends are, I have forgotten my old ones. I stay because I hope some day I shall meet the King, when I shall surely bring all these matters to his knowledge. His Majesty has often taken pleasure in unraveling dark matters. It was he, they say, that guessed out the riddle of the Gunpowder Plot."

"Not so difficult a riddle," sneered Lord Rich, "when Cecil showed him the barrels in the cellar."

"True," Patience persisted, "but he showed a shrewd wit when he was told that at the trial of the Countess of Exeter one of the witnesses pretended to have heard a conversation while secreted behind the tapestry. His Majesty did not believe this story, and, hunting one day near Wimbledon, galloped hastily to the castle, and discovered that in the room where the witness had sworn she had hidden, the tapestry cleared the floor by at least two feet, and could in no wise have concealed her. Since the King took so much interest for the righting of a just cause once, I believe he will again."

"Leave it to me, sweet Patience," said Lord Rich. "Trust me, I will do all that can be done for thee; and these young gentlemen will act wisely if they cease to intermeddle in a

matter which they cannot help, and which may bring them into danger."

"Indeed, I shall not cease my efforts," Love said indignantly to his companion, as they walked away. "Is not Wrestling my brother? and shall I desert him for any thought of danger to myself? Did not Patience say that she would die if he perished through her fault? That would be enough for me. I would seek for him through all the world to make her happy, even though he were nought to me."

George Sandys looked puzzled. "Think not too much on Patience," he said. "I fear she has learned the way of the court, if she is not by nature something of a coquette; for the Countess of Warwick confided to me just now that there is a great match in making for the maid, and that if her country friends would not mar her fortune they would best not visit her too frequently, lest they displease the bridegroom-elect."

"It cannot be!" Love exclaimed hotly. "I'll not believe it. Yet, why not? Oh, my poor brother!"

George Sandys found it impossible to get permission to visit Sir Walter Raleigh. Since the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, though nothing of an incriminating character had been dis-

covered against him, he had been kept in closer durance, and it was very difficult to obtain access to him. Love remained in London all that winter, but he found no clew to his brother's hiding-place. He would not have given up the search even now, had not a call come to him from his mother, who was in sore trouble. A new master of the post had been appointed ; and though the manor house was still at his disposal, William Brewster had thought best to give it up, as arrangements had been made for the departure to Holland. A ship was chartered to take them to Boston, but after the pilgrims were all on board it was found that the captain had betrayed them to the officers of the law, who came on board, arrested the entire company, and carried them off to prison. Thomas Dudley interested the Earl of Lincoln in their case, and through his influence all but seven of the leaders, among whom was Brewster, were liberated. It was at this juncture that Madam Brewster had written to Love, and that he had hastened to her. Thomas Dudley gave him employment, and he was his mother's comfort through all the dark season that followed. The Pilgrims could not organize another expedition without their leaders ; and as they, poor people, had disposed of their homes, they waited in

much distress until the following spring. William Bradford gives the story of their second attempt at departure so vividly that I quote his quaint language :

“They made agreeemente with a Dutchman having a ship of his own belonging to Zealand, who was to take them in betweene Grimsbe and Hull. The women and children with ye goods were sent to ye place in a small barke, and ye men were to meet them by land. When ye ship came the barke lay aground, and ye ship maister sente his boate to be getting ye men abord whom he saw ready walking about ye shore. But after ye first boat full was gott abord the maister espied a greate company both horse & foote, with bills & gunes, & other weapons; for ye country was raised to take them. Ye Dutchman, waiged his Ancor, hoysed sayles & away. But ye poore men were in great distress for their wives and children.”

Love Brewster was among the men who were carried away against their wills. During his father’s imprisonment he had been the protector of his mother, and now he feared that his father, who had remained with John Robinson until the last, “to be assistante unto the women,” would be again imprisoned, and he was nearly frantic as he tried to imagine what

would happen to his mother. But the magistrates were tiring of this unjust persecution of helpless women and children. The sheriff, William Blanchard, who had a warrant for the arrest of William Brewster and others for non-conformity, after visiting Thomas Dudley, whose guests he shrewdly suspected they were, returned his warrant with the indorsement, which can be read to-day: "William Blanchard—certifieth that he can not find the said offenders nor can he understand where they be."

And so, to return to our faithful chronicler: "To be shorte, after they had been turmoyled a good while, notwithstanding all these storms of opposition, they all gatt over [to Holland] at length, some at one time & some at another, some in one place and some in another, and mette togeather againe according to their desires, with no small rejoicing." All but Wrestling. Love had hoped that he might have already escaped to Holland, and many a time his heart would cease beating and a mist rush to his eyes as he thought he recognized his sturdy figure coming down one of the streets of Amsterdam, but the vision appeared less frequently as time went on; and, though Love never forgot his brother, his absence became less of a pain, and expectation of ever seeing

him again gradually faded from his mind. Sometimes when he thought of Patience becoming at some future day the Countess of Warwick, and remembered how Wrestling, even as a boy, had loved her, he said to himself that it was better so, that Wrestling, with his intense, passionate nature, could never have endured the anguish of seeing her wedded to another, and then Love was content that he was an exile; for though he told himself that his only thought of Patience had been as the beloved of his brother, and that he would not for worlds have grudged her any happiness, yet if that happiness was to be secured by her marriage with Lord Rich he was glad that he was not in England to see it.

Life in this placid, thriving country was so different from the feverish stress to which the Brewsters had been subjected that all wounds healed. They had found a haven of refuge, and a great peace brooded over the fugitives, who were enjoying safety with liberty, and for years lived in the most ideal brotherly love with each other and the kindly Hollanders.

“What more can a pilgrim ask?” said Brewster to his wife, five years after their coming.

“ ‘ Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to rest upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal dict,
My bottle of salvation.’ ”

A great yearning hunger was in the mother’s unforgetting face. “ It was Sir Walter Raleigh who wrote that, was it not ? ” she said ; and the unsatisfied want smote the father’s heart as well. “ Oh, that we knew that it was well with Wrestling ! ”

“ It is well with the youth,” said William Brewster. “ Some way in all these years he would have sent us tidings, were it not that he had passed to greater peace than ours.”

Love took his hat and silently went out ; he had long ago come to the same conclusion ; but he could not bear just then to look upon his mother’s face ; by and by he would comfort her by double love and duty, if it was possible for her to be comforted.

At the door he met the letter carrier with a letter for from him England. It was so unusual an occurrence that he turned it over several times before opening it, trying to guess who had sent it.

Then he walked away to a secluded spot and read it when quite alone. It was from Patience Dudley, a formal little letter, beginning

“Esteemed Friend,” and written apparently simply to give general news of how matters were going in England. “My father now deemeth that ye were very wise in quitting this unhappy country, for Prince Henry’s life is despaired of, and if he dieth there seems to be no issue out of our lamentable state. My father hath had counsel with Sir Edwin Sandys, and holds for a Puritan emigration to Virginia, but first he would know how the Separatists prosper in the Low Countries; and he would be glad, if it suited with your father’s occasions, if he could come into England and hold converse with him on these and other matters. If your father cannot come, it would be a pleasure to me if he could make you his messenger; and if that may not be it would be no small solace to have written word of the well-being of our old friends, and especially whether ye know aught of Wrestling. Once when at court I met the King, and I told him how your brother had disappeared after returning the horse of Guy Fawkes. He thought on it for a long space, and then said: ‘Fear not that your friend hath been implicated with the Gunpowder Plot. My Little Beagle hath a fine scent and hath brought to justice all on whom fell the slightest suspicion, and I fear me others too. If the youth

should be found in any prison, except he hath been regularly convicted of some heinous crime, he hath our royal warrant to go free.' This pardon he presently sent me; and Prince Henry, who heard the conversation, questioned me still further, and when he heard (for this I had not told the King) that Wrestling had possibly been apprehended while striving to aid the Jesuit in the rescue of Sir Walter Raleigh, he promised himself to question Sir Walter concerning him. But alas! I have heard no more of the matter. The Prince hath been ill, and either he hath forgotten his promise or cannot learn anything, so that though I have a free pardon for Wrestling, unless you know where he is it can effect nothing. Write to me in care of my father, for I have long since departed from the Countess of Warwick, owing to much disquietness which I experienced while in her company at Whitehall. And so, hoping that you have room in your memory for your old friend, I rest,

“PATIENCE DUDLEY.”

Love's cheek grew very hot as he read. So, there had been some disquietness, and Lord Rich had not attained his desires. He could not give her news of his brother, but she had

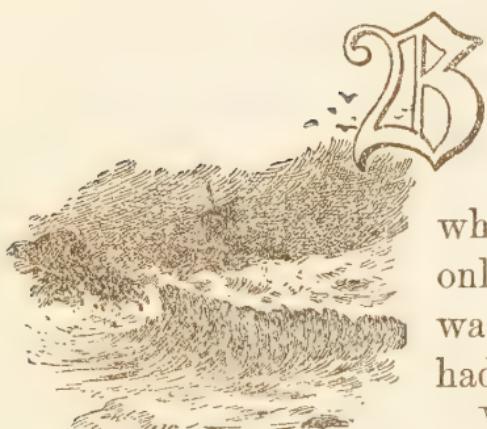
not in this rather formal letter at all expressed the warmth of her feeling for Wrestling, and it seemed to Love that she referred to him with equal kindness. Why could he not in time strive to win her for himself? He placed the letter within his heart, and walked so far that night came down and surprised him beyond the boundaries of the city, before he came to himself sufficiently to turn and walk homeward.

CHAPTER X.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

Our thoughts shall such soft pathos have
As when a man doth come
From wandering of many years
Back to a silent home.
Like sunshine on a vacant hearth,
And ashes gray and cold,
And ghastly squares upon the wall
Where portraits were of old.

—ROBERT PALFREY UTTER.



EFOR Love had finished reading Patience Dudley's letter the question which had been her only reason for writing was answered, and she had seen Wrestling.

When he had been awakened from his heavy sleep at Clopton House by the hurried entrance of the fugitive conspirators he had only time to thrust the objects—which Patience afterward found—

under the cushion, when he was confronted by Percy.

When asked to give an account of himself, Wrestling had simply replied that, on hearing of the failure of the plot, he had fled hither to warn Father Greenway. Percy had no suspicion that he had done so before the arrest of Guy Fawkes, but deemed it wise to keep the boy, and insisted on his accompanying the party to Stephen Littleton's. Here, when taken by the sheriff, Wrestling, unfortunately for himself, refused to give his name. Percy was killed, and none of the others knew who he was, but they had heard him speak of the Jesuits, and he was designated in the report made to Cecil as a "servant to Father Greenway." The astute Cecil immediately guessed that he was the lad who had been the Jesuit's intermediary with Sir Walter Raleigh. It was still Cecil's hope to implicate Raleigh, and he ordered that Wrestling should be confined with Raleigh, and allowed to wait upon him as his valet. Between the adjoining cell and Sir Walter's there was a grating high in the wall, which permitted all conversation to be distinctly heard, and here Cecil stationed one of his creatures for several days to listen to what was said by Raleigh and Wrestling. Instead of discovering anything

connecting Raleigh with the Gunpowder Plot or with an attempt to escape, Cecil became convinced that the boy knew of his own agency in the matter, and that his testimony would prove most undesirable. He therefore determined that Wrestling should remain where he was, virtually buried alive. As in the case of Sir Walter, Cecil neither dared to bring him to public execution nor to set him at liberty.

Raleigh attempted to obtain his release, but his letters were inspected by the Governor of the Tower, who warned him not to persist in efforts which were worse than useless.

Wrestling also begged him to attempt nothing until he was himself at liberty, lest a more terrible fate should fall upon them both. Raleigh therefore determined to wait for a more favorable opportunity, and for seven years Wrestling lived in companionship with his hero. He acted as Raleigh's reader and secretary, and together they finished the first volume of the "History of the World." He worked in the little garden in the court, where Raleigh was allowed to cultivate exotic plants, and in the still-house, where he concocted his famous elixir. Wrestling assayed the ores brought from El Dorado in his little laboratory. He drew Raleigh's maps; and, listening to his conversations on

jurisprudence, on shipbuilding, on history, diplomacy, and on poetry, it is doubtful whether Love, who had now entered the University of Leyden, was obtaining so liberal an education. They were not unhappy years, and Wrestling could have declared with John Bunyan :

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds peaceable and quiet take
Such for an hermitage.”

At length the long course of study was over, and Wrestling was graduated from what we might consider his University of the Tower. Prince Henry, who had been in wretched health, had rallied temporarily, and visited Sir Walter, who was making a set of designs for his pleasure yacht the *Prince*. This light little craft showed its good construction some years afterward, when it weathered a terrible storm while bringing Prince Charles back from his ill-fated wooing of the Infanta.

As Prince Henry listened to the explanations which Wrestling gave of the drawings which he had made under Sir Walter’s direction he became so interested that he asked Raleigh the name of his assistant. On learning Wrestling’s history the Prince remembered and reported Patience’s intercession, and insisted that the

Governor of the Tower should release the young man on his princely word, that the King had signed his pardon.

The Governor might not have done this if Cecil had been in power and in London; but the Premier was very ill, and, it was currently reported, could not recover. He had gone down to Bath only to grow worse, though his indomitable will defied death. His secretaries kept him informed of every minute detail of official business that was transacted in his absence, and he still held the reins of government.

When he knew that Wrestling had been set at liberty he realized that he had made a great mistake in not having him executed while he was in his power. He could not have brought him to trial, but there were other ways. Tresham and Percy had died without babbling, and he had still trusty agents to do his bidding. His first concern was to ascertain where Wrestling had gone, and when informed that he had set out for Serooby, only delaying his journey to learn from Lady Rich's steward that Patience Dudley was with her father at the Earl of Lincoln's hunting lodge, a look of malicious satisfaction settled upon his grim visage. Wrestling had two days' start of the man

whom Cecil would put upon his track, but he was bound on a lover's errand, and there was no fear that he would leave Patience immediately when once he had found her. One of the most brutal ruffians in Cecil's employ was instructed to lie in wait in Sherwood Forest, just outside the entrance to the lodge, and waylay the wooer. Wrestling had left London without confiding to any of Cecil's enemies the conversation he had heard in the vault of the Parliament House. He must never return to tell of that little act in the drama.

Meantime Wrestling, all unconscious of any danger, was hastening toward his old home.

He was a young man of twenty-one now, but every detail of that home was stamped upon his memory, and as he approached the familiar region, riding by post, his eyes were wet with happy tears and his heart full to bursting. He thought of his mother, gentle and patient, with whitening hair and a face that always lighted with a smile, when her glance rested upon him. He had written her many letters from the Tower. It seemed to him that some must have reached her, and that she must have written in reply, though no word had ever come to him.

He was struck from a distance by the

deserted appearance of the house, and the post-boy deadened the blow of what would have been a great shock by telling him that the family had gone none knew whither.

He gave his horse to the care of the boy and, leaping the stile, strode across the fields the nearest way. He found a loose shutter, entered like a burglar, and stole like his own ghost from room to room. It was all so familiar and yet so heart-breaking in its desolation. It seemed to him as he opened each door that here at last he must find everything as it had been and the old loved faces. The chapel was least changed, but he cared least for that room, and the bit of Flemish tapestry was gone from the hall, though the settle where he used to sit and study it was still in its place. It seemed to him that they might have known that he would come back, and that they ought to have left some word for him; but there was no letter in his own room, where he half hoped to find it, no message for him with the strange care-taker whom he found later at the gate-keeper's lodge. He walked sadly, even bitterly, through Sherwood Forest. Had they forgotten him, that they deserted him thus? The tears came to his eyes, but he dashed them aside. There

was still one friend left who would not forget. Patience, if she was at the hunting lodge, would have a welcome for him. But as he entered the forest he met an aged man, who passed him, turned and stared, and then called to him asking if he were not the son of William Brewster.

“I am indeed,” Wrestling replied, “but I know you not.”

“Yet I have seen you as a boy in this forest,” replied the old man, for I am a Morton of Bawtry. Heard you never of the Mortons?”

“Aye, that must everyone who has lived in this region, for Robert Morton endowed there the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, with a hermitage wherein a priest might have residence to keep hospitality for poor people and to pray for the founder and for all Christian souls.”

“You remember well the words of my ancestor’s testament. Know you aught else of the Mortons?”

“I have heard that Nicholas Morton, the priest, came disguised to this country in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and brought with him the Papal bull declaring her an excommunicated heretic; and that though a price was put upon his head, and he was known to

have carried messages to and from Mary Stuart while she was a prisoner at Fotheringay Castle, scarce a score of miles from here, yet he was never caught."

The old man looked at Wrestling keenly. "That was because my pursuers had not wit," he replied, "for I perceive that thou hast divined that I am that Nicholas Morton. I would not acknowledge it to thee but that I also know certain passages of thy history which assure me that we may trust each other. I dwell now under an assumed name near the hospice founded by my ancestor; come and share my room to-night, as Father Greenway did before he left England. He told me of thee and how he owed thee his life. 'Tis a debt that any of his brethren will gladly repay thee for him if they have opportunity."

"I accept thy offer, Brother Morton," said Wrestling; "I was going on to Captain Dudley's, but it is almost night, the way is long, and I find myself almost at the end of my strength."

In accepting the hospitality of Nicholas Morton, Wrestling hoped to hear more of Father Greenway, and he was not disappointed. The Jesuit had escaped to Spain and had gone as a missionary to the Indians in the New World.

The next morning Wrestling left his host as soon as he could do so with courtesy, and again set out to call upon Patience and Captain Dudley. But as he passed the inn he heard a familiar voice calling his name, and, although somewhat changed by the lapse of years, recognized his old friend George Sandys. He found it impossible to tear himself away from his company until the forenoon had passed, and they had lunched together, for Sandys had much to tell him of his own family: of Love's devoted search for him in London; of the persecutions of the Separatists, and of their removal to Amsterdam and subsequently to Leyden. "But they are not yet at the end of their pilgrimage, or I mistake me," said Sandys, "for America is the place for them, and for us all. What are you thinking of doing? I wish you would go to Virginia with me, or to Bermuda. I am sure that my brother could obtain grants of land for us, and we could soon become wealthy planters and marry Indian princesses."

Wrestling shook his head. "If Sir Walter is pardoned and succeeds in organizing his expedition to El Dorado, I will go out with him, and if you are on your plantation at Bermuda I will call upon you and your Indian

beauty; but my princess is here in England, and I shall have to persuade her to emigrate before I can settle anywhere."

George Sandys' face grew grave. "You mean Patience Dudley," he said. And then he told Wrestling of his interview with her at Whitehall, and what Lady Rich had told him of her prospects.

"And is there any truth in it, think you?" Wrestling asked.

"I fear there is," Sandys replied, "for my Lord Rich is at the lodge now. He came up from London yesterday. I fear you will only give yourself pain by calling on Patience, and that you will find that Sir Philip Sidney's riddle is yours as well."

"What was Sidney's riddle?" Wrestling asked.

"Sir Philip had a most detestable mania for making puns. He made them on his death-bed, and in his deepest despair—I wonder that you do not recall his verses to Stella :

“ ‘ Listen then, lordlings, with good care to me,
For of my life I must a riddle tell.
Towards Aurora’s court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man’s eye can see,
Rich in the treasure of deserved renown,
Rich in the riches of a royal heart,
Rich in those gifts which give the eternal crown.

Who, though most rich in these and every part
Which makes the patents of true worldly bliss,
Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.'"

"Nevertheless," Wrestling replied, "Patience is made of different stuff from Sidney's Stella, and I could never believe so poorly of Patience as that she could ever be Rich in the sense you mean."

He bade farewell to his tenacious friend and strode rapidly through the forest, wondering what new impediment would arise to delay him. He carried a volume which Nicholas Morton had given him, and it reminded him of the many times when as a student he had trudged through the wood with his school-books under his arm. He had reached the beginning of the Earl of Lincoln's park, and was skirting the low wall which separated it from the chase, looking eagerly for the well-remembered gap through which he used to pass in taking the short cut to the arbor, when he heard at some little distance, but coming rapidly nearer, the galloping of a horse. Thinking that only a runaway horse could be taking so mad a pace through the forest, he stepped out of the path, and immediately after a man, hatless but booted and spurred, dashed by. In that swift passage Wrestling saw his face distinctly

—the low, ruffian features of the professional cutthroat, a bully, and an assassin, with corselet and heavy broadsword and a long, murderous knife at his belt. He did not see *Wrestling*, for he was looking straight forward and ducking his head incessantly to avoid the overhanging boughs; but there was something strangely familiar in his face, and after a moment's thought *Wrestling* remembered that he had seen it last in the attack at Stephen Littleton's house. He could have sworn that he was the man who had thrust Percy's own sword through his heart when it was offered in surrender. While he was thinking of these things a woman's cry rang through the forest: "Help! help! Murder!" and *Wrestling* dashed forward in the direction from which the fugitive had come. Only a little further on, at the gap in the wall for which he was looking, he came across the victim of the assassin and the woman who had uttered the cry—Lord Rich and Patience Dudley. His lordship was stretched, wounded and unconscious, upon the ground, and Patience was kneeling beside him. As *Wrestling* approached she lifted his head with her right arm while her left hand pressed firmly the wound in his shoulder. *Wrestling* came up behind her; so softly that she did not hear, and he

looked at her keenly, more interested in what he should see in her face than in whether the man whom she was holding so tenderly had any chance for life. His heart was so full of jealousy at that moment that if he had read love in Patience's eyes he could not have lifted his hand to aid his rival had his life depended upon it. But Patience turned and faced him with a look so calm in its pleading that all the insane hate and suspicion left his heart and he had the heavy breastplate unbuckled in an instant, the lace and velvet torn away, and the wound staunched in a more skillful way than she could have done it. Then he bade her hasten to the lodge for someone with a stretcher, promising to remain with his lordship until her return. She brought water in his hat from a little brook, bathed Lord Rich's face, and forced him to drink a little; and he began to babble, "Don't say no, Patience!" Then, opening his eyes and recognizing Wrestling, he murmured: "You need not have stabbed me. It was you she loved—all the time. I knew she would come along the path, and I was waiting for her; but I knew, too, that it was of no use, for it was you all the time."

Wrestling quieted him, and presently Cap-

tain Dudley came with the improvised stretcher, and together they carried him to the lodge, where Mistress Dudley met them, and they laid the wounded man in a white bed which Patience and she had prepared in a large lower room looking out upon the formal flower beds. For days they tended him, taking turns, for the cut was an ugly one, though Captain Dudley was sure from the first that they would pull him through. As soon as consciousness was restored he remembered how it all happened and absolved Wrestling from any complicity in the deed. When told that Wrestling had appeared at his house in London and had asked for Patience, Lord Rich had at once surmised his errand and had determined to make one last effort. "She shall choose between us," he had said to himself; "perhaps when she sees him the reality may not come up to the ideal which she has cherished all these years, perhaps she has had time to reconsider the refusal given at Whitehall when she was scarcely more than a child, and the Earl of Warwick may stand some chance as the rival of a penniless ex-convict." But while he believed that he had the advantage, he would not use it unfairly, and he sent Wrestling true directions of where to find Patience. Moreover, on learning on his

arrival at Captain Dudley's that Wrestling had not appeared, he did not, as he easily might have done, keep back the news that Wrestling was at liberty and on his way to them until he had plead his own cause; but he told Patience frankly that she would probably soon have another declaration to place beside his own, and he wished her to consider this in giving him his answer. Patience assured Lord Rich that if Wrestling had never existed her answer must still be the same; but the joy that flamed in her face when she heard that he was free was impossible for her to conceal and for him to misunderstand. Lord Rich returned to the inn at Scrooby; but learning there that Wrestling had visited his old home the day before and had gone away, he began to wonder why the young man had not gone to the Dudleys', and my lord determined to return again to the Lodge. If he was mistaken in thinking that Wrestling loved Patience, if he never came to woo, perhaps Patience would still listen to his own pleading. Lord Rich felt sure that if Wrestling did not go to the Lodge that morning Patience would take the little path across the forest to the old manor house of the Archbishop of York to see if he had been heard from by the care-taker at his old home;

and not caring to appear again before her family, his lordship had awaited her coming at the gap in the wall. He had seen George Sandys that morning, and scornful words had passed between them, so that when he had been set upon by the cutthroat, whom Wrestling met a few minutes later fleeing from the scene, Lord Rich most unjustly connected Sandys with the murderous attack. The ruffian had lain in wait at this spot for Wrestling, and had mistakenly supposed that Lord Rich was the man whom he had been employed to assassinate.

Though wounded, Lord Rich had endeavored to defend himself, but the coward had dodged behind a tree, in which his lordship buried his sword, which snapped at the hilt. Then dizzily reeling quite around, he fell, and so Patience found him shortly after. Nursing the man who had received the thrust intended for him was in more than one sense a labor of love for Wrestling.

Patience was always waiting in the garden when he went off duty and Captain Dudley took his place—and there was so much to talk about that it was hard for him to be persuaded to take any time for sleep. For Patience had promised to be his wife and to go with him some

day to Virginia. Lord Rich had joined their hands. "A little blood-letting," he said, "cools a hot head, and since I have had the taste of cold steel Cupid's arrows rankle less painfully." He promised to aid them in their plans for emigration and was so magnanimous that he won all hearts.

Captain Dudley was well pleased with his daughter's betrothal, for William Brewster was his old friend, and he believed that Wrestling inherited his father's sterling qualities, and preferred him as a son-in-law to the impulsive and volatile earl. He had no faith or hope in the possibility that the mystery shrouding his own origin could be cleared away or his pedigree traced to any of the sons of Northumberland or the Sutton Dudleys. He would have felt it no honor to have been proved the son of Leicester or to have known that royal blood coursed through his veins, though his daughter Anne, in writing of the ambitions of middle life, sings:

"Then with both hands I grasped the world together—

Greater than was the greatest, my desire
And thirst for honor set my heart on fire ;
My thirst was higher than nobility,
I oft longed sore to taste of royalty."

But Thomas Dudley could have honestly said :

*" My boast is not that I desire my birth
From kings enthroned or rulers of the earth,
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
The child of parents passed into the skies."*

Before Lord Rich was quite strong exciting news came which called Wrestling to London. The real king of England had gone to his account, not the puppet James, but the man who had actually ruled, Cecil, Earl of Salisbury. Prince Henry was ailing, and the Puritans, who looked to him with hope and to the wily earl with fear, must have felt that it was an interposition of Providence that Cecil should have died first. No one had more cause to watch with anxiety the duration of these two lives than Sir Walter Raleigh, still a prisoner in the Tower. Nothing could be done for him so long as Cecil lived, but when it was known that the premier had expired on the 24th of May, 1612, while attempting to return to London, energetic efforts were made for Raleigh's release by the Prince and his other friends, and the services of the most able man of his time, Sir Francis Bacon, were secured to effect this end.

Unfortunately that very summer the Prince

took a violent cold while playing tennis, and fell into a fever which baffled the medical skill of the time, but has since been surmised to have been typhoid. He died on October 10, but not before he had wrung a promise from his father to pardon Raleigh for his sake on Christmas Day. This promise at the deathbed of his son King James remembered and confessed, but to his eternal disgrace basely failed to keep. He had long before refused the Prince's request to give back to Lady Raleigh the beautiful home at Sherbourne, which had been confiscated at the time of her husband's attainder, for this estate was desired by Carr, one of the King's favorites. But it was doubtless through his influence that James gave Lady Raleigh an annuity of four hundred pounds, and a gift outright of eight thousand pounds, as an equivalent for the landed property.

With this eight thousand pounds Bacon continued his efforts. The man who had taken Cecil's place in power, if not in actual office, was George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Buckingham was notorious for the sale of his influence with the King. After three years of negotiation James became at length so interested in the story of the gold mine of El Dorado that he consented that Raleigh should be re-

leased from prison, to fit out and conduct an expedition to Guiana. The eight thousand pounds (or as much remained after the fees of over fifteen hundred pounds were paid to Villiers and others) was used for the equipment of the little fleet. Buckingham offered for seven hundred pounds more than he was paid to obtain Raleigh a free pardon from the King, but Bacon advised Raleigh not to accept. "If you come back successful you will not need it. If unsuccessful it would avail you nothing, for other charges would be trumped up against you," he argued; "while money to put your expedition on the best possible footing is most needful to you now."

"The Shepherd of the Ocean" was released on March 17, 1615, after an imprisonment of twelve years, and at once set about gathering his flock of seven small ships, which he hoped would return from their green sea-pastures heavy with golden fleeces.

Many of his old friends volunteered to join the expedition, and some who had coveted positions on his flagship, the *Destiny*, were surprised and envious when Raleigh announced that his lieutenant was to be a young man who had been his fellow-prisoner for seven years. Wrestling had been employed by Raleigh

before his own release in traveling from point to point, overseeing the collection of supplies and the equipment of the fleet. It was June of the year 1617 before it was ready to sail, and in this interval Wrestling visited his family in Holland.

Patience had divided with him the Jesuit's gift, and each wore, hidden from sight, one-half of the rosary of blood and tears—fit emblem of the vicissitudes through which they were to pass. Wrestling had also obtained the breviary from Sir Edwin Sandys and carried it with him. When the fleet finally set out from Plymouth two women watched it from a little headland, and waved their scarfs until the *Destiny* was only a speck upon the horizon. They were Lady Raleigh and Patience Dudley, who had gone down from London together to take farewell of their adventurers. Their hearts were full of apprehensions of storms and disaster. But the shipwreck of Raleigh's *Destiny* was not to take place on the wild ocean or on any foreign reef or rocks. He was to return, having surmounted many perils, but, such are the paradoxes of fate, might well have envied his young lieutenant, who had plighted his faith to return for his betrothed, but would never come back to his native land.

CHAPTER XI.

MIGRATORUS HABITA.

Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

SOON after the Pilgrims settled in Amsterdam circumstances arose which made it seem more advisable for them to make Leyden their residence. Amsterdam was the metropolis of Holland, a populous, wealthy city, and as



such its entire atmosphere was saturated with money getting and money spending. A thoroughly worldly, commercial, and extravagant manner of living prevailed among its burghers; while they found the Brownists, (a Separatist congregation which had emigrated before them,

with whom they had hoped to fraternize), opposed to a democratic church government, jealous of the newcomers, and quarrelsome; and it soon became evident that they could not live together in harmony. The Brownists, from living among their Dutch neighbors, who thoroughly believed in enjoying all the good things of this present life, seemed to the Pilgrims to have grown too luxurious. "Mistress Johnson, the minister's wife, wore lawn coives [caps], and busks, and a velvet hood, and whalebones in her petticoat bodice, and worst of all a topish hat." It is true that Mistress Johnson, who was the daughter of a well-to-do Fleet Street haberdasher, paid for all of these fashionable extravagances with her own money; but they were deemed to argue too frivolous a mind for a pastor's wife. But there was another woman in the Amsterdam church, "an ancient widow" whose name has not reached us, but who received the unqualified respect of the Pilgrims. This was the deaconess, of whom Governor Bradford writes:

"She did them service many years, though she was sixty years of age when she was chosen. She honored her place, and was an ornament to the congregation. She usually sat in a convenient place in the congregation with a little

birchen rod in her hand ; and kept little children in great awe, from disturbing the congregation. She did frequently visit the sick, and called out maids and young women to watch and do them other helps. And she was obeyed as a mother in Israel, and an Officer of Christ."

If the Dutch were kind to themselves in deeming it no sin to dress well and live well, they were equally kind to others. Brewster had been struck during his former visit with the fact that there were almost no poor in Holland. There were orphanages, hospitals, asylums for every species of unfortunate, old men's homes and old women's homes, and even in the prisons the criminals were well treated. The great portrait painters have left us groups of the boards of managers of these benevolent institutions, in which the lady presidents have aristocratic but kindly features ; the secretaries may be plain, but they grasp their goose quills with an air of conscious ability, and the treasurers hold open caskets overflowing with gold coins and strings of pearls. The question of how to maintain these charities pressed hard upon the ingenuity of these good women, as it does upon the mothers in Israel of our own day ; and, as in all other countries and in all ages, entertainments were made to contribute

the necessary funds. In Portugal the sisters of charity sell lottery tickets for the support of their orphanages, in Spain the nuns importune you to purchase tickets to bullfights. In old Amsterdam, as in new, the theater gave benefits for every charity. The managers of the Dutch charities were even more enterprising than those of our own time. The “Academy” of Amsterdam was purchased by the Regents of the city’s orphan asylum and of the old men’s home. The managers of these charities as an investment enlarged and beautified this theater, and gave plays here twice a week to the great profit of these institutions.

The first drama presented was Vondel’s tragedy “Gysbrecht.” It was so popular that from the night of its first presentation, two hundred and fifty years ago, to the present time it has been acted every New Year’s Eve in the theater of Amsterdam. One of the characters is made to prophesy the future greatness of the city :

“The town of commerce, Amsterdam
Known round the circle of the globe,”

“which,” says Mr. Van Noppen, translator of Vondel’s “Lucifer,” “may be interpreted as prophetic of the grandeur of the greater New Amsterdam beyond the sea.”

It is not probable that the Separatists ever attended these plays, though they were all of an elevated character and given as benefits for charity. Even the Dutch Puritans agreed with their English co-religionists in the opinion that the theater was "a school of idleness, a mount of idolatry, a relic of paganism leading to sin, Godlessness, impurity, and frivolity, and a mere waste of time." In England this was almost true, but Shakspeare's genius was to lift the drama to a noble position, and Milton the Puritan was soon to be attracted by great dramatic themes too sublime for actual presentation.

Vondel's "Lucifer" was published thirteen years before "Paradise Lost." Milton could read Dutch and he doubtless borrowed from the Dutch dramatist, as Shakspeare did from earlier playwrights. "Milton," says Van Noppen, "had a wonderful memory, which involuntarily emptied its gatherings into the flow of his thought. That this was not always done unconsciously is known from Milton's own confession, where he says: 'To borrow and to better in the borrowing is no plagiariie.' And that he bettered who can doubt?"

While the Pilgrims looked upon this rich and pleasant city of Amsterdam as too much

given to luxuries and temptations to worldliness, the more scholastic atmosphere of the university town of Leyden was peculiarly attractive to men who believed in “plain living and high thinking.”

Leyden was at this time “one of the grandest, the comeliest, and the most charming cities of the world.” One of the professors of its university, Polyander, was wont to say: “Of the four quarters of the globe Europe is the noblest. The Low Countries are the best part of Europe. Of its seventeen provinces Holland is the richest. Its most altogether charming city is Leyden, while the loveliest street in Leyden is the Rapenburg. Wherefore I am lodged in the most beautiful spot in the world.”

The University, the glory of Leyden, had been chosen by its people when the Prince of Orange offered them as a reward for their heroic defense of the city against the Spanish either exemption from taxes or the foundation of this great school of learning.

At first there were four different departments: divinity, law, medicine, and the school of arts, but others were continually added. Prince Maurice, who had studied with Simon Stevinus, inspector of the dikes, established an engineering course, and as quickly as a great

man made his appearance in any department of knowledge, no expense was spared by the trustees, and even diplomatic negotiation was resorted to, in order to acquire him as a professor. It became a matter of national pride that their university should surpass all others. The Dutch fleet was deputed to escort famous men to their new home. Among the many eminent men who occupied its chairs were: Scaliger, whom Hallam calls “the most extraordinary master of erudition who ever lived”; Grotius, still the acknowledged authority on international law; Gornar and Arminius in theology, St. Aldegonde in diplomacy, Lipsius in history, Cluverius and Peter Paaw in natural sciences, and Boerhaave in medicine. These men attracted students from all Europe and from England as well.

Descartes, the great mechanical philosopher, lived in the suburbs; Rembrandt resided at a house on the ramparts on the Pelican Quay near the White Gate. The castle crowned the burg, or eminence, around whose foot a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants clustered, with a handsome *hôtel de ville* and a cathedral of five naves. On the south side of the cathedral, next the belfry, stood a roomy house, having a large garden which was inclosed between

the Veiled Nuns' Cloister, the University Library, and the Donckere Graft or Dark Canal. This desirable piece of property was purchased in the name of John Robinson, and in the garden twenty-one tiny cottages were built for the poorer members of the congregation.

In this charming spot bounded by cloister, cathedral, and library, with the quaintly cut box hedges and beds of tulips mirrored in the amber waters of the quiet canal, and the grand old chimes flinging down their harmonies with each stroke of the quarter-hour, the Pilgrims lived in great love and harmony. The poorer sort worked at trades. William Brewster, who resided in his own hired house in another part of the city, gave lessons in English, possibly under the auspices of the university, "and so," says Bradford, "his outward condition was mended, and he lived well and plentifully. For he fell into a way, by reason he had the Latin tongue to teach many students [of the University] who had a desire to learn English: and by his method they quickly attained to it with great facility; for he drew rules to learn it by after the Latin manner. And many gentlemen, both Danes and Germans, resorted to him, as they had time from other studies: some of them being Great Men's sons."

For twelve years the Pilgrims were to enjoy the privileges of this delightful city. For Love Brewster especially they were days of rare pleasure and profit. He immediately recommenced his interrupted studies, fitting himself to enter the University. John Robinson also became a student of the school of divinity, thus acquiring a gownsman's privileges, and gaining distinguished honors in debate. In their contempt of riches and the commercial life, the Pilgrims had the same antagonism for such cities as London and Amsterdam as Thoreau might have felt for New York, such aversion as Lucian voiced for Rome. Love's heart thrilled with sympathy when he found in the writings of the Greek sage these words: "Let the man who loves riches, dazzled by the glitter of gold, who measures happiness by show and power, never tasting the sweets of freedom nor the frank intimacy of equals, who never faced truth, because nurtured always on flattery and servility; or he who turns his mind to pleasure alone, worshiping only that, let such dwell at Rome: life there is suited to such corruption."

The elevated thought and scholastic calm of this university town were especially agreeable to Love. There was a boy of twelve living in Leyden at this time named Rembrandt van Rijn

who had begun to paint. Sometimes he came to sketch the Dark Canal behind the Veiled Nuns' Cloister with an older artist called Cuyp.

These artists first opened Love's eyes to the beauty of the reflections, showing him how the still water of the "Donckere Graft" shadowed and harmonized the garish lights and colors, bringing them all together in lower tones as in a Claude Lorraine glass. The glory of sunshine filtering through foliage and suffusing the red hair of a peasant with a radiance like a saint's aureole was another revelation which Rembrandt taught Love in the pretty garden behind the belfry. Love had chosen one of the cottages on whose "stoop" the sunshine fell, and in his imagination saw Patience standing there with the aureole about her hair, looking for him as he came from the University. He had determined to go to England to tell her of this dream-picture, when one day as he came back from the lecture-room to his own home his mother met him, and the rapture in her face told him that Wrestling had come home. Very manfully he choked back all personal hopes, and gave his brother a cordial greeting, wishing him all joy as he told of his betrothal to Patience. Wrestling remained

with them but a short time, for he had much to do for Sir Walter, but in his brief visit he wakened the spirit of emigration in the little colony. In 1614 Robert Harcourt had published a relation of the first voyage to Guiana, and the Pilgrims had already discussed going there. There were reasons why even beautiful Leyden could be no "continuing city" for the exiles, reasons which forced them even here to take as their motto the words we have written at the head of this chapter, *Migratus habita* (I dwell as about to depart). First of all, the twelve-years' truce between the Dutch and the Spaniards was drawing to a close and the country was soon to be plunged again in war; and the Pilgrims, who were averse to fighting other people's battles, saw with regret their more adventurous sons enlisting in the Dutch army. The kindness with which they had been received by the Dutch had also a not altogether desired effect; the young people were intermarrying and dropping away from the Puritan congregation. They were learning the Dutch language, and the Fathers saw that if they remained in Leyden they would lose their individuality as to church and nationality, and the next generation would become thoroughly Dutch.

They found, too, that they were not quite out of the reach of English persecution.

William Brewster, aside from his duties as a teacher, had found time to start a successful business as a book publisher. Leyden was renowned for its printing. The celebrated Elzevir press, whose faultless editions are the admiration of collectors of our own day, was established here. It was easy to have printing done in English by Dutch printers, if carefully corrected by English proof readers. Many controversial tracts and books had been written by Puritans in Scotland and England, whose publication was prohibited in those countries; and Brewster was shrewd enough to see the demand for such literature, and the possibility of building up a publishing house for the Nonconformists. Brewster's partner in the business was a wealthy young Englishman named Brewer, who was a student of the University. But King James, not liking the tone of the books published by this firm in their establishment in the Choer Steeg (Choir Alley), sent out a demand through the English Ambassador to Holland that Brewster and Brewer should be arrested and sent to England as criminals. The publishers had powerful friends who fought this demand. Moreover, there had been certain

rights and privileges accorded to the University, and its students could not be arrested by the civil authorities. The matter became one of the feuds between "Town and Gown," the University protecting Brewer, who might have defied the demands of the law. He very magnanimously consented of his own accord to go to England and answer to the King for what he had done. The matter became almost an international, episode, and his safe conduct was assured the Dutch Government. But instead of promptly trying Brewer, he was committed to prison, where he was left to languish for fourteen years, being only discharged by the Long Parliament when the Puritan party came into power. All this time William Brewster was a hunted man, and he and his friends knew that he stood in danger of a similar fate.

For these and other reasons the Pilgrims determined once more to take up the staff and wallet, and this time to remove to so distant and isolated a country that they would be able to preserve their religious liberty.

All this was being talked over when Wrestling visited them, and they had even decided that Virginia should be the spot in which their colony should be planted.

William Brewster was appointed on the com-

mittee to arrange with Sir Edwin Sandys, who was then treasurer of the council of the Virginia Company, for a grant of land and charter from the King, and when Wrestling sailed away with Sir Walter Raleigh it was with the understanding that he would return the following year, marry Patience, and join the Pilgrims in their emigration.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN.

E'en such is Time, who takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us naught but age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days.
And from which grave and earth and dust
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH

(*Written in his Bible*).



N many ways Wrest-
ling's hero was not
at all heroic. He
was at all times very
human, and some-
times fell far beneath
what should be the uni-
versal standard of manli-
ness. He was not always
morally brave; and this flaw
in his character, of some-
times choosing the easier
way when stern duty pointed in another direc-
tion, was always visited in his case by terrible

retribution. Kingsley says of Sir Walter Raleigh that he was “one whom God so loved that he caused his slightest sin to bring its own punishment.”

His mistakes were not only punished, they were fully repented of, and, so far as possible, expiated, while his virtues and admirable qualities were pre-eminent. He never quailed before physical danger; he could “toil terribly,” endure all things; and while his enemies called him proud, his friends knew the wonderful capacity of affection of his great, unselfish heart.

In Aubrey’s correspondence is the following description of his personal appearance :

“He was a tall, handsome, and bold man. . . . In the great parlour at Downton at Mr. Raleigh’s is a good piece, an original of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, all embroidered with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chain of great pearls about his neck. The old servants have told me that the [real] pearls were near as big as the painted ones.”

But although an accomplished courtier (and the incident of his spreading his velvet cloak as a carpet for Queen Elizabeth is a typical one), he cared more for a life near to nature’s heart than that of the court. A poem, written while

in retirement at his loved country-place at Sherbourne, testifies charmingly to this:

“ Go, let the diving negro seek
For pearls hid in some Indian creek.
We all pearls scorn,
Save those the dewy morn
Congeals upon some little spires of grass
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.”

Both Sir Walter and Lady Raleigh had a deep affection for Sherbourne, where their happiest days were passed. Raleigh desired to leave it to his wife, and when King James gave the estate to Carr, Raleigh appealed to him from prison, “ I beseech you not to begin your first building on the ruins of the innocent.” The appeal was disregarded, but it made a vivid impression on everyone but the low-minded Carr; and when he in turn fell from favor, and the King offered Sherbourne to Villiers, the Duke quoted Raleigh’s words in his reply to James, “ Do not build my fortune on another man’s ruins,” and the King gave Buckingham eleven manors as an equivalent.

Raleigh had thrown over every other hope and staked his last venture on the voyage to Guiana. His wife put in pawn a little property

which she had received as her dowry. Their son Walter, a young man of great promise, who had been educated at Oxford, had Ben Jonson for his tutor, and was betrothed to an heiress of immense estates, joined his father in this enterprise. Wrestling had seen him frequently at the Tower, and they became devoted comrades. He found himself associated also with other men bearing the most honorable of English names. Our story touches that of Raleigh only after his fall from fortune's favor, and has given no mention of the brilliant successes of his life, of his naval and military exploits during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These are a part of history; and it is the author's hope that her readers may be interested to supplement these brief allusions by more serious reading. The dauntless career of the hero of Cadiz and Fayal was fresh in the minds of Englishmen, and some of the old sailors who had gained victories under him were not too aged to rally around him again. The greater part of his command, however, were of a younger generation, who had heard of Raleigh but had never served with him. Among these were "twenty or thirty very adventurous gentlemen of singular courage," though the greater number are described "as

weak men as ever followed valiant leaders." There were many soldiers of fortune and wild youths whose parents were glad to ship them on a long voyage to keep them out of mischief at home. Of these there were not wanting a large number who were excellent seamen—for piracy was a popular employment, one might almost say amusement, among the lordlings who owned castles along the English coast.

" As the modern gentleman keeps his yacht," says Froude, " so the Elizabethan knights (men belonging to the best families in England) kept their ambiguous cruisers and levied war on their own account. A fast Flemish trader has sailed from Antwerp to Cadiz, something happens to her on the way and she never reaches her destination. At midnight carts and horses run down to the sea over the sands of Lowestoft; the black hull and spars of a vessel are seen outside the breakers, dimly riding in the gloom, and a boat shoots through the surf loaded to the gunwale. Bales are shot swiftly into the carts; the horses drag back their loads, which before daybreak are safe in the cellars of some quiet manor-house, and the mysterious vessel glides away to look for a fresh victim." The Cobhams of Cowling Castle, brothers-in-law of Cecil, were notorious pirates,

and the elder Lord Rich had bought his title with the fruits of piratical ventures.

As the event proved, it made very little difference to the majority of Raleigh's crew whether they were engaged upon an expedition of honorable discovery or of piracy. The Spanish ambassador at the court of King James, Don Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, Count of Gondomar, had good reason to look upon the expedition with suspicion and to inquire King James' intentions in sending it out; but it was certainly a breach of faith on the part of Raleigh's sovereign that he should have given Count Gondomar a copy of Raleigh's chart of his projected cruise, which was sent to Madrid before Raleigh's fleet had left Plymouth.

James was pursuing at this time a double policy. Fascinated by the hope of having his son Charles marry the Infanta, he was attempting to placate Philip by pretending to deal openly with him, and by giving Raleigh orders not to molest Spaniards, though he must have known that such an expedition could not be carried out without fighting, for which he was now taking care to shirk the responsibility. There were two parties in the councils of England: one, headed by Villiers and Somerset, in favor of the Spanish marriage; another,

of which Secretary Winwood was leader, which insisted on regarding Spain as the enemy of England—and the King wavered between them, faithful to neither. When Raleigh first visited Guiana in 1595 it had not been claimed by Spain, but since that time a small Spanish colony had been planted on the Orinoco, and word was immediately sent to it from Spain of the projected expedition. France also regarded the operations with interest. The French ambassador Desmarests wrote to Richelieu informing him of the expedition; and the astute minister, who appreciated the value of such a man, replied with instructions that Raleigh (who is designated in this correspondence as "Ouastre Rali") was if possible to be won from the service of England to that of France, and sent him a commission in the French navy. So widespread was the interest taken in this enterprise that even the Grand Mogul was informed of it through the English ambassador at his court, who had heard of it from his friend Sir George Carew.

Raleigh believed thoroughly in the existence of the gold-mine of which he had heard during his first voyage to Guiana; moreover he had sent out an expedition under Captain Lawrence Keymis in 1596 to discover it, and

though Keymis had failed to reach the mine he had been informed of its exact situation and had brought back specimens of the ore. The Indian who had found his way to London, and who had supported himself for some time by giving exhibitions in the Bear Garden, also knew of the situation of the mine, and was devoted to Raleigh; but despairing of his release he had sailed to America with Sir Ferdinando Gorges. He had, however, promised Sir Walter to keep a lookout and a warm welcome for him among his people, and to guide him on his arrival to El Dorado.

The voyage was disastrous from the first. Storms baffled them at their setting out. There were desertions at the Canaries, where they watered. Disease and death fell upon them long before they approached their destination.

On the 24th of September fifty men in the flagship alone were sick with fever. In October they encountered a hurricane, and one ship of the eleven was lost.

Then came a calm, and while the ships drifted with idle sails Raleigh himself succumbed to the fever. For weeks Wrestling nursed him devotedly, while one by one old comrades and stanch friends were buried under the glassy sea, where the waiting sharks grew tame as

they sported about the doomed ships, and the brazen heavens glared unpityingly.

At length, in November, light breezes sprang up, and they sighted Cayenne. Here they found the faithful Harry waiting for them with a great store of fresh provisions, and pineapples, bananas, and guavas—most comforting to the scurvy-smitten men.

The deputation of Indians swarmed around the *Destiny* in their light canoes, and, coming on board, knelt to Raleigh as he lay on deck in his hammock, and offered him the sovereignty of the Indies. Their devotion heartened him, and possibly saved his life. He wrote to his wife: "To say that I may yet be King of the Indians here were a vanity; but my name hath lived among them." This was putting it very tamely, for since his first visit, when he had treated the natives honorably, they had inquired of every vessel that touched at their ports for Raleigh, asking eagerly when he was coming to them again. Encouraged by this reception,—although Harry brought the news that the Spaniards had made a new settlement on the Orinoco called San Thomé,—Raleigh pressed on to the mouth of the river. His exertions on the way brought on a relapse, and when the fleet reached the Orinoco he was too ill to lead

the expedition. He organized it, however, in the best possible manner, giving the general leadership to Captain Keymis, and making his son Walter and his nephew George Raleigh commanders of the four hundred soldiers. The expedition ascended the river in five small vessels, while Raleigh waited with the larger ships at the Triangle Islands. He committed his instructions to writing, and gave them to Keymis, having provided therein for every exigency which he could foresee.

“Keep together,” he counseled them, “to the last possible moment. If you find that you cannot pass toward the mine without peril, be careful how you land, for I would not, for all the world, receive a blow from the Spaniards to the dishonor of our nation. After landing, let the soldiers camp between the town and the mine (while the engineers explore the latter and secure the gold). If the Spaniards attack, you, George Raleigh, are to repel them, and drive them as far as you can. If you, Keymis, find the mine not so rich as we have hoped, still bring away a basket or two of the ore, to satisfy his Majesty that my design was not imaginary, but true.” This was the burden of his desire, for his enemies at home had insisted and would insist that the mine had never existed.

For twenty-three days the boats ascended the Orinoco, voyaging in the stillness of the beautiful tropical forests; the Indians bringing them supplies of game and fruit, and paddling by their side, standing upright in their canoes and spearing the great fish. Parrakeets and macaws made flashes of brilliant color among the tree ferns; monkeys chattered in the palms; women brought the huge blossoms of the *Victoria regia* and the night-blooming *cereus*. It was all a holiday excursion until they had almost reached the vicinity of the mine, when a camp of Spanish soldiers, evidently posted as videttes on the island of San Raphael fired upon them and fled into the interior. On New Year's Day they landed and began their march to the mine, but were met by the entire Spanish force from San Thomé, which had come out to attack them. The soldiers routed them and drove them back into their fortified town, which young Walter Raleigh, in a spirited address, urged his followers to take, leading the attack with the words, "Come on, my men; this is the only mine you will ever find!"

The Englishmen swarmed over the stockade, and the Spaniards took refuge in the monastery, turning the adobe walls of the mission into a blockhouse.

In their onset their young leader received his death-wound, falling into Wrestling's arms with the cry: "Go on! May the Lord prosper you and have mercy on me!"

The monastery was speedily taken, but Wrestling, seeing a soldier about to strike down the priest, who was kneeling in front of a little shrine, rushed forward and dealt the assailant a blow with the flat of his sword. The priest lifted his hand and blessed them both, and in that act Wrestling recognized his old friend Father Greenway. Leading him to George Raleigh, he secured his protection, and together they carried the body of young Walter within the church, where he was buried with military honors.

After the victory they learned that the outpost had been lately garrisoned by soldiers sent from Madrid, and in the Governor's office found dispatches advising him of the coming of Sir Walter's expedition. This discovery so inflamed the victors that they burned the town, leaving only the church, the tomb of their leader, standing amid the smoking ruins. Father Greenway stood within its dark archway, his hand still raised in blessing as they marched away.

Keymis led the men on toward the mine; but they were demoralized by the orgies with

which they had celebrated their victory. The hot Spanish wines which they had found had done them more harm than the bullets of their enemies. Keymis lost control of his men, who refused to march further into the wilderness, not believing in the existence of the mine. Returning, they were harassed by bands of Indians, who had been roused by the fugitive Spaniards and who now hung upon their rear. In making a stand against them Wrestling was captured, and the baffled expedition came back to Raleigh, who was heartbroken by the news of the death of his son, and in despair over the failure to reach the mine. His reproaches so goaded Keymis that he committed suicide. Raleigh attempted to lead a band to the rescue of Wrestling, but was carried back fainting to his ship. His men now clamored to be allowed to lie in wait for the Spanish plate fleet, which would be returning about this time with silver from Mexico, and some of his best equipped ships deserted for this purpose—while others sought the fisheries of Newfoundland. At length, after many vicissitudes, deserted by all his ships, empty-handed and utterly broken in mind and health, he arrived at Plymouth in the *Destiny*. His kinsman, the perfidious Stukely, was sent by King James to arrest him and

bring him to London. Lady Raleigh met him also on his arrival in an agony of apprehension, for she knew to what danger he was returning.

Richelieu had watched the ill-fortune of the expedition, but had not lost faith in the ability of the leader, and a French ship was waiting in the offing to take him to France. Lady Raleigh, thinking only of the safety of the man who was all the world to her, begged him to flee. The traitor Stukely, pretending to be his friend, allowed the mission of the French ship to be conveyed to him and urged Raleigh to accept Richelieu's overtures. Raleigh had his honor and patriotism to think of, and should have shown the same magnificent dauntlessness to which he rose later; but it was his moment of weakness, and he vacillated. He feigned illness in order to delay his journey to London. A French physician was given him to whom he intrusted a message to the captain of the French ship. But every man about him was a spy; and though he finally refused to go to France, Stukely testified that Raleigh was simply frustrated in his endeavor to do so. He was examined before a special commission, and was charged with having never had any intention of finding the mine. Bacon, who had been his friend, was now against him, and drew up the report of

the commission. King James gained Philip's friendship by offering to send Raleigh to be punished for piracy in Spain; but Philip declining to avail himself of this courtesy, he was condemned to die on the old sentence which still hung over him. This was for complicity in what is known as the Cobham plot. Charles Kingsley voices the opinion of posterity when he writes of that conspiracy: "Having read nearly all that has been written on the subject, we find but one thing comes brightly out of the confusion, and that is Raleigh's innocence. He and all England, and the very man that condemned him, knew that he was innocent. Cecil was the manager of the whole plot against him, and as accomplished a villain as one meets with in history."

Raleigh's high courage came back to him as soon as it was certain that he must die. The night before his execution he wrote some verses on the pilgrimage before him:

"From hence to heaven's bribeless hall
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
No forg'd accuser bought or sold,
No cause deferred, no vain spent journey,
For there Christ is the King's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels,* but no fees."

* The pun here is understood when we remember that the angel is an ancient English coin worth about ten shillings

“As he stood on the scaffold,” says Mr. Gosse, “in the cold morning air, he foiled James and Philip at one thrust and conquered the esteem of all posterity.” He touched the edge of the ax, remarking, “It is a sharp medicine to cure me of all my diseases.”

When the headsman insisted that he should lay his head toward the east, he replied, “What matter how the head lie so the heart be right?”

We may judge of that great heart from his farewell letter to his wife:

“My love I send you that you may keep it when I am dead, my counsel that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not present you with sorrows, dear Bess, let them go into the grave with me and be buried in the dust; and seeing that it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently with a heart like thyself.

“First I send you all thanks which my heart can conceive or my words express for your many travails and care of me which, though they did not take effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is none the less.

“Most sorry I am, God knows, that being surprised with death I can leave you in no better

estate. But if you can live free from want the rest is vanity. Love God and repose yourself upon him, and then you shall find true riches and endless comfort. Remember your poor child,* for his father's sake who chose you and loved you in his happiest time. . . Your son is the son of a true man who despiseth death in all his ugly forms. Beg my dead body, which living was denied thee, and lay it in Sherbourne or in Exeter by my father and mother.

“The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, keep thee and thine, teach me to forgive my accusers, send us to meet in his glorious kingdom, and hold you both in his arms.

“Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband.

“Yours that was, but now not even my own.

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

* Their younger son, Carew Raleigh.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHILDREN OF THE “MAYFLOWER.”

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the
Pilgrims.

O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the *May Flower*!

Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each
other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying “Look!” he had
vanished.

—LONGFELLOW.



ALEIGH was executed on the 29th of October, 1618. Among those who stood horror-stricken under the shadow of his scaffold, and listened to his last magnificent speech, so “masterly in its persuasive eloquence,” were William Brewster and

his son Love. Sir Edwin Sandys had written that the proposition which the Pilgrims had made to the Virginia Company was satisfactory to the Council, and the Brewsters had come to London, sent by the Pilgrims to make arrangements for their emigration, and personally anxious to gain any news of the unfortunate Wrestling. They were not able to obtain an interview with Raleigh, but across the sea of faces they had recognized the set, pale countenance of Thomas Dudley, and had joined him as the crowd dispersed. He conducted them to the town-house of his patron, the Earl of Lincoln, where they were hospitably entertained by Lady Elizabeth Clinton, Countess of Lincoln, and by the Earl's sister, Lady Arabella Johnson. Both of these noble women were Puritans, and greatly interested at this time in the emigration to New England. And William Brewster was happy to find that they still had such faithful friends in England. But Love found his attention wandering from the conversation, and his eyes seeking the door with yearning hope each time it opened, for Thomas Dudley had told him that Patience was with Lady Raleigh, but that she would return soon. At length the Countess of Lincoln, who seemed to divine his thoughts, informed

Love that there was a vesper choral service at Westminster Abbey, which Patience was in the habit of attending, and he might find her there. He slipped away quickly, and for the first time in his life entered an established church. He had stalked in with his peaked hat on, but the voices of the choristers were rising pure and clear on the great billowing waves of the organ, and there before him, with all the glory of the shattered rainbow light falling upon her from one of the great stained-glass windows, Patience was kneeling. A great awe fell upon him. He removed his hat reverently, and, walking up the aisle, knelt at her side.

An elegantly dressed courtier, who had been staring at Patience, looked at him keenly, and whispered to one of the attendants on the Bishop of London, who slipped away. When the service was over, and Love and Patience walked out together, the man followed them at a distance, and Love saw him watching them as they entered the house of the Earl of Lincoln. He had cause to reflect on the circumstance afterward, though it made no impression upon him at the time, for he had eyes and ears for no one but the sweet girl beside him. She had greeted him with a pathetic appeal in her beautiful eyes, which went

straight to his heart, and as he knelt beside her in the great abbey he had promised God to devote his life to changing that look to one of happiness.

To his father and to him she brought the only news which they were to obtain from Wrestling, for Sir Walter had left a message with his wife for her. "Tell her," he had said, "to be in no despair concerning the young man Wrestling Brewster, for I have known men to be in worse straits than he, and to win safely out of them at last. He is not a man to be easily overpowered by evil fortune. He has two friends in Guiana—Father Greenway, who will not suffer his life to be taken, and the Indian Harry, who has promised to effect his escape. Harry saw him after he was taken prisoner and brought me this message—that he would endeavor to make his way to Virginia and to meet his betrothed there."

"Then, friend Dudley," said William Brewster, "thou must needs commit this maid to my care and to that of my good wife, that we may take her with us, for from this moment she is as sacredly our daughter as though the words were already spoken which will some day make her our Wrestling's wife."

"Wilt thou have it so?" asked Dudley; and

Patience replied, "I beseech thee, dear father, let me go to my betrothed."

With that word the faint spark of hope which until now had flickered in Love's heart died out forever, for he knew now to a certainty that Patience loved his brother, and would love him forever, whatever might happen. None the less, he repeated the vow he had made in the abbey, and begged her to come with them, promising to devote his life to seeking for Wrestling.

"Amen!" said Thomas Dudley. "When our friends are ready to sail I will myself take Patience on board their ship and deliver her into their watch-care."

But Brewster could not effect the removal as quickly as he had hoped. Sir Edwin Sandys had petitioned the King for a grant for the Pilgrims, but at this time the Virginia Company was torn by two opposing factions, one headed by Sir Edwin, while the opposition was led by the Earl of Warwick, who (though he had nothing against the Puritans, and indeed often favored them) opposed on principle everything proposed by Sandys. King James also had taken personal umbrage at Sir Edwin's attitude in Parliament, and when he heard that he was a candidate for the treasurership of the

Virginia Company, sent the Council the significant advice: "Choose the devil if you will, but not Sir Edwin Sandys." The Council elected Sir Edwin notwithstanding the opposition of the King and of the Earl of Warwick, and their unfriendliness was strengthened by their defeat. The petition of the Pilgrims, which had been warmly pushed by Sandys, and to which the King had at first given his verbal approval, was now referred by him to the Bishop of London, who refused to allow liberty of worship. Shortly after the crown took away the charter of the Virginia Company and assumed its privileges, while Sir Edwin was imprisoned in the tower on charges, made by the Earl of Warwick, of harboring designs of establishing a Puritan and republican state in America.

Finding, as it is quaintly expressed by their chronicler, "that the Virginia Counsell was now so disturbed with factions amongst itself as no bussiness could goe forward," William Brewster returned to Holland, hoping through the Dutch Trading Company to arrange their emigration to Manhattan. His resolution to give up further efforts for that time in England had been taken none too soon. He was still under ban for the publication of prohibited books, and he had committed the indiscretion of

visiting his former partner Brewer in the Fleet Street Prison. Moreover, Sir Dudley Carleton, English ambassador at The Hague, had written the Duke of Buckingham that he had gone to England. It was the Duke who had noticed Love in the Abbey, and had reported the fact to the Bishop of London, who had jurisdiction in cases on non-conformity, and had placed his pursuivants upon Love's track. The elder Brewster escaped his clutches, but Love lingered a little longer in London, to see, as he told himself, if anything further could be done for the Pilgrims, but in reality to look at Patience each evening at vespers. It was a strange trysting place for two Puritans, but there was something in the noble building which appealed to Patience. Its vastness brooded over her like the sense of God's protecting power. She did not repeat the liturgy, but in her heart prayed her own prayers, and Love, who knelt at a distance, prayed only for strength to be faithful to his vow.

But one day George Sandys told him that he must depart, or he would find himself in the Bishop's prison at Lambeth; for he had seen a letter written to the Duke of Buckingham * which showed that he was a hunted man.

* This letter from Secretary Naunton to the Duke of Bucking-

Returned to Holland, he found that the Pilgrims had been disappointed in their hopes with the Dutch; but just as they were in the deepest despair their opportunity came to them from an unexpected quarter.

Bradford tells us how "One Mr. Thomas Weston, a merchant of London, came to Leyden and persuaded them to goe on, as he and such merchants as were his friends would sett them forth; and they should make ready and neither feare want of shipping nor money, for what they wanted should be provided." Mr. Weston was not at all the disinterested benefactor which he seemed to the Pilgrims. He was simply the representative of some shrewd business men who were looking for a good investment of their money, and who now formed themselves into a stock company, advancing to the colonists the capital necessary to plant a sound and paying enterprise, which would bring rich dividends to the stockholders. An agreement was drawn up whereby, with other conditions, the "adventurers and planters" agreed "to continue their joynt stock & partnership to-

ham is still in existence in the state archives. It is dated August, 1619, and states: "Brewster hath been frighted back into the Low Countries by the Bishop's pursuivants. Brewster's son comes to church" (he could not, therefore, be arraigned for non-conformity).

gether ye space of 7 yeares, during which time all profits gott by trucking, working, fishing, or other means remaine in ye comone stock untill ye division. That at ye end of ye 7 years ye capitall & profits; viz the houses, lands, goods and chatles, be equally divided betwixte ye adventurers and planters."

Thomas Dudley had interested Theophilus Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, in the Pilgrims, and about the same time he secured a patent for them in the name of a certain John Wincob, who intended to emigrate with them. So all difficulties bring smoothed away, the Pilgrims purchased a small vessel, misnamed the *Speedwell*, which was to transport them from Delfshaven to Southampton, where the *Mayflower*, which the merchant stockholders had hired, was waiting to take them across the Atlantic. Only a part of the Leyden congregation had decided to emigrate. Their pastor, John Robinson, was to remain, and William Brewster would take upon himself the duty of minister to those who went. The parting between those old neighbors and tried companions was most tender. Their Dutch friends joined in the general expression of regret, and even their old neighbors in Amsterdam came to see them off, and a great deputation accompanied

the voyagers to Delfshaven—"where falling down on their knees with watry cheeks they commended them to the Lord and his blessing." Edward Winslow's report of Robinson's parting sermon shows it strangely liberal and prophetic. "'We are now,'" he said, "'to part asunder and the Lord knoweth whether ever I shall see your faces again. I charge you before God and his blessed angels to follow me no further than I have followed Christ. And if God should reveal anything to you by another instrument, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive truth by my ministry. For I am confident that the Lord hath more truth and light ready to break forth out of His Holy Word. Shake off the name of "Brownist" as being a nickname to make your religion odious. I shall be glad if some godly ministers go over with you, for there will be no difference between other uncomformable ministers and you when you come to the practice of religion outside the kingdom. By all means close with the godly party of England, and rather study unity than division—namely, how near you may possibly without sin join with them.' Many other things," said Edward Winslow, "he commended to us, but these I thought good to relate, that all might see what this church was and is: and

how far they are from separation from the churches of Christ, especially those that are reformed." At Southampton they found the *Mayflower* in waiting and re-embarked. Here, too, Thomas Dudley redeemed his promise and committed Patience into the care of the Brewsters, promising to join them in the new country as soon as might be, for the Countess of Lincoln had resolved to arrange for the emigration of a large body of English Puritans.

The voyage of the *Mayflower* is a matter of history. Every boy and girl knows how the *Speedwell* proved unseaworthy and returned; how even the larger ship was leaky, and, struck halfway over by equinoctial gales, kept all hands at the pumps. A humorous writer has said with whimsical exaggeration that it is estimated that the Pilgrims pumped the Atlantic Ocean through the *Mayflower* sixteen times; and if it had been necessary to do this, in order to reach their promised land, no doubt their energy and perseverance would have been equal to it. For three months they struggled on. Death visited them, a child was born and christened Oceanus. Storms, disease, privation, the possibility that they were being carried out of their course by a plot of the captain's, nothing could discourage them. The grip with

which they *held on* can only be typified by that of John Howland, who, washed overboard by a tremendous sea, caught a trailing rope and refused to be drowned. They had sailed on August 5th. On the 9th of November Cape Cod was sighted. This was north of their intended destination; but as the captain insisted on landing them, they drew up a compact of government and subscribed to it, lest their former agreement for a more southerly situation might not be considered binding on any discontented spirits, and so took possession of their new land. A small deputation, having been sent out to explore in a shallop, reported that the country about Plymouth was best suited to their purposes, and here they landed on the 16th of December. The *Mayflower* remained at anchorage to afford them shelter until they could build their common-house, which was begun on Christmas Day. The work progressed slowly. Scarcely was it built before it took fire from carelessness in watching the great logs blazing in the wide fireplace, and the entire work of hewing lumber and building had to be done again, while the women and children returned to the ship. Then sickness fell not only upon the colonists, but upon the mariners, so that there were not enough able-bodied sailors

to manage the vessel, and they were forced to remain. So terrible was the epidemic that at one time there were only seven well people to nurse the others, and two of these were William Brewster and Captain Miles Standish, who performed the most menial duties for their helpless friends, as well as for the ship's crew. Fifty persons, nearly one-half of the colony, died in that terrible first winter. But spring came at length; small fields were cleared and planted, and tiny cottages were built, a stockade of pointed logs set around them to protect them from the savages, and a small howitzer mounted on the roof of the meeting-house.

One consideration troubled them greatly. The charter which they had received was for Virginia, and they had settled in New England, upon lands belonging to an entirely different company. Patience, happening to hear Elder Brewster say that the Earl of Warwick was one of the proprietors, conceived a bold idea—she would write him, reminding him of his promise to Wrestling and herself, and beg for a new charter for the settlers. Not a word did she say to anyone of her purpose, but confided the letter to the captain of the *Mayflower*. This man showed the address to Love, jokingly remarking that his sweetheart

would not long remain in that desolate country. Love was thunderstruck. He could not believe that Patience was fickle or had repented her resolution, and yet why should she have written to her old lover? He strove to cast away all suspicions of double-dealing, but doubt had come up like a fog to blind him, and even while he watched her serving so painstakingly or bending to kiss his mother, he found himself asking whether she was as true to his brother as she seemed. All through her fever in her delirium she had called piteously for Wrestling, but since her recovery a dumb despair had settled upon her. Sometimes he found her alone, looking over the bay to the *Mayflower* rocking at anchor. Did she regret her coming—was she longing for the hedgerows of Merrie England?

He could bear this vague, unknown trouble no longer, and one day he said to her in the presence of his mother: "Patience, the *Mayflower* sails for England to-morrow. I see plainly that you are wearing your heart out with us. It is not alone that the bitter climate and terrible privations are too much for your delicate frame, but you despair that Wrestling will ever find us or we him. It may be as you fear. Perhaps it is best that you should return

and waste your young life no longer. If you feel so, I am sure that Wrestling himself would not have you stay, nor will we have a single reproachful thought concerning you."

"I can only answer as Ruth did to her mother-in-law," said Patience; and with her arms around Mrs. Brewster she repeated the beautiful words, "Entreat me not to leave thee . . . the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

"The 16th of March," writes Mr. Bradford, "a certaine Indian came bouldly amongst them and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand but marvelled at it. He told them also of another whose name was Squanto, who had been in England and could speak better English than him selfe —with whom after friendly entertainment and some gifts given him they made a peace,—and he continued with them as their interpreter and was a spetial instrument of God for their good. He directed them how to set their corne, when to take fish, and was also their pilot to bring them to unknowne places for their profit and never left them till he dyed. He was carried away by a master of a ship, who thought to sell him for a slave into Spaine, but he got

away for England and lastly was brought into these parts by a gentle-man employed by Sir Ferdinando Gorges."

Captain John Smith, famous for his Indian adventures, had offered to go out with the Pilgrims, but they had declined his services, preferring to make Miles Standish, whom they had learned to esteem in the Netherlands, their commander in all military matters. Standish had little faith in any Indian.

The next year when their challenge was brought, it was he who said in the council :

"Truly the only tongue that is understood by a savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of
the cannon."

The colony doubtless owed its life to his vigorous defense; but some of his terrible reprisals troubled the kind-hearted elder, and the grim head of Wituwamut impaled on one of the palisades of the fort caused Patience to shudder whenever she passed that way. A wonderful thing happened in later years, for a pair of wrens eventually made their nest in the ghastly skull.

Their former pastor, John Robinson, was pained by the report of their dealings with the Indians, and later wrote from Holland :

“Oh! how happy a thing had it been, if you had converted some, before you had killed any. Upon this occasion let me be boulde to exhorte you seriously to consider of ye disposition of your Captaine, whom I love, tho ther is cause to feare that by provocation, ther may be wanting in him that tenderness of ye life of man made after God’s image which is meete. It is a thing more glorious in men’s eyes than pleasing in God’s, to be a terrour to poor barbarous people. Unto him who is nere to them which are farr from one another I commend you. Your truly loving

“JOHN ROBINSON.”

Squanto and another Indian named Hobomok proved themselves the white men’s friends, and were of great service to them as interpreters with the great chief Massasoit, with whom they were at peace for years. They served also as guides in the trackless forests, and as teachers of such woodcraft as hunting, trapping, canoe building, snowshoe making, the tanning of furs, and the cultivation of corn and tobacco.

With the spring and summer life showed its happier aspect. Just as the *Mayflower* left their shores the first pink flower of spring appeared,

and the Pilgrims gave it the name of the receding ship. The tiny blossoms,

"Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful
sweetness,
Modest and simple, the type of Puritan maidens,"

were harbingers of hope for the Pilgrims. From the time of their appearance the sickness left them, the snows melted, and the time of the singing of birds came. Gardens were planted and homes were built.

"All ye somer," writes Bradford, "ther was no wante. And now began to come in store of water foule, and great store of wild turkies, of which they took many, besides venison. Besides they had since harvest, about a peck of meal a week to a person; which made many write so largely of their plenty to their friends in England, which were not fained but true reports."

These wild turkeys furnished the Pilgrims their first Thanksgiving dinner, and inaugurated what has continued to this day the *pièce de résistance* of the feast. They had cause for thanksgiving, for at this time the good ship *Fortune* arrived, "with thirty-five persons to remaine and live in ye plantation, which did not a little rejoice them. Most of them were

lusty yonge men, and many of them wild enough, who little considered whither or about what they wente. Neither was ther any amongst them that ever saw a beaver skin till they came hear, and were informed by Squanto." In spite of their unruliness and ignorance the plantation was glad of this addition of strength.

This ship brought letters to a number of the colonists, among others one for Patience from Sir Edwin Sandys.

" You will be rejoiced to hear," he wrote, " touching the change of charter concerning which my friend William Brewster writ me, that, though I could do nothing (for when his letter arrived I was a prisoner in the Tower, and I have never had influence with the Plymouth Company), yet at this very time the Earl of Warwick, who instituted the proceedings against me, most marvelously withdrew them, so that I was released, and I hear that he hath himself sent your colony the charter whereof ye stand in need."

So here was indeed cause for public thanksgiving, for the charter came by the same ship. Its granting seemed to the Brewsters little short of miraculous, until Patience confessed her agency in the matter, when all the doubts

which had oppressed Love's mind fled away. He read over and over the grant of "one hundred acres of land to every colonist, at a yearly rent of two shillings an acre, with liberty to hawk, fish and fowl, to truck, trade and traffic with the savage; to establish laws, to encounter, expulse, repel and resist by force of arms all intruders." The charter was sealed with the great seal of the New England Company, and signed for its council by their Graces the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Lenox, Lord Sheffield, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and Robert Rich, Earl of Warwick.

When Love read the last name he understood all her devotion, and that the colony owed its very existence to Patience.

The next winter was a more endurable one; better houses were built, there was little sickness and more food. Other ships came out, bringing more settlers, some of whom, however, proved undesirable neighbors, and were only saved from perishing by the charity of the more thrifty pilgrims.

A new settlement of their own was started at a little distance from Plymouth, and called Duxbury, after the former home of Miles Standish. Hither Standish and the Brewsters and others removed; and Love, after he had

finished his father's house, built a little apart from it a lodge of his own. Patience was glad at heart when she saw this, for she fancied that he had outgrown his old infatuation, and had consoled himself with the love of some sweet Puritan maiden. Love had never told her of his passion, but Patience would not have had a woman's intuitions if she had been unconscious of it. She had been very shy of him, but now that she thought all danger was past she was sweet and sisterly. Still Love did not presume; he noted the yearning look in her eyes when she was unemployed and sat with listless hands looking away to the sea. He noticed how thin she had grown, and how, at rare moments, when she thought herself unobserved, the tears would fall upon her sewing. Then he would seize his tools and stride fiercely to his work; and the blows would rain heavily on the timbers as he built the house which was to be hers indeed, but not his.

At last, when it was finished, a strange letter came to Love. It was brought by the captain of a vessel belonging to the Earl of Warwick, which had been sent out to explore and trade along the coast. The ship had come from England, but the letter had had a long journey before it set out on this last voyage, for it had

started from El Dorado and gone first to Spain and thence to England. Love felt at once that it brought news of his brother, though it was not in his hand. He remembered that Raleigh had said that Wrestling had a friend in Father Greenway, and he turned to the last page, hoping to find his signature, and was astonished to find that of Philippa Fawkes.

“Perchance you will not remember,” she wrote, “the outlaws whom you met in Sherwood Forest, and so kindly sent upon their way. But Philippa has not had so many kindnesses in her life that she can forget any of them, or cease to wish to repay them when it is in her power. Here, in Guiana, fate has willed that your brother is a prisoner, and that she hath such influence with the Governor that he hath given his word that Wrestling shall be set at liberty, provided the conditions herein inclosed be complied with. Come, then, with all haste to San Thomé, for now there is peace between Spain and England, and your brother shall be free.”

The paper to which the latter referred was a safe conduct written in Spanish and signed by Governor Acuña, promising that if Love Brewster would personally appear and answer that his brother would nevermore fight against

Spain he would be allowed to go where he would.

This was astonishing news for all the family, to whom Love read it. A great light shot up in Patience's eyes, and then seemed to go out again, leaving her face deadly pale, as Elder Brewster suspected some trap in the smoothly worded safe conduct.

But Love had seen the light in the girl's face, and his resolution was taken. "I will go out to El Dorado," he said, "and bring Wrestling back with me."

"But how will you go?" asked his father. "Our colony has no fleet which it can send out under you with which to command the respect of Spain and cause that nation to deliver up its prisoners. Like Jacob of old, I cry to these Spaniards, 'Ye know that my wife bare me two sons, and the one went out from me, and I said, Surely he is torn in pieces, and I saw him not since; and if ye take this also from me, and mischief befall him, ye shall bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' Why should you go, Love? Why is your word better than that of your brother? Let us write to Sir Edwin Sandys, and let him negotiate with the Spanish ambassador, Count Gondomar, that Wrestling be released by order of King Philip."

"You forget, dear father," Love replied, "that we tried all this before we left England, and that though our country was nominally at peace with Spain, so that King James had offered to deliver up Raleigh to Philip, Sir Edwin assured us that it was vain to expect a reciprocity of such courtesy, and that nothing could be done through diplomatic negotiation. But I have here another letter. It is from Lord Rich. He says that this communication of Philippa's was sent to his care, and though he has not opened it, and knows not from whom it comes, yet he sees that it is from Spain; it reminds him of Wrestling's captivity, and he has given the captain of his ship orders to search for him; he prays us also to give him any tidings that might help to this end. I have conferred with Captain Cromwell, who served under Captain Argall when he ravaged the coast of America from Arcadia to Hispaniola, taking the French prisoners, causing the Dutch to surrender at Manhattan, and robbing the Spanish planters of their negro slaves. He is a man of like resolute spirit, and is bound now for the West Indies. He will gladly take me up the Orinoco, and bring back Wrestling. He hath warrant enough from the Earl of Warwick for the undertaking. Never

fear, father, that there will be bloodshed. We have the Governor's safe conduct, and if Lord Rich's father was said to send out his ships on piratical enterprises, the present Earl of Warwick is too shrewd a man to give his captains license to commit depredations in time of peace.”*

Good Elder Brewster was sorely troubled. “Surely,” he said, “it is a strange coincidence that the summons for us to send for Wrestling and the means to do so should come to us at the same time. It is like the Lord's doings.”

“It is the Lord's doings,” said his wife, “and they are ever marvelous in my eyes.”

The second winter had melted away, and now again it was spring. Just before Love sailed he had given Patience the key of the little house which he had built. “It is for you,” he said, “and I want you and Wrestling to live there. If he comes back before I do you must consider it my wedding gift to you both. And meantime and always it is yours to use or dispose of as you please.”

So Patience gathered the children of the colony together and held the first school there. They all loved her dearly—Jasper and Ellen

More, Humility Cooper, Damaris Hopkins and little Oceanus Hopkins and Peregrine White, the three-year-old babies that were born at sea; Resolved White, and the Allerton girls, Remember and Mary, whose mother died the first winter, and the two naughty Billington boys, who were always running away; Desire Minter, who was older than the rest, but too delicate to do any work; and the Indian Squanto, who already knew how to read and write a little, and wished to learn more.

It was pleasant to see how, when the Duxbury contingent set out on its Sunday march to the meeting-house at Plymouth, the children scampered to see which should walk with Patience. It was usually a race between Humility Cooper and Resolved White, and Humility belied her name when she came in ahead, and, seizing Patience's hand in triumph, would make mocking mouths at Resolved, who might have won had he not been restrained at the finish by ill-rewarded gallantry.

The congregation assembled at beat of drum and marched across the meadows in military order, all of the men carrying their muskets, two of the strongest striding on ahead, as an advance guard; then Elder Brewster and his good wife leading the procession proper, with

Patience; and Miles Standish and John Alden, their feud healed, followed next with their two wives, with the other colonists in due order according to their dignity.

It is a mistake to think that the Pilgrims scorned social distinctions, or while they believed in political equality paid no outward observance to official rank. It was the duty of a committee to "dignify the meeting"—that is, seat the congregation according to their importance, and later this ranking became even more punctilious. Whittier tells us how

" In the goodly house of worship, where in order due and fit,
As by public vote directed, classed and ranked the people
sit ;
Mistress first and good wife after, clerkly squire before the
clown,
From the brave coat, lace embroidered, to the gray frock
shading down."

Work is the best comfort when the heart is sick with waiting, and Patience found her scholars as great a blessing to her as she was to them. Squanto was not the least interesting among them. He delighted in telling her of his life in London, where with another Indian named Harry he had lived among the show-folk of Bankside. He did not scruple to assert that

these actors, mountebanks, and bear-baiters were much more amusing people than the Pilgrims. There were mummers and tumblers, dancers, jugglers, bear-wards, tapsters, hostlers, water-men, and all the rowdy sporting fraternity which resorted to the great Bear Garden, and the inns in its neighborhood, which was like a continual circus ground, with sideshows of every attraction then invented. There were itinerant gingerbread men, too, and gamblers with peas and thimble, strolling singers and gipsy fortune tellers. Gay gallants and gaudily dressed ladies who drank freely and scattered their money about with prodigal hand, came from the court across the river. Harry had pointed out the Spanish ambassador to him, and Squanto had heard him say that bear-hunting was almost as good sport as a bull-fight at Madrid. Squanto had never fought with the bears, they were too fierce and strong; he had contented himself with appearing in a full dress of artistic war-paint and shooting arrows at a mark; but Harry was so brave that he was not afraid to wrestle with the beasts. He was not allowed to kill them, or even to hurt them too severely, for they were too valuable, and so the bears who did not always conform to sporting rules and were very ferocious had an unfair ad-

vantage. Some of them, from having appeared again and again, were star performers, and when the appearance of "Hugging Hunks" or "Tugging Scratcherly" was billed there was always a greater attendance than usual. This part of London was the "Bishop of Winchester's Liberty" but his Grace did not distress himself to inquire into what villainy was practiced there, and the quarter-staff players were often midnight ruffians, practicing in dead earnest the feats of arms which they exercised in sport during the day. With all this knowledge of the seamy side of English life, which often shocked Patience, she was frequently astonished to find that Squanto was familiar with some Bible story which she began to tell him, and this was from seeing it acted in a miracle play. David and Goliath was his favorite, though Jonah and the whale was a close follower; and he corrected her version of the latter story by assuring her that the whale's interior was fitted up as a comfortable cabin, for he had seen Jonah smoking at its curtained window.

When Patience asked what had become of Harry, Squanto told her that he had gone to his own people in a far-distant country, for he came from a different tribe, and they could not

understand each other's language, so that when they spoke together it was in English. Harry it was who had taught him to love English people, for he was devoted to a great Captain Raleigh, who had visited his country, and who he hoped would some day be King of America. Squanto was grieved when he was told that Raleigh was dead, for he was certain that the news would break Harry's heart. They had promised each other that whenever they made journeys into new lands they would carve certain signs upon the trees, so that if the other passed that way he would recognize his friend's signal. Squanto, whose observation of the English had been limited to the classes which made a business of pleasure, was greatly puzzled when on Christmas Day the "lustie young men" who came over in the *Fortune* amused themselves with playing ball and pitching the bar; the governor told them there should be "no gaming or revelling in ye streets and tooke away their implements."

But now the colony was very thankful for the presence of these athletic young fellows, for there was more serious work cut out for them than ball-playing. The Indians' defiance, the rattlesnake's skin of arrows, had been sent in, and Miles Standish

“Then from the rattlesnake’s skin with a sudden contemptuous gesture
Jerking the Indian arrows, filled it with powder and bullets.”

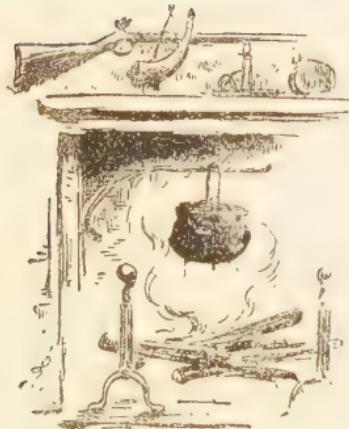
Before moving on the offensive, Squanto was sent out to see what had excited the Indians, and the colony awaited his return with impatience.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE END OF THE PILGRIMAGE.

The weary pilgrim now at rest
Hugs with delight his quiet rest,
Blesses himself to think upon
His dangers past and travels done.
The briers and thorns no more shall scratch,
No hungry wolves at him may catch.
He erring paths no more shall tread
Nor wild fruits eat instead of bread.

—ANNE DUDLEY BRADSTREET.



THE cause of the strange uneasiness and warlike demonstrations of the Indians was soon explained, for a ship arrived from England just at this time, bringing, in this circuitous way, the news of a great Indian massacre in Virginia. The facts

were terrible enough; for three hundred and forty-seven of the colonists had been murdered by the savages, but the first rumor exaggerated

the truth, and it was reported that the colony had been entirely wiped out. At the same time with these woeful tidings the ship brought to Patience a letter which was like a voice from the dead, for it was from Wrestling; and though he wrote in high spirits, he wrote from Henricus in Virginia, a town which they were informed had been utterly destroyed since the ship *Prosperous* had left for England; another vessel had brought the news to the mother country, following closely on the *Prosperous*, and both had arrived together just as the ship for New England was about to leave.

Wrestling's parents did not doubt that the hand which wrote the loving lines lay buried beneath the ruins of Henricus; but to Patience the letter seemed a refutation of the rumor.

WRESTLING'S LETTER.

I.

“MY SWEET PATIENCE.

“*Dear Heart and True:* Having been wonderfully brought to this safe harborage, I write thee by the good ship *Prosperous*, which I find about to sail unto England. Not that I think thou art still there, for my good friend George Sandys has told me that thou wentest forth with my people in their setting out to New

England; but inasmuch as ships are few between this country and the north, I have been in great dubiety of mind whether it would not be the speedier manner to return into England, and thence out again to where thou art; I have resolved to send this letter by that longer way, though I myself shall make hazard of the shorter in distance. For I would have thee know, if so be my journey prove the longer in time, that at this writing I am safe, and on my way to thee.

“I trust to find passage ere long in some chance vessel which shall leave me at the Dutch settlement of Manhattan and thence to find my way as best I can. For my pen can not write the eagerness with which I am possessed to see thy face once more, and next to thee, sweetheart, my beloved mother, to whom, as well as to my revered father, I beg thee to give my duty, and my love to my dear brother. Full well can I picture to myself the comfort thou hast been to them, and I thank thee from the bottom of my heart for the daughterly and sisterly love which thou hast shown to my kindred. Oh, my beloved, if it is the Lord’s will that I win to thee, my life shall convince thee of the gratitude which my tongue cannot utter nor my pen form into words. And since words

are vain, I will not more essay them except to beg thee to look into thine own heart, and measuring its tenderness for me, believe that it is surpassed a million times by the love I bear thee. And if thou wouldest know how often I say I love thee, go out upon a starlit night and hear from every one of the stars the words, 'I love thee,' for to each one of those bright orbs I have given this message, 'Wrestling loves thee, Wrestling loves thee,' that they may unceasingly repeat it until I come.

"And indeed it has given me a comforting sense of nearness when I consider that we are but *two looks* distant from one another, since I may look upon those stars and they on thee.

"But to speak of my love for thee were an endless matter; and my parents (and thou too) will be fain to know of my happenings since I was separated from my great leader, Sir Walter Raleigh. Therefore, as there is much to tell and I have still some days before the sailing of the *Prosperous*, I will take my time, not at one sitting, but a little here and more there, and relate in detail all that betided me. And whereas what I have written thus far is for thee alone, sweetheart, what follows is for thee to share with my family, save that at times I shall not refrain from a word meant more particularly

for thee, for thou art at all times uppermost in my mind. And so, I rest,

“Thy true lover,

“WRESTLING.”

II.

“Revered Parents, Best Beloved Patience, and My Very Dear Brother: You must know already how we fell into a trap at San Thomé, the town having been newly garrisoned by soldiers sent out from Spain to drive us from that region, our expedition having been reported to Spain by some traitor. The town is built on a small tributary of the Orinoco, which, though it afforded a waterway for the canoes of the Indians, was not navigable for our larger boats, and this particular site had been chosen because it was as near as the mines could be approached in any fashion by water.

“We had marched from the Orinoco, where we had left our boats, straight through the forest, following an Indian trail which we had found difficult enough, and from San Thomé to the mines. When the Spaniards were first informed by their scouts that we were ascending the Orinoco, they sent all their women and children, with their valuables and the greater part of the provisions which were in San

Thomé to a trading-post and village far up the little tributary which I have mentioned. This trading-post was beyond the unbroken forest on the borders of the great plains which were the broad grazing lands of wild cattle and horses, and here also were some scattered plantations. The Indians came often to the village to trade and were friendly, so that the Spaniards had in this place a secure and plenteous asylum of refuge.

“On the taking of San Thomé, the greater part of the garrison fled by means of canoes that were secreted near the river, and joined their families at this asylum. And when the English expedition, after burning the town of San Thomé, retreated through the forest to the great river where they had left their boats, the Spaniards returned and with their Indian allies harried us upon our march. It so fell out that I was put in charge of the Spanish prisoners, and, marching more slowly than the main detachment, was overtaken. The men that had been given me for a guard, taking to their legs at the appearance of the enemy, got off safe, and rejoined the main force under Keymis; but my prisoners were rescued, and I tied up in their stead. I would doubtless have been killed at once, but that Father Greenway

plead for my life with Governor Acuña, arguing very shrewdly that it was better to save me alive for the present, and to send me into Spain at the first opportunity, where doubtless his most Catholic majesty, King Philip, would derive much pleasure from putting me to death with suitable tortures, after he had obtained what information he could of me. This advice, while it was instrumental in saving my life, had the effect that I was very carefully guarded, and could by no means find any opportunity to escape.

“The Spaniards, returning, set to work at the rebuilding of a few of the most needful of the houses of San Thomé; but they had lost so much by the onslaught of the English that, though they had provisions for several months to come, they were greatly discouraged. The soldiers also who had come out to fight would not work, but made excursions against the friendly Indians, pillaging and robbing them, and raising such wrath that the Governor said that the colony had been safer without them; and their captain, being angered, threatened to draw off his men, and, descending the Orinoco, wait at its mouth for the appearance of some vessel to take them back to Spain. But this would have been to leave the colonists to the

mercy of the savages, and the Governor patched up a peace with the captain, so that he promised that the greater part of his men should not go until transportation were provided for all, for the colonists were sick of their adventure, and clamored to return to Spain. The captain, therefore, with a small guard, went down the river to watch for a chance sail, that he might render a report of these proceedings to King Philip, and ask permission for the abandonment of the colony and means for their return.

“He demanded that I should go with him, as Governor Acuña had promised, and doubtless I would have been thus sent to my death but for a merciful dispensation, which happened in this wise :

“When the women returned to the town,—after that lodgings had been built for them,—some were curious to see the English prisoner, and would come and regard me at my labors, making many mocking remarks and derisive gestures.

“Among these women I marked a young girl who said nothing, but regarded me very fixedly from under the shadow of her black mantilla. I was breaking stone, and I would not content her by letting her see that she at-

tracted my notice, until, none observing, she threw me the rose from her hair. Then, in the vindictiveness of my heart, I took the rose and laid it on the rock before me, and with my heavy mallet battered it to pulp. She spoke no word, but that evening Father Greenway came to the window of my prison and said, 'It cannot be, my son, that you recognized the lady who threw you a rose to-day, or you would not have treated her so unmannerly.'

"'Recognized her!' I repeated. 'How should I? And who, then, is she?'

"'She is the adopted daughter of Governor Acuña,' replied the Jesuit; 'and, as such, she has power to hinder you being carried manacled to King Philip and the tender mercies of our Inquisition—a thing which I find it not in my power to prevent. Be more gallant, therefore, and hide her favors in your heart rather than treat them with such scorn.'

"Then I replied stoutly that I would liefer go to my death than to be disloyal to thee, sweet Patience; whereat the Jesuit smilingly replied, 'Behold the conceit which is bound up in the heart of man! for what the maid offers you is not love, but friendship. She has told me in confession that though you once did her a great kindness, which she is now willing to

repay, yet it is not for love of you, but of your brother, that she will do this.'

"With that I gave a great cry. 'It is Philippa, Philippa Fawkes!'

"'Yea, Philippa,' said a woman's voice, and a small gemmed hand was thrust through the grated window of the cell where I lay. 'But speak not the name of my martyred father; I am Philippa di Acuña, through the love of my kind foster parents, for I doubt that I were safe, even in Spain, if your wicked Cecil knew that any child of my father still lived.'

"Then I told her that Cecil was dead, and that there were many in England who hated his memory as much as she.

"'That may well be,' she replied, 'but they hate the Spaniard too, for there is your Sir Walter, who must needs come with fire and sword to ferret us out at this distance, when good Father Greenway here would have released him from prison. You English are an ungrateful race, constant to nothing but hatred; and I marvel not that you crushed my poor rose, as you would doubtless crush me if you had the power.'

"Then I told her that I would never have done her this despite if I had known who she was; but Father Greenway interrupted our

converse, and bade me tell her quickly, what I had said to him some days before, concerning the purifying of gold ore, that she might report it to her foster father; for Governor Acuña had told the Jesuit that he would listen to nothing more from him concerning me, for as prisoner of war, I belonged of right to the captain, and must go to Madrid. Then I told Philippa how I had been given ore which had been brought in from the mine to break up, and told to sort it, laying aside only the richest pieces to be put in casks to send to the King of Spain; and the baser portions were thrown out, so that this city of San Thomé was literally paved with gold, though in small proportion to the stone. Seeing this waste, I had asked why the ore was not crushed and the precious metal separated from the rock. Father Greenway replied that formerly they had so purified the ore by means of mercury, but the supply which they had brought with them from Spain had been exhausted, and, moreover, that even if they had more, it would profit them nothing, for their refiner had been slain at our onslaught, and there was no one in the colony who understood the entire process; so that, unless an alchemist should be sent them out of Spain, with a shipload of quicksilver, they could but

send the ore in its crude state. I therefore besought Philippa to say to the Governor that in my experiments with Sir Walter he had taught me metallurgy, and that if I could have a room for a laboratory, and an Indian to go and come as my servant, I could render him the refined gold.

Philippa did so well that I was allowed to make good my boast, for Sir Walter had taught me how to extract mercury from its sulphide cinnabar, by heating the latter in a furnace, and I had noticed that the Indians who came to trade had their faces painted with vermillion, which is only cinnabar ground fine. Therefore, my task was an easy one, for the Governor gave me glass beads, with permission for my servant to truck with them for what commodities I wished with the savages, though I told him not what I needed, for I kept my method of obtaining the mercury a secret. When I had succeeded in a small way at San Thomé, Governor Acuña refused to allow the captain to take me to Spain, but sent me to the mines, over which he made me superintendent, with not one slave alone, but many to do my bidding.

“ And here my heart was like to break at the thought that this was the very mine which my

dear master, Sir Walter, had undergone so many hardships to secure for England; yea, whose very existence, as I am now told, was discredited, so that he was slain for lack of testimony which, could I but have appeared before King James, might have saved his life. I found at the mine a mill, exactly resembling those we use in England for grinding apples, wherein a millstone set on edge was made to turn in a circular channel. Here the ore was crushed, and formerly quicksilver, which of all bodies has the greatest attraction to gold, was added. The gold immediately left its native rock and flew to its affinity, even as a maid leaveth father and mother to cleave to her beloved: such sense of love have even the dull clods of earth.

“Everything spake to me of love, and I was in a great admiration when I discovered it to be the universal law of nature, so that not man alone, nor the animals and birds and every living thing, but even the flowers—yea, and the very insensate earth obeyed its irresistible instincts. I was ever observing the development of this primal passion as I continued my work, and how a stronger affection would cause other attractions to have no power—and sometimes there was disloyalty in ores as in the hearts of base

men. I constructed a furnace in which I burned the beautiful rose-colored crystals of cinnabar which the Indians brought me, thus dissipating the sulphur and collecting the mercury in a condensing chamber for use in releasing the gold from the crushed ore. After the mercury had united with the gold, forming an amalgam, I let water into the channel of the great mill-wheel, which washed away the lighter soil through a sieve at one side, and I then collected and heated the amalgam, and the volatile mercury fled away in fumes. This was to me an allegory, for I saw how much better was the love of man, and even of an evil heart like mine, than this fickle passion of the metals, for this light-of-love Mercury had for the second time allowed himself to be divorced from a loving partner; for having left Sulphur, his wedded wife by that first union in the Cinnabar, he had enticed Gold to desert her parents, the steadfast Rocks, and be married to him in the scandalous amalgamatic alliance, and then had scrupled not at the first fiery touch of trial to flee lightly away.

“And ever I was glad at heart as I bent over my crucibles, for I knew that my Heart of Gold waited for me, and that we could never be drawn from our allegiance to one another.

“I gathered many ingots and bars of gold in the three years that I was superintendent of the mine; but it irked me to send them down to San Thomé by the messengers which Governor Acuña sent for them; and more than I sent I buried in great treasure vaults, hoping some day to lead my master Sir Walter thither and deliver them up to him. I was helped in this business by the Indian Harry, who had lived in England, for he came and worked for me, and he was as devoted to Raleigh as I. He hated the Spaniards, for the soldiers had continued their marauding and had massacred unoffending Indians, stealing their cocoa and their other goods, burning their villages, and carrying away their maidens.

“If Sir Walter could have come at this time with his fleet the Indians would have risen, and have slain the Spaniards and have welcomed him as king. It was this which Harry hoped for, and he went about attending their councils and knew that the fire smoldered.

“But the Spaniards knew it not. They rebuilt their city, and ships came from Spain bringing the conveniences of life, and they sent back gold, and their desire to return to their native country died out in fancied security.

“Father Greenway came to me at the mines,

and talked with the Indians, for he had learned something of their language and he found Harry useful to interpret. When he found that they had a temple in the woods where they had set up an ugly idol, before which they spread offerings of game and flowers, he did not reprove them, but told them that Christians also made images to represent their God, and he hung over the idol a large ivory crucifix which they regarded with great admiration. He told them the story of Christ's passion in words so adapted to their ignorance that I marveled at his tact. The Indians accepted it with perfect confidence, one only objecting that a God should allow himself to be so shamefully treated. Then Father Greenway explained that Christ came to teach us to suffer, and called to mind how they esteemed those of their warriors the most God-like, who could best endure the tortures of their enemies. By these means he began to acquire an influence over them, and he taught them to repeat short Latin prayers, and to cross themselves. He gave such of them as learned the Ave Maria and Pater Noster a rosary to repeat them by, which greatly pleased them. He baptized many of them, all indeed that would submit themselves to this rite, for he believed that so their souls would be saved. We had

many conversations together; and seeing him display such earnestness as a true Christian, I asked him how he could reconcile it to his conscience not to have informed upon the conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. He replied with many specious arguments and excuses, the principal one being that the lives of men were of no account, provided the true church (which for him was the Roman) was advanced. ‘As willingly,’ he said, ‘in its cause would I lay down mine own life—for what is the life of one man or of an entire generation of men, but to have the world better for its duration or its disappearance? We make more mistakes when we endeavor to hinder the march of events. Witness my sin in endeavoring to save the life of Raleigh, and perchance thy life also. Ye have both committed much havoc in this peaceful community in the taking of San Thomé, and I know not how much more I may be responsible for, or that in rescuing thee I may not have warmed a viper in my bosom.’

“‘I thought thou hadst been my friend,’ I replied, ‘but if this is thy feeling toward me, I marvel indeed that thou didst not strike me down instead of first sparing my life and then following me with such continual kindness.’

“His face softened. ‘The heart is deceitful,’

he said, ‘and the affections are not to be trusted, but I have ever been drawn to thee, my son, and I still believe of thee what I once hoped for Raleigh, that God will make thee an instrument for the glory of his Church. Hast thou the breviary which I gave thee at Clopton House?’

“When I showed it to him he said: ‘I will write another prayer suitable for a captive on the fly-leaf. It is one that the martyred Mary Queen of Scots composed before her death.’

“I copy it as he wrote it:

“ ‘O Domine Jesu! speravi in te
O care, mi Jesu! nunc libera me
In dura catena,
In misera pæna,
Desidero te.
Languendo,
Gemendo,
Et genu flectendo,
Adoro,
Imploro,
Ut liberes me!

“I have used this prayer often, sweet Patience, when words failed my burdened heart, for I see no harm in it; and when I tell thee how Father Greenway met his death, thou wilt acknowledge that though terribly deluded he had the courage of his convictions. God pardon him and open the minds of men to the knowl-

edge that they cannot do him service by slaying each other.

“Governor Acuña came sometimes to the mines and treated me with courtesy, and once he took me to San Thomé and lodged me at his house in different guise from when as a captive I had broken stone upon the street. There I learned of the death of my dear master, and that the ship from Spain had brought news that peace between James and Philip had been purchased at this price, and that there was even a likelihood that our Prince Charles would marry the Infanta. So there were no orders for the execution or torture of English prisoners and no requisition that I should be sent into Spain. But when I asked for my liberty, Governor Acuña said that was another matter, and that I had proved myself too useful to be spared. Later Philippa took me aside into the garden, and told me of a scheme she had to have me exchanged for my brother Love, and that she had already taken steps in the matter. She had written him a letter telling him of my whereabouts and begging him to come to Guiana, promising that if he did so, I should be released; but she had very shrewdly neglected to say that he would be detained in my place. This letter she had sent back by the

Spanish ship to Spain (but addressed to London in care of Lord Rich, of whom she had heard me speak), and as there was now communication between Spain and England, she had good hope that it would reach him. She looked very winsome as she said this. Standing beneath a great tree-heliotrope, and in her embarrassment pulling down a branch of blossoms to partly hide her face ; but I was sore angered to think that she endeavored to bring my brother out to this wilderness. She saw the displeasure in my face, and she spoke very rapidly, striving to forestall it. ‘ Be not angry with me, Wrestling,’ she said, ‘ for it is I who have saved your life and have secured for you the favor of the Governor. I know that you are heartsick to go back to England and to your sweetheart ; but Governor Acuña has not the power to release a prisoner of war, for your name is still upon the report which the captain took to Spain, neither would he think that he could spare you from the mines. But if your brother came you could teach him all that you know of metals, and he could take your place. He would soon be rich here, and he shall be a willing captive, I promise you ; while you, Wrestling, shall be free ! ’

“ Then the passion that was in me flamed out ;

and I told her that I well knew that she did this, not from any kindness toward me, but for love of my brother, but that it was a false love that would entice him to an exile and a captivity, from whence at any turn of international politics he might be ordered to his death ; and, moreover, that I was not willing to purchase liberty at such a price, and that my brother was not for such as she, for I would foil her. With that she suddenly let go of the branch with which she toyed, and it, with the force of its rebound, struck me sharply across the face. Stung by the indignity as much as by the pain, for I thought she did it of a purpose, I called her ‘Serpent.’ Then she turned upon me with flashing eyes, magnificent in her anger. ‘Yea, verily,’ she hissed, ‘and thou shalt know that serpents can sting ! This insult can be wiped out only by blood !’

“ I gave no heed to her anger, for it seemed to me but a child’s pettishness ; but my heart was disturbed for my brother, for I well knew the disinterestedness of that loyal heart. I immediately wrote him into Leyden, forbidding that he should come out on any such fool’s errand ; but I have since learned from George Sandys that even if my letter went to Holland, Love could not have received it, for he had left the

country. I trust that the same fortune followed Philippa's letter; or if my brother received it, that he found no means of voyaging to Guiana.

“Having no longer any hope that my master would come out to this country, I was all the more resolved to escape. I knew that if I allowed myself to be sent back to the mines, where I was guarded by soldiers, I would have no opportunity to do so, and I attempted to buy a canoe of an Indian, whereby I might make my way to the coast. But Philippa, suspecting my design (for the Indian was seen by her secreting the canoe at the foot of the garden), reported the thing to the Governor, and I was returned to the mines more closely watched than ever. I could no longer secrete gold, and I might have still remained in that savage country, but that about a year after this the disaffection of the Indians came to a head, owing to the abominable atrocities of the Spanish soldiers; and a young chief arose of great spirit and ability, who swore to rid the entire continent of America of the white man. He went about collecting bands of armed Indians, making speeches at council fires, instituting war-dances, and sending messages to dispersed tribes; and doing all this so secretly,

that, but for Harry, his designs would not have been known. But Harry revealed to us that there was to be a general massacre, and that he had hidden horses at a little distance from the mine, so that, if we set out at once, we might escape to San Thomé and warn the Governor. Knowing that Harry would not have reported this on slight reason, I acted upon his advice with the Spanish soldiers which were my guard. But Father Greenway would not go with us, for he hoped by remaining to restrain his converts.

“There was in the vaults of my house a considerable store of gold, which we could not take with us, and some ammunition belonging to the soldiers, which they were anxious should not fall into the hands of the Indians. Father Greenway therefore established himself in my room, but though he bolted the door he made no attempt to defend himself, when, as soon as our departure was known, the house was surrounded by the Indians. Harry had remained behind to see what would happen, and if possible to help Father Greenway. When the Indians demanded entrance he came boldly out upon the balcony of an upper window and asked them what they would have. Then their leader taunted him with his former teachings, saying they had come to honor him as he had told

them his God had been honored, with torture, and to prove whether he had learned the lessons of endurance of suffering, which he had come to teach.

“With that Father Greenway retreated into the house, closing the window after him, but they could hear him within chanting and praying. Then were they filled with fury, and they made fires against the four corners of the house, and Harry, who had climbed a tree at a little distance, saw through a window that the father descended to the ground floor and opening some kegs, placed himself in their midst, holding aloft his crucifix. Whether it were that at that hour of his death he wished to make atonement for his participation in that fearful crime, by himself suffering the same sort of end which was planned to have been brought upon others, or whether it were but the natural preference for a speedy death over torture, I know not; but as the tongues of flame shot in they were led by long trails of scattered gunpowder straight to the kegs which the soldiers had left, and in one blinding flash and thunderous report the soul of Father Greenway went forth to meet his Maker. The Indians fled back, smitten with fear, and many of them injured by the flying splinters.

“Later they returned and rioted with his mangled body. Far distant from the ruins Harry found his right hand, and neither the force of the explosion nor its riving from his arm had been able to loosen its grasp, for it still held the crucifix. Harry wrapped this ghastly relic carefully in leaves, and carrying it in his bosom brought it into San Thomé, where we buried it before the altar of the church, in the grave of young Walter Raleigh.

“Immediately after that all of the Indians broke out in open war, revenging their old injuries at the hands of the Spaniards, killing and burning throughout the entire country and holding San Thomé in a state of siege. None dared to venture outside the stockades, and guards were posted at night. They made several attacks, and wounded and killed many with showers of arrows, but they could not take the city. No boats dared to descend the river, for the banks were lined with hostiles, and when a ship anchored at the mouth and sent up its barges the crew was set upon, many killed, and the rest driven back. But they made another attempt more successfully, for some reached the town, where famine had begun to render the colonists desperate. After waiting for some time one dark night they abandoned the

town, and all came down the river, not rowing for fear that the noise would attract the savages, but floating with the current until daybreak, when they were forced to run the gantlet of the Indians posted along the lower banks. A remnant only reached the ship; Philippa was safe, but I was wounded in shielding her. Harry swam to the shore, where there chanced to be no guard, and returned with some plant which he bound upon my arm and stanched its bleeding.

“A common danger softened Philippa’s anger, so that when she saw my blood to flow in her defense, she cried out that there was no longer any feud between us, for she had declared at the first that it should be washed away in my blood. Thus we got safely to the ship which was bound by way of the Azores to Spain.

“But now the Spaniards were by no means at the end of their troubles, for, falling in with a hurricane when they were more than halfway to the Azores, they were driven far west of their course and were shipwrecked on the Bermudas or Isles of Devils. Here we all got safe to land, and found an English colony which entertained us, but the Governor, Nathaniel Butler, was exceedingly harsh to the Spaniards, and learning that they had kegs of gold on

board the ship, he caused the wreckers to bring all the cargo to him, nor would he allow the ship to be mended so that they could continue their voyage until they had signed an agreement to send back a great ransom. So at last he sent them away, but so shortly provisioned that they could only make for Cuba, and I saw Philippa no more.

“But what was bad fortune for the Spaniards was good for me, for now I was once more with mine own countrymen. After the space of some months also Governor Butler made a voyage to Virginia and took Harry and me with him. I was exceeding glad when he did this, for I had hopes from what I had learned had transpired in England that I might find my people in Virginia, yea, and even thee, my best beloved.

“Though I was cruelly disappointed in this expectation, yet I count myself happy, for surely there will arise some opportunity whereby I may soon go to thee by means of some Dutch trader which will take me as far as the settlements on the Hudson. In the meantime I would have my friends to know that I have been most hospitably cared for by my old friend George Sandys, whom I find established here upon a plantation near the city of Henri-

cus, named for our beloved Prince Henry. It is defended by palisades and by the forts Charity and Patience. When I heard that name I could hardly contain myself, and George Sandys, seeing my pleasure, said ‘Yea, you have rightly guessed; I named it so for her—such influence has she had upon my life.’ And when I carped at him, ‘And why, George, should you name a fort for a gentle woman?’ he made answer, ‘Because the very thought of her, so strong and trusty and brave, has been to me as a tower, to the which when doubts and temptations have assailed I could run and be safe.’

“If such is the influence of my sweet Patience on one who knew her but slightly, it can well be understood how that the love I bear her has heartened me to endure and to venture all things that I may win to her, yea, and in God’s own time and place I shall find her.

“Ever her and your faithful pilgrim,
“WRESTLING.”

III.

“POSTSCRIPT TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER.

“I cannot, honored and loved parents, close this already too long letter without addressing some message to you in particular, the more

especially as I have been impressed with the conviction since I have been in Virginia that my father would greatly admire the state of affairs that I find here. Surely it would also have delighted my poor master, Sir Walter, if he could have known before he died to what a pitch of prosperity his beloved and long-suffering colony of Virginia would win at last. Often he has told me how the loss of those first settlers, whose fate was never known, weighed upon his heart, and what sums he had expended and desperate efforts made to come to their relief. Sad it is that when he died he could see no fruit of his labor for this the dearest desire of his heart. Surely one man shall plant and another water, and to still another shall it be given to reap the increase. Sir Edwin Sandys hath faithfully watered, and the harvest is growing apace.

“Virginia hath now the city of Jamestown, and ten other boroughs, or settlements, each having the right to send two burgesses as representatives to the Assembly at Jamestown. And this Assembly doth govern the colony, so that we have here a free and independent state. For though the Governor is appointed in England, yet can he do nothing contrary to the popular voice; for by their charter no orders

of court shall bind the said colony unless they be ratified by the general assemblies.

“George Sandys told me that it was his brother Sir Edwin who had secured this boon in the Virginia Company for the colony, and it is for this that King James and the court party hate him so bitterly.

“There are now upward of two thousand settlers in the eleven boroughs, which are called as follows: James City, or Jamestown (and though the capital is named for the King, it is all that he hath), Charles City and Henricus (for the two Princes), Hampton (for the Earl of Southampton), Martin-Brandon, Smythe’s Hundred, Martin’s Hundred, Argall’s Gift, Lawne’s and Ward’s Plantations and Flowerdieu Hundred. Some of these burroughs are not cities or even towns, but scattered plantations grouped together so that they could furnish at need one hundred fighting men. The means of traveling is, as in Guiana, chiefly by boat, each planter possessing rowboats and barges, and indentured or negro slaves. The city of Henricus, whence I now write, hath three streets, storehouses, and a church. It is a pleasure to me even to hear mine English tongue, to see about me English faces and customs, to walk to the house of God

on the Sabbath, and to listen to the good Mr. Whitaker, who preaches in the forenoon, catechises in the afternoon, and exercises at the Governor's house in the evening. Here at Henricus, too, is a university established for the Indians whose principal lack at present is students, for Pocahontas, who lived here with her husband Rolfe, and who might have effected much in inducing the Indian youth to adopt our manners, went hence to England, and died there. George Sandys saw her at court before he came out, where, he tells me, she cut as pretty a figure as many of the great ladies; so that *la belle sauvage* was the reigning toast, and there were many taverns named for her throughout England. She was so handsome that the painters begged to paint her portrait, and the court ladies were like to die of envy, and so modest and gentle that she won all hearts.

“ When I asked Sandys if he had yet found his princess, he declared that he had not, though Pocahontas hath left a sister, Cleopatre, who is the belle of all the country round, and hath been besought in marriage by the Governor. George said that the popularity of the Indian girls was not altogether owing to scarcity of English maids; for his brother had arranged that spinsters of good character should

be sent out by the Virginia Company, and suitably maintained until they obtained husbands. Any settler of good character and condition, could obtain a wife by paying one hundred pounds of tobacco to the company for her passage. I saw the arrival of sixty of these maids at Jamestown, and the marriage of some of them, which was not slavery, but entered into of their own free choice; none could be compelled, and certain gallants with full purses met with flat refusals. Sandys said that there had been known coquettes among them who lived long at the company's expense, balancing between this and that, and even engaging themselves to two before they could decide. And this had grown to be so great an evil that Mr. Whitaker read a notice of the Governor's in church, whereby all women were notified that they were forbidden to contract themselves to two several men at once; 'for this offense has caused great disquiet between the planters and no small trouble to the government.' They were furthermore informed that offenders must undergo corporal correction at the whipping-post and pillory, or be punished by a fine according to the quality of the person offending.

"Mr. Whitaker also read another decree more

directly affecting himself, for it forbid any man to dispose of his tobacco until the minister was satisfied—that is, had received his salary. It did my heart good to see that these orders were not the arbitrary tyranny of one man, but confirmed by the burgesses; and that here is realized that dream of representative government, which I have so often heard thee, my father, and thy friends discuss at our home at Scrooby. If my dearest Patience were but here, I could willingly settle on one of these plantations and divide my time, like George, between my books and the care of my estate. Even as his friend Dryden hath written him :

“ ‘ Where nature hath in store
Fowl, venison and fish;
And the fruitfull’st soil,
Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

“ ‘ And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
Apollo’s sacred tree,
You it may see
A poet’s brows
To crown, that may sing there.

“ ‘ Then cheerfully to sea
Success you still entice,
To get the pearl and gold,
And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth’s only paradise! ’ ”

“ But Virginia could be no paradise for me without those I love, God speed me to them ! The *Prosperous* sails ; I have no time for further farewell, but neither distance nor any other obstacle shall keep from you much longer

“ Your own,

“ WRESTLING.”

These letters only brought fresh grief to good Elder Brewster and his wife ; and they looked at Patience with the deepest pity, as they saw that she could not realize that this was the last time that she or they would hear from the brave boy.

Squanto came back and reported that the Narragansetts were greatly excited by the news which had been brought to them, through the intervening tribes, from Virginia, that they were holding war-dances and councils, and would doubtless soon swoop down in one desperate effort to exterminate the white man. The Narragansetts had one white prisoner whom they had taken not far from the Dutch settlement of Manhattan, and they were reserving him for torture, to whet their spirits for cruelty, if their council should decide to go on the warpath.

Squanto had crept stealthily near him under cover of the night ; but the unfortunate wretch

was too weak to talk, even if he had dared to do so. But Squanto had stolen some keepsakes which had been taken from his breast, which the Narragansetts regarded as talismans ; and these he now laid before the Pilgrim leaders. The objects were a Roman Catholic breviary and part of a rosary, from which they inferred that the wretched man was a priest, and finding the name of Father Greenway on the fly-leaf of the breviary, and remembering how he had escaped from the retribution which followed the Gunpowder Plot, they had no doubt that divine justice had overtaken him in these wilds, and that they ought to leave him to his fate. Elder Brewster was not present at the council, or he could have told them of the death of Father Greenway ; only the captain voted for venturing out for the rescue of the captive, and it was remembered when he did so that the Standishes of Duxbury Hall in Lancashire were Catholics.

But when Squanto came to the little school-house and told Patience how he had seen Harry's signal carved upon some trees and believed that he was somewhere in the Narragansett country, and described the ruby and crystal beads of the rosary which he had taken from the captive and given to the council, she

started up like one possessed and ran to Miles Standish, telling him all of Wrestling's relations with the Jesuit and how the divided rosary was their pledge of betrothal.

He heard her with close attention, and then took from his desk the broken rosary which the council had allowed him to carry away. Silently Patience drew from her breast her portion, and the perfect rosary of blood and tears lay before them.

Without waiting to ask permission of the council, the little captain strode to the door, and sounded the call on his trumpet which brought the lusty young men of the *Fortune* from the fields. Then girding on his armor and bidding Squanto show the way, he led his soldiers to the land of the Narragansetts.

He was not too late, and when the party returned with Wrestling and the faithful Indian Harry, and they saw Patience waiting on Lookout Hill, Miles Standish led her lover to her, saying reverently: "Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

And so it came to pass that the cottage which Love had built became a home (though Patience still found time to hold within it her "dame's school"), and to it each of the settlers brought his or her wedding gift.

Governor Bradford gave half of his share of the wreckage of a Biscayan ship which had gone to pieces near Plymouth, and had been loaded with rugs and French comforts, all of which were honorably settled for with their owners.

John Alden brought a spinning-wheel. Good Elder Brewster gave a shelf of books, and Miles Standish a musket, and every one of the children of the *Mayflower* brought some loving offering, were it but a flower, while the description of the marriage of Priscilla and John Alden would have applied with equal truth to that of Patience Dulley and Wrestling Brewster:

"Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way, and the laudable custom of Holland.

Fervently then and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Prayed for the hearth and the home that were founded that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death and imploring divine benedictions."

APPENDIX.

Note a.

Patience Dudley is an altogether fictitious character, but Thomas Dudley was one of nature's noblemen, and it has been the author's aim to draw the character of Patience so finely that she might be worthy of such parentage. Anne Dudley, his real daughter, was the first American poetess, and from her works frequent quotations have been made in this volume. She married Simon Bradstreet, after his father-in-law Governor of Massachusetts.

Note b.

Act to retain the Queen's subjects in obedience, 1593:

"For the preventing and avoiding of such perils as might grow by the wicked and dangerous practices of seditious Sectaries, Be it enacted by the Queen's most excellent Majesty, and by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in this present Parliament assembled :

"That if any person above the age of sixteen years shall obstinately refuse to repair to some Church to hear divine service established by her Majesty's laws, or shall by printing, writing or speeches go about to deny her Majesty's power and authority in Causes Ecclesiastical ; or be present at any unlawful conventicles or meetings under pretence of Exercise of Religion. . .

"That then every such person shall be committed to prison until they shall conform. . .

“Offenders not conforming within three months shall abjure the realm, and refusing to do so or returning shall suffer [that is, *die*] as in the case of Felony, without benefit of Clergy.”

Note c.

Desription of furniture at Kenilworth in the time of Queen Elizabeth from Notes to Walter Scott’s “Kenilworth”:

A salte, ship fashion, of the mother of perle, garnished with silver and divers workes, warlike ensignes, and ornaments, with XVI peeces of ordinance, whereof II on wheles, two anckers on the foreparte, and on the stearne the image of Dame Fortune standing on a globe with a flag in her hand.

A George on horseback, of wood painted and gilt, with a case for knives in the tayle of the horse, and a case for oyster knives in the brest of the dragon.

Twentie-three cardes or maps of countries.

A chess borde of ebonie with checkars of christall and other stones sett, layed with silver, garnished with beares and ragged staves and cinque foils of silver. The XXXII men the one sorte in silver white the other gilte.

Tapestries—Flowers busts & pillars arched, Forest worke Hawking and Hunting, Scriptural Characters.

Note d.

During the religious persecutions of Queen Bess many of the old Catholic families had secret chambers constructed in their mansions, as hiding places for fugitive priests. The quaint country-houses were often of such irregular construction that much space was lost between floors and in angles. Especially was this the case when

the house was old and additions and alterations had been made at different epochs. Sometimes the entrance to such a concealed closet would be through a trapdoor hidden by a rug, sometimes by a sliding panel in the wainscot. In the long gallery of Parham Hall, Sussex, is a window seat which, lifted, shows a staircase descending in the thickness of the walls to the cellars. In the library of Abbot's Salford the back and shelves of one of the book cases, on the removal of a bolt, would swing backward, giving entrance to a secret passage. These "priests holes," as they were popularly called, were continued with great ingenuity, and were many of them invented and built by one man, Nicholas Owen, the servant of the Jesuit Father Garnet. "With incomparable skill," says Father Tanner, writing at this period, "he knew how to conduct priests to a place of safety along subterranean passages, to hide them between walls and bury them in impenetrable recesses, and to entangle them in labyrinths of a thousand windings. He alone was both their architect and their builder, working at them with inexhaustible industry and labor, for generally the thickest walls had to be broken into, and large stones excavated, requiring stronger arms than were attached to a body so diminutive as to give him the nickname of Little John."

At Hudlipp Hall in Worcestershire, where Father Garnet and Owen were finally arrested, there were eleven of these hiding-places. Father Garnet was tortured and barbarously executed. Father Greenway escaped.

Note e.

The author acknowledges an anachronism at this point. It was not until the year 1646 that Governor Bradford writes:

“About ye middle of May this year came in 3 ships into this harbor in warr-like order ; they were found to be men of war. The captain’s name was Crumwell, who had taken sundrie prizes from ye Spaniards in ye West Indies. He had a commission from ye Earle of Warwick. He had abord his vessels aboute 80 lustie men (but very unruly) who after they came ashore, did so distemper themselves with drinke as they became like mad-men : yet in ye ende they became more moderate and orderly. Thiss Captain Thomas Cromwell sett forth another vioage to the Westindeas, from the Bay of Massachusetts well maned & victuled, and was about 3 yeares and tooke sundry prises and returned rich unto the Massachusetts and ther dyed.”—*History of the Plymouth Plantation.*

THE END.

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